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THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, PRESENT-
ING IN ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT THE BIOGRAPHY,
TOGETHER WITH CRITICAL REVIEWS AND EXTRACTS,
OF EMINENT WRITERS OF ALL LANDS AND ALL AGES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

W. H. DE PUY, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA," "AMERICAN REVISIONS AND AD-
DITIONS TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA," ETC., ETC.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise
enough of literature.—Emerson. : .

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject
ourselves, or we know where we can find infor-
mation upon it.—Samuel Johnson. : .

VOLUME X.

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JAMES S. BARCUS

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

æ as in fat, man, pang.
 ǣ as in fate, mane, dale.
 ǣ as in far, father, guard.
 ǣ as in fall, talk.
 ǣ as in ask, fast, ant.
 ǣ as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 ē as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 ī as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ö as in move, spoon.
 ô as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ū as in pull.
 ü German ü, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ǣ as in prelate, courage.
 ǣ as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ǣ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ū as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in or-

dinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.).


Thus:

æ as in errant, republican.
 ǣ as in prudent, difference.
 i as in charity, density.
 o as in valor, actor, idiot.
 ð as in Persia, peninsula.
 ē as in *the* book.
 ū as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

t as in nature, adventure.
 d as in arduous, education.
 s as in pressure.
 z as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 B Spanish b (medial).
 ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
 G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
 H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
 ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in thin.
 TH as in then.
 D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. -(A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)



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- Guicciardini (gwē chār dē'nē), Francesco.
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 Gustafson (gus täf'son), Zadel Barnes.
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 Gützlaff (güts'läf), Karl Friedrich
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 Guyon (gī'on; Fr. pron. gē ô'n'),
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 Mothe).
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- Habberton (hab'ēr tōn), John.
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- Hammond (ham'ōnd), William Alex-
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 Herbert, George.

Errata.

- Gunsaulus (gun sâ'lus), Frank Wakeley.
 Harper (hår'pēr), William Rainey.
 Harvey (hår'vi), William Hope.

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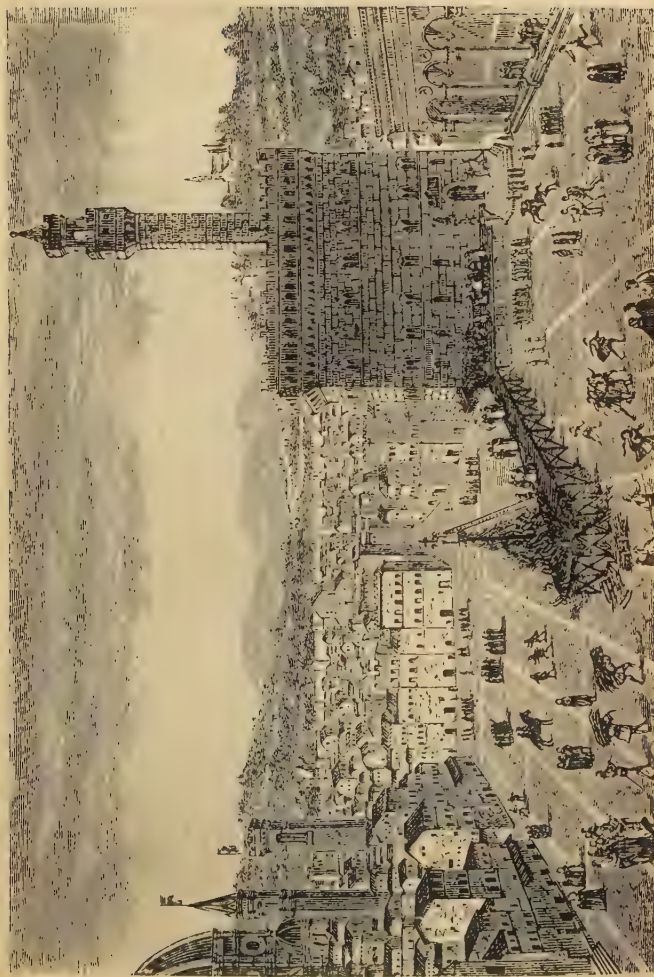
GUICCIARDINI, FRANCESCO, an Italian statesman and historian, born in 1482; died in 1540. He was educated in the Universities of Ferrara and Padua; and before he was twenty-three years old, he was appointed a professor of law, by the Signoria of Florence, and in 1512 was sent on an embassy to Ferdinand of Aragon, the success of which assured his reputation for diplomatic ability. Soon afterwards he was sent to Cortona, to meet Leo X., who immediately made him Governor of Reggio and Modena, and later of Parma. Clement VII. added to his honors the viceregency of Romagna, the rank of Lieutenant-General in the papal army, and the governorship of Bologna. On the accession of Paul III., in 1534, he resigned his dignities, and returned to Florence. In 1537, he espoused the cause of Cosimo de' Medici, but received so slight a recognition of his services that he withdrew to his villa at Arcetri, where

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he occupied his last years in the composition of his *Istoria d' Italia*, describing the course of events in Italy from 1494 to 1532. The impartial accuracy of the author, and the patience with which he traces the labyrinth of Italian politics, render his work highly valuable. He died before its completion. The first sixteen books were published in 1561, and four additional books three years later. His reputation rested upon his history until 1857-8, when the *Opere Inedite di Francesco Guicciardini* were published. Among them are the *Ricordo Politici*, consisting of aphorisms on political and social topics, *Storia Fiorentina*, the *Dialogo del Reggimento di Firenze*, and *Discorsi Politici*. The publication of these writings raised his reputation as a political philosopher to the first rank. Parts of his correspondence have been published under the titles, *Considerazioni civili sopra l'istoria di Francesco Guicciardini* (1582), and *Legazione di Spagna* (1825.)

TRIAL AND DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

The day after the death of King Charles (a day observed in many places by a celebration and solemnity of palms) ended the authority, the life, and doctrine of Savonarola; who having been long time before accused by the Pope that he preached slanderously against the manners of the Clergy and Court of Rome, that he nourished sects and discords in Florence, and that his doctrine was not fully Catholic, and for those reasons called to Rome by many writs, refused to appear there, alleging many excuses: and therefore, after much ado, he was at last (the year before) separated by the Pope, with censures, from the fellowship of the Church: of which sentence (having abstained



THE DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

From the fresco in the cell where he was imprisoned.

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from preaching for certain months) he had easily obtained absolution, if he had long continued; for that the Pope, who held slender reckoning of Savonarola, had proceeded against him more by the incensing and persuasion of his adversaries, than any other occasion. But he, judging that it was for his silence, that his reputation came so to be diminished, or at least that it brake the purpose for the which he stirred (for he was principally advanced for his vehemence in preaching) he fell eftsoones to despise the Pope's commandments, and returned publicly to his old office; wherein affirming that the censures published against him were unjust and of no force, he opened his mouth eftsoones to blaspheme the Pope and the whole Court of Rome with great vehemency: of this arose no small emotion, for that his adversaries (whose authority increased daily with the people) detected such inobedience, rebuking the action, for that by his innovation and rashness, the Pope's mind was drawn in uncertainties and alteration, in a time specially, wherein the restitution of Pisa being negotiated by him and the other Confederates, it was necessary to do all things to confirm him in that resolution. On the other side, his disciples and partakers defended and justified him, alleging that men ought not for the regard of human things to trouble the operations divine, nor consent that under such colors, the Popes of Rome should begin to intrude into the affairs of their common weal. But after there were certain days spent in this contention, and the Pope wonderfully inflamed, sending out new thunderbolts with threats of censures against the whole city: he was at last commanded by the magistrates of the city to forbear to preach, to whom though he obey, yet divers of his brethren supplied his office in sundry churches. And the disunion being no less among the spirituality than the laity,

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the friars and brethren of other Orders cease not to preach fervently against him : arising at last into such high and malicious inflammation, that one of the disciples of Savonarola, and one of the Friar Minors, agreed to enter into the fire in the presence of the whole people, to the end that the disciple of Savonarola either being burned or preserved, the people might be left satisfied, and certain whether Savonarola were a prophet or an abuser : seeing that at times afore he had affirmed in his sermons, that for the justification of the truth of his prophecies, he could in all necessities obtain of God the grace to pass without hurt, through the midst of a flaming fire. And yet notwithstanding grieving not a little with the resolution made without his privity touching a present experience, he labored to break it with all his devices and diligence. But the matter being so far proceeded of itself, and earnestly solicited by certain citizens desiring to have the town delivered of so great troubles, it was necessary at last to pass further : insomuch as the two religious brethren, accompanied with all their brotherhood, came at the day appointed to the place afore the public palace, where was not only a general concourse of the people of Florence, but universal assemblies of the cities adjoining. There the Friar Minors were advertised that Savonarola had ordained, that his disciple and brother entering the fire, should bear in his hand the Sacrament : which device they impugned greatly, alleging that there was sought by that means to put in danger the authority of Christian faith, which in the minds of the ignorant would not a little decline if that holy Host should be burned : which contention, Savonarola being there present, and persevering in his resolution, there arose such factions and disagreements, that the action of experience proceeded no further, the same

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diminishing so much of his credit, that the day following, in a tumult then happening, his adversaries took arms, whereunto being joined the authority of the sovereign Magistrate, they entered the monastery of Saint Mark where he was, and drawing him out of the place, they led him with two other of his brethren to the common prisons. In this tumult, the parents of those that had been executed the year before, killed Francisque Vatori, a citizen of great authority, and the most apparent favorer and follower of Savonarola: the chief motion inducing this quarrel, was, that above all others, his authority had deprived them of the faculty to have recourse to the judgment of the Counsel Popular. Savonarola was afterwards examined with torments, but not very grievous, and upon the examination, a process published, which (taking away all imputations that were laid upon him for covetousness, corruptions of manners, or to have had secret intelligence or practice with princes) contained, that the matters by him prophesied were not pronounced by revelation divine, but by his proper opinion grounded upon the doctrine and observation of holy Scripture. Wherein he had not been moved by any wicked intention or purpose, and much less by that means to aspire to any office or greatness in the Church: only he had a holy desire, that by his means might be called a General Council, wherein might be reformed the corrupt customs of the clergy, and the estate of the Church of God (so far wandered and gone astray) to be reduced, as near as might be, to the resemblance of the times drawing nearest the Apostles; a glory, which, to give perfection to so great and holy an operation, he esteemed far above the obtaining of the popedom; for that the one could not succeed by means of an excellent doctrine and virtue, and a singular reverence of all men: where the popedom most

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often was obtained, either by sinister means, or else by the benefit of fortune: upon which process confirmed by him in the hearing and presence of many religious persons even of his own order, but (if that be true which his own faction bruited afterwards) with words dark, and such as might receive divers interpretations: there were taken from him and his two other companions with ceremonies instituted by the Church of Rome, the holy orders, and that by sentence of the General of the Jacobins and of Bishop Romolin, Commissioners delegate by the Pope: and so being passed over to the power of the secular court, they were (by their judgments) hanged and burned, being at the spectacle of the degradation and execution, no less multitudes of people, than at the day of the experience of entering the fire, when was an infinite concourse to behold the issue of the miracle promised by Savonarola. This death constantly endured (but without expressing word whereby might be discerned either their innocence or fault) quenched not the diversity of judgments and passions of men: for that many supposed he was but an abuser: and others (of the contrary) believed, that the confession that was published was falsely forged, or perhaps, in his aged and weak complexion, the torments had more force than the truth: wherein they excused that manner of frailty with the example of Saint Peter, who neither imprisoned, nor constrained with torments, or by any other extraordinary force, but at the simple words of the handmaidens and servants, denied that he was the disciple of his Master, in whom he had seen so many holy miracles.—*History of Italy. Transl. of* GEFFRAY FENTON.



GUIZOT.

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GUIZOT, FRANCOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME a French statesman, orator, and historian, born in 1787 ; died in 1874. He belonged to an honorable Huguenot family of Nîmes. His father, a distinguished lawyer, perished by the guillotine in 1794. Madame Guizot then went with her sons to Geneva, where they were educated in the gymnasium. After completing the academic course with distinction, Guizot went to Paris in 1805, studied Kant and German literature, and reviewed the classics. He soon began to write for *Le Publiciste*, and entered upon an active literary life. A work on French synonyms (1809), an essay on the fine arts in France (1811), and a translation, with notes, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (1812), led to his appointment in the latter year to the chair of Modern History in the University of France. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, but resigned his office upon the return of Napoleon from Elba ; and, convinced that the restoration of the Bourbons to power would be the means of establishing a constitutional monarchy in France, he sought an interview with Louis XVIII. at Ghent, to impress upon the King that the stability of the Bourbons upon the throne, depended upon their upholding the liberties of France, and religiously observing the charter. On the second restoration he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice ; in 1816, Master of Requests ; in 1817, a Councillor of State, and in 1819, Director of Communal and Departmental Administration. He was regarded as the mouthpiece of the "doc-

trinaires," a party who advocated the preservation of the constitution by sustaining equally the rights of the people and of the throne. The moderation of the doctrinaires rendered them unpopular. In 1821, Guizot was deprived of all his offices, and in 1825 was forbidden even to lecture. Between 1820 and 1822 he had published *Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration et du Ministère Actuel*, and *L'Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif*, containing his lectures at the University. He now applied himself to literature. He was one of the collaborators in the publication of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la Fondation de la Monarchie jusqu'au 13^{me} Siècle*, and of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*. He edited a translation of *Shakespeare*, the *Encyclopédie Progressive* and the *Revue Française*, and published a *History of the English Revolution* (1826.) In 1827 he resumed his lectures in history, and during the next three years published under the collective title of *Course of Modern History*, a *General History of Civilization in Europe*, and a *History of Civilization in France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution*.

In 1830 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Minister of the Department of the Interior. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and did much for the improvement of schools in France. He established boards of education and a system of inspection, revived the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, founded the French Historical So-

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ciety, and forwarded the publication by the State of many valuable mediæval chronicles and diplomatic papers. In 1840 he was ambassador to England, but in the autumn of the same year, was recalled to assume the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and later of Prime Minister. Notwithstanding his services, he was always unpopular. In 1848 he resigned his office and went to England. He returned to France the next year, but after the *coup d'état* of 1851 again crossed the Channel.

He did not re-enter public life. His last years were spent near Lisieux in Normandy, where he lived with his daughters, and devoted himself to authorship. Among his later works are: *Monk: Chute de la République et Rétablissement de la Monarchie en Angleterre en 1660* (1850), *Corneille et son Temps* (1852), *Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et du Protectorat de Cromwell* (1854), *Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell et du Rétablissement des Stuarts* (1856), *Sir Robert Peel: Etude d'Histoire Contemporaine* (1856), *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps* (1858–68), *L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne en 1861* (1861), *Histoire Parlementaire de France*, a collection of speeches (1863), and *Méditations sur l'Essence de la Religion Chrétienne* (1864), *Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires* (1868), and *Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'au 1789, racontée à mes Petits Enfants*. This valuable history of France left unfinished by Guizot, was completed from his notes, by his daughter, Madame De Witt.

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE PAULINE GUIZOT (DE MEULAN), the first wife of Guizot,

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born in 1773, died in 1827, entered upon literature in order to assist in the support of her family, left poor on the death of her father. In 1800 she published a novel, *Les Contradictions*, and in 1801 became literary and artistic editor of *Le Publiciste*. Compelled by ill health to suspend her work in 1807, she accepted the assistance of an anonymous writer, the young and unknown Guizot. Acquaintance was followed by marriage in 1812. Madame Guizot wrote several educational and moral works for the young, among them *Les Enfants* (1813), *Le Journal d'une Mère* (1813), *L'Ecolier, ou Raoul et Victor* (1821), and *Lettres de Famille sur l'Education* (1826.) *L'Ecolier* gained a prize at the Academy.

GUIZOT, MARGUERITE ANDREE ELIZA (DILLON), the second wife of the historian, born in 1804, died in 1833, contributed several articles to the *Revue Française* which were collected and published in one volume in 1834. *Caroline, ou l'Effet d'un Malheur*, another of her works, was published in 1837.

GUIZOT, MAURICE GUILLAUME, the son of Guizot, born in 1833, received a prize for *Ménandre, Etude Historique et Littéraire sur la Comédie et la Société Grecques* (1855.) In 1866 he was appointed Professor of the French Language and Literature in the College of France. He has since published *Alfred le Grand, ou L'Angleterre sous les Anglo-Saxons*.

EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

The principal effect of the crusades was a great step toward the emancipation of the mind, a great progress toward enlarged and liberal

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ideas. Though begun under the name and influence of religious belief, the crusades deprived religious ideas, I shall not say of their legitimate share of influence, but of their exclusive and despotic possession of the human mind. This result, though undoubtedly unforeseen, arose from various causes. The first was evidently the novelty, extent, and variety of the scene which displayed itself to the crusaders; what generally happens to travelers happened to them. It is mere commonplace to say that traveling gives freedom to the mind; that the habit of observing different nations, different manners, and different opinions, enlarges the ideas, and disengages the judgment from old prejudices. The same thing happened to those nations of travelers who have been called the crusaders; their minds were opened and raised by having seen a multitude of different things, by having become acquainted with other manners than their own. They found themselves also placed in connection with two states of civilization, not only different from their own, but more advanced—the Greek state of society on the one hand, and the Mussulman on the other. There is no doubt that the society of the Greeks, though enervated, perverted, and decaying, gave the crusaders the impression of something more advanced, polished, and enlightened than their own.

The society of the Mussulmans presented them a scene of the same kind. It is curious to observe in the chronicles the impression made by the crusaders on the Mussulmans, who regarded them at first as the most brutal, ferocious, and stupid barbarians they had ever seen. The crusaders, on their part, were struck with the riches and elegance of manners which they observed among the Mussulmans. These first impressions were succeeded by frequent relations between the Mussulmans and Christians. These became more extensive and important than is commonly believed. Not only had

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the Christians of the East habitual relations with the Mussulmans, but the people of the East and the West became acquainted with, visited, and mingled with each other. Mongol ambassadors were sent to the kings of the Franks, and to St. Louis among others, in order to persuade them to enter into alliance, and to resume the crusades for the common interests of the Mongols and the Christians against the Turks. And not only were diplomatic and official relations thus established between the sovereigns, but there was much and varied intercourse between the nations of the East and West.

There is another circumstance which is worthy of notice. Down to the time of the crusades the court of Rome, the centre of the Church, had been very little in communication with the laity unless through the medium of ecclesiastics, either legates sent by the Court of Rome, or the whole body of the bishops and clergy. There were always some laymen in direct relation with Rome; but upon the whole, it was by means of churchmen that Rome had any communication with the people of different countries. During the crusades, on the contrary, Rome became a halting place for a great portion of the crusaders, either in going or returning. A multitude of laymen were spectators of its policy and its manners, and were able to discover the share which personal interest had in religious disputes. There is no doubt that this newly acquired knowledge inspired many minds with a boldness hitherto unknown.

When we consider the state of the general mind at the termination of the crusades, especially in regard to ecclesiastical matters, we cannot fail to be struck with a singular fact: religious notions underwent no change, and were not replaced by contrary or even different opinions. Thought, notwithstanding, had become free; religious creeds were not

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the only subjects on which the human mind exercised its faculties; without abandoning them it began occasionally to wander from them, and to take other directions. Thus, at the end of the thirteenth century, the moral causes which had led to the crusades, or which, at least, had been their most energetic principle, had disappeared: the moral state of Europe had undergone an essential modification.

The social state of society had undergone an analogous change. Many inquiries have been made as to the influence of the crusades in this respect; it has been shown in what manner they had reduced a great number of feudal proprietors to the necessity of selling their fiefs to the kings, or to sell their privileges to the communities, in order to raise money for the crusades.

Even in those cases where small proprietors preserved their fiefs, they did not live upon them in such an insulated state as formerly. The possessors of great fiefs became so many centres around which the smaller ones were gathered, and near which they came to live. During the crusades small proprietors found it necessary to place themselves in the train of some rich and powerful chief, from whom they received assistance and support. They lived with him, shared his fortune, and passed through the same adventures that he did. When the crusaders returned home, this social spirit, this habit of living in intercourse with superiors, continued to subsist, and had its influence on the manners of the age. As we see that the great fiefs were increased after the crusades, so we see, also, that the proprietors of those fiefs held, within their castles, a much more considerable court than before, and were surrounded by a greater number of gentlemen, who preserved their little domains, but no longer kept within them. . . .

As to the inhabitants of the towns, a result

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of the same nature may easily be perceived. The crusades created great civic communities. Petty commerce and petty industry were not sufficient to give rise to communities such as the great cities of Italy and Flanders. It was commerce on a great scale—maritime commerce, and especially the commerce of the East and West, which gave them birth; now it was the crusades which gave to maritime commerce the greatest impulse it had yet received. On the whole, when we survey the state of society at the end of the crusades, we find that the movement tending to dissolution and dispersion, the movement of universal localization (if I may be allowed such an expression), had ceased, and had been succeeded by a movement in the contrary direction, a movement of centralization. All things tended to mutual approximation; small things were absorbed in great ones, or gathered round them. . . .

Such, in my opinion, are the real effects of the crusades; on the one hand the extension of ideas and the emancipation of thought; on the other, a general enlargement of the social sphere, and the opening of a wider field for every sort of activity; they produced, at the same time, more individual freedom, and more political unity. They tended to the independence of man and the centralization of society. Many inquiries have been made respecting the means of civilization which were directly imported from the East. It has been said that the largest part of the great discoveries which, in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, contributed to the progress of European civilization—such as the compass, printing, and gunpowder—were known in the East, and that the crusades brought them into Europe. This is true to a certain extent, though some of these assertions may be disputed. But what cannot be disputed is this influence, this general effect of the crusades upon the human mind

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on the one hand, and the state of society on the other. They drew society out of a very narrow road, to throw it into new and infinitely broader paths; they began that transformation of the various elements of European society into governments and nations, which is the characteristic of modern civilization.—*History of Civilization in Europe.*

PRE-HISTORIC GAUL.

If one were suddenly carried twenty or thirty centuries backward, into the midst of what was then called Gaul, he would not recognize France. The same mountains reared their heads; the same plains stretched far and wide; the same rivers rolled on their course. There is no alteration in the physical formation of the country, but the aspect was very different. Instead of fields all trim with cultivation, and all covered with various produce, one would see inaccessible morasses, and vast forests, as yet uncleared, given up to the chances of primitive vegetation, and peopled with bears, and even the *urus* or wild ox, and with elks too—a kind of animal that one finds no longer nowadays save in the colder regions of northeastern Europe, such as Lithuania and Courland. Then wandered over the champagne great herds of swine, as fierce almost as wolves, tamed only so far as to know the sound of their keeper's horn. The better sorts of fruits and vegetables were quite unknown; they were imported into Gaul—the greatest part from Asia, a portion from Africa and the islands of the Mediterranean. Cold and rough was the prevailing temperature. Nearly every winter the rivers froze sufficiently hard for the passage of cars. And three or four centuries before the Christian era, on that vast territory comprised between the ocean and the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, the Alps, and the Rhine, six or seven millions of men lived a bestial life, enclosed in dwellings dark

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and low, the best of them built of wood and clay, covered with branches or straw, made in a single round piece, open to daylight only by a door, and confusedly huddled together behind a rampart, not inartistically composed of timber, earth, and stone, which surrounded and protected what they were pleased to call a town.

Of even such towns there were scarcely any as yet, save in the most populous and least uncultivated portions of Gaul ; that is to say, in the southern and eastern regions, at the foot of the mountains of Auvergne and the Cevennes, and along the coasts of the Mediterranean. In the north and the west were paltry hamlets, as transferable almost as the people themselves ; and on some islet amidst the morasses, or in some hidden recess of the forest, were huge entrenchments formed of felled trees, where the population ran to shelter themselves, at the first sound of the war-cry, with their flocks and all their movables ; and the war-cry was often heard. Men living grossly and idly are very prone to quarrel and fight.

Gaul, moreover, was not occupied by one and the same nation, with the same traditions and the same chiefs. Tribes very different in origin, habits, and date of settlement, were continually disputing the territory. In the south were Iberians or Aquitanians, Phœnicians, and Greeks ; in the north and in the northwest were Kymrians or Belgians ; everywhere else Gauls or Celts—the most numerous settlers, who had the honor of giving their name to the country. Who were the first to come there, and what was the date of their settlement, nobody knows. Of the Greeks alone does history mark with any precision the arrival in southern Gaul. The Phœnicians preceded them by several centuries ; but it is impossible to fix any exact time. Information is equally vague as to the period when the Kymrians invaded the north of Gaul. As for the Gauls and the Iberians, there

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is not a word about their first entrance into the country ; for they are discovered there already at the first appearance of the country itself in the domain of history. The Iberians, whom the Romans call Aquitanians, dwelt at the foot of the Pyrenees, in the territory comprised between the mountains, the Garonne, and the ocean. They belonged to the race which, under the same appellation, had peopled Spain ; but by what route they came into Gaul is a problem which we cannot solve. It is much the same in tracing the origin of every nation ; for in those barbarous times men lived and died without leaving any enduring memorials of their deeds and their destinies ; no monuments, no writings ; just a few oral traditions, perhaps, which are speedily lost or altered.—*History of France. Transl. of* ROBERT BLACK.

CÆSAR IN GAUL.

The greatest minds are far from foreseeing all the consequences of their deeds, and all the perils proceeding from their successes. Cæsar was by nature neither violent nor cruel ; but he did not trouble himself about justice or humanity, and the success of his enterprise, no matter by what means or at what price, was his sole law of conduct. He could show, on occasions, moderation and mercy ; but when he had to put down an obstinate resistance, or when a long and arduous effort had irritated him, he had no hesitation in employing atrocious severity and perfidious promises. During his first campaign in Belgica (A. V. C. 697, or 57 B. C.), two peoplets, the Nervians and the Aduaticans, had gallantly struggled, with brief moments of success, against the Roman legions. The Nervians were conquered and almost annihilated. Their last remnants, huddled for refuge in the midst of their morasses, sent a deputation to Cæsar to make submission, saying, “ Of six hundred senators three only are

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left, and of sixty thousand men that bore arms scarce five hundred have escaped." Cæsar received them kindly, returned to them their lands, and warned their neighbors to do them no harm. The Aduaticans, on the contrary, defended themselves to the last extremity. Cæsar, having slain four thousand, had all that remained sold by auction; and fifty-six thousand human beings, according to his own statement, passed as slaves into the hands of their purchasers. Some years later, another Belgian peoplet, the Eburons, settled between the Neuse and the Rhine, rose and inflicted great losses upon the Roman legions. Cæsar put them beyond the pale of military and human law, and had all the neighboring peoplets and all the roving bands invited to come and "pillage and destroy that accursed race," promising to whoever would join in the work the friendship of the Roman people. A little later still, some insurgents in the centre of Gaul had concentrated in a place to the southwest, called Uxellodunum (now, it is said, Puy d'Issola, in the department of the Lot, between Vayrac and Martel.) After a long resistance they were obliged to surrender, and Cæsar had all the combatants' hands cut off, and sent them, thus mutilated, to live and rove throughout Gaul, as a spectacle to all the country that was or was to be brought to submission,

Nor were the rigors of administration less than those of warfare. Cæsar wanted a great deal of money, not only to maintain satisfactorily his troops in Gaul, but to defray the enormous expenses he was at in Italy for the purpose of enriching his partisans, or securing the favor of the Roman people. It was with the produce of plunder and imposts in Gaul that he undertook the reconstruction at Rome of the Basilica of the Forum, the site whereof, extending to the Temple of Liberty, was valued, it is said, at more than twenty



CHARLES IXTH AND CATHERINE DE MEDICI THE NIGHT AFTER THE
MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Drawing by A. de Neuville.

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million five hundred thousand francs. Cicero who took the direction of the work, wrote to his friend Atticus: "We shall make it the most glorious thing in the world." Cato was less satisfied; three years previously dispatches from Cæsar had announced to the Senate his victories over the Belgian and German insurgents. The Senators had voted a general thanksgiving, but, "Thanksgiving!" cried Cato, "rather expiation! Pray the gods not to visit upon our armies the sin of a guilty general. Give up Cæsar to the Germans, and let the foreigner know that Rome does not enjoin perjury, and rejects with horror the fruit thereof!"—*History of France. Transl. of* ROBERT BLACK.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

We might multiply indefinitely the anecdotal scenes of the massacre—most of them brutally ferocious, others painfully pathetic; some generous, and calculated to preserve the credit of humanity amidst one of its most direful aberrations. History must show no pity for the vices and crimes of men, whether princes or people; and it is her duty as well as her right to depict them so truthfully that men's souls and imaginations may be sufficiently impressed by them to conceive disgust and horror at them. But it is not by dwelling upon them, and by describing them minutely, as if she had to exhibit a gallery of monsters and madmen, that history can lead men's minds to sound judgments and salutary impressions. We take no pleasure, and we see no use, in setting forth in detail the works of evil. We would be inclined to fear that, by familiarity with such a spectacle men would lose the perception of good, and cease to put hope in its legitimate and ultimate superiority.

Nor will we pause either to discuss the secondary questions which meet us at the period

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of which we are telling the story. For example, the question whether Charles IX. fired with his own hand on his Protestant subjects whom he had delivered over to the evil passions of the aristocracy and of the populace; or whether the balcony from which he is said to have indulged in this ferocious pastime existed at that time in the sixteenth century, at the palace of the Louvre, and overlooking the Seine. These questions are not without historical interest, and it is well for learned men to study them; but we consider them incapable of being resolved with certainty. And even were they resolved, they would not give the key to the character of Charles IX., and to the portion which appertains to him in the deed of cruelty with which his name remains connected. The great historical fact of the St. Bartholomew is that to which we confine ourselves; and we have attempted to depict it accurately as regards Charles IX.: his hesitations and foolish resolutions; his mingling of open-heartedness and double-dealing in the treatment of Coligny; towards whom he felt himself attracted, without fully understanding him, and his childish weakness in the presence of his mother, whom he rather feared than trusted.

When he had plunged into the madness of the massacre; when after exclaiming "Kill them all!" he had witnessed the killing of Coligny and La Rochefoucauld, the companions of his royal amusements, Charles IX. gave himself up to a paroxysm of mad fury. He was asked whether the two young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, were also to be slain. Marshal de Retz, was in favor of this, Marshal de Tavannes was opposed to it, and it was decided to spare them. On the very night of St. Bartholomew the King sent for the two Henrys. "I mean for the future," he said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom—the Mass or Death; make your choice." Henry of Navarre reminded the

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King of his promises, and asked for time to consider. Henry de Condé answered that he would remain firm in the true religion, though he should have to give up his life for it. "Seditious madman, rebel, and the son of a rebel," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled!"

At this first juncture the King saved from massacre none but Ambrose Paré, his surgeon, and his nurse, both Huguenots. On the night after the murder of Coligny he sent for Ambrose Paré into his chamber, and made him go into his wardrobe, "ordering him," says Brantôme, "not to stir, and saying that it was not reasonable that one who could be of service to a whole world should be thus put to death." A few days afterwards the King said to Paré, "Now you really must become a Catholic." Paré replied: "By God's light, I think, Sire, you must surely remember that you promised me, in order that I should never disobey you, that you, on the other hand, would not bid me do four things: find my way back into my mother's womb; catch myself fighting in a battle; leave your service; or go to Mass." After a moment's silence, Charles rejoined: "Ambrose, I do not know what has come over me during the last two or three days; but I feel my mind and my body greatly excited, just, in fact, as if I had a fever. Meseems every moment, whether waking or sleeping, that those slaughtered corpses keep appearing to me, with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish that the helpless and the innocent had not been included." And, adds Sully, in his *Œconomies royales*, "He next day issued his orders, prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering; the which were, nevertheless, very ill observed, the animosities and fury of the populace being too much inflamed to defer to them."

Historians, Catholic or Protestant, contem-

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porary or investigating, differ widely as to the number of victims in this massacre. According to DeThou there were about 2,000 killed in Paris the first day; D'Aubigné says 3,000; Brantome speaks of 4,000 bodies that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the Seine; La Popenlière reduces them to 1,000. There is to be found in the account-books of the City of Paris a payment to the grave-diggers of the Cemetery of the Innocents for having interred 1,100 dead bodies stranded at the turns of the Seine near Chaillot, Auteuil, and St. Cloud. It is probable that many bodies were carried still further, and that the corpses were not all thrown into the river.

The uncertainty is still greater when we come to speak of the number of victims in the whole of France. DeThou estimates it at 30,000; Sully at 70,000; Péréfixe, Archbishop of Paris in the nineteenth century, raises it to 100,000; Papius Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000, without clearly distinguishing between the massacre at Paris and those of the provinces. Others historians fix upon 40,000.

Great uncertainty also prevails as to the execution of the orders issued from Paris to the Governors of the provinces. The names of the Viscount D'Orte, Governor at Bayonne, and of John Le Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, have become famous from their having refused to take part in the massacre. But the authenticity of the letter from the Viscount D'Orte to Charles IX. is disputed, though the fact of his resistance appears certain; and as for the Bishop John Le Hennuyer, M. de Forméville seems to us to have demonstrated in his *Histoire de l'ancien Evêché-comté de Lisieux* that "there was no occasion to save the Protestants of Lisieux in 1572, because they did not find themselves in any danger of being massacred; and that the merit of it cannot be attributed to anybody—to the Bishop Le Hennuyer, any more than to Captain Fumichon, Governor of the

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town. It was only the general course of events and the discretion of the municipal officers of Lisieux that did it all."

One thing which is quite true, and, which it is good to call to mind in the midst of so great a general criminality, is that it met with a refusal to be associated in it. President Jeanin at Dijon, the Count de Tende in Provence, Philibert de la Guiche at Mâcon, Tanneguy Le Veneur de Carrouge at Rouen, the Count de Geordes in Dauphiny, and many other chiefs, military or civil, openly repudiated the example set by the murderers of Paris; and the municipal body of Nantes—a very Catholic town—took upon this subject a resolution which does honor to its patriotic firmness, as well as to its Christian loyalty. . . .

A great good man—a great functionary and a great scholar in disgrace for six years past—the Chancellor Michael de L'Hospital—received about this time in his retreat at Vignay, a visit from a great philosopher, Michael de Montaigne, "anxious," said his visitor, "to come and testify to you the honor and reverence with which I regard your competence, and the special qualities which are in you—for as to the extraneous and the fortuitous, it is not to my taste to put them down in the account." Montaigne chose a happy moment for disregarding all but the personal and special qualities of the Chancellor. Shortly after his departure L'Hospital was warned that some sinister-looking horsemen were coming, and that he would do well to take care of himself. "No matter, no matter," he answered, "it will be as God pleases, when my hour has come." Next day he was told that those men were approaching his house, and he was asked whether he would not have the gates shut against them, and have them fired upon in case they attempted to force an entrance. "No," said he, "if the small gate will not do for them to enter by, let the big one be opened." A few hours afterwards

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L'Hospital was informed that the King and the Queen-mother were sending other horsemen to protect him. "I did not know," said the old man, "that I had deserved either death or pardon." A rumor of his death flew abroad amongst his enemies, who rejoiced at it. "We are told," wrote Cardinal Granvelle to his agent at Brussels, "that the King has had Chancellor de L'Hospital and his wife dispatched, which would be a great blessing. The agent, more enlightened than his chief, denied the fact, adding, "They are a fine bit of rubbish left—L'Hospital and his wife." Charles IX. wrote to his old adviser, to reassure him, "loving you as I do." Sometime after, however, he demanded of him his resignation of the title of Chancellor, wishing to confer it upon La Birague, to reward him for his co-operation in the St. Bartholomew. L'Hospital gave in his resignation on the 1st of February, 1573, and died six weeks afterwards. "I am just at the end of my long journey," he wrote to the King, and the Queen-mother; "and shall have no more business but with God. I implore him to give you His grace, and to lead you with His hand in all your affairs, and in the government of this great and beautiful kingdom which He hath committed to your keeping, with all gentleness and clemency towards your good subjects, in imitation of Himself, who is good and patient in bearing our burthens, and prompt to forgive you and pardon you everything."

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the conduct of Charles IX. and the Queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions incoherent and contradictory, all caused by the habit of lying, and the desire of escaping from the peril or embarrassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about mid-day, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining

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to the King "of the pillage, sack, and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of his Majesty, as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the Court, by noblemen, archers, and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the sad murder, pillage, and sedition arising because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the Admiral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him." The same day he addressed to the Governors of the provinces a letter in which he invested the disturbance with the same character, and gave the same explanation of it. The Guises complained violently of being thus disavowed by the King, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered.

Next day, August 25th, the King wrote to all his agents, at home and abroad, another letter affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy that the admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother, and his brothers;" and on the 25th of August he went with his two brothers to hold in state a "bed of justice," and make to the Parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done not only with his consent, but by his express command." Whereupon, says De Thou, it was enjoined upon the court "to cause investigation to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the law and with

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justice." The next day but one—August 28th—appeared a royal manifesto running: "The king willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and others whatsoever of the religion styled Reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done, and were empowered to do by the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere as is permitted by the said edicts of pacification, his Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all the said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that by the said lord the king, after having provided for the tranquillity of his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that on pain of confiscation of body and goods, in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends—these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts, and in point of fact annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed—the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance, and at another notwithstanding the publicly-given word of the king and the queen-mother—all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced amongst the Protestants two contrary effects: some grew frightened, others angry. At court, under the direct influence of the king and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be" prevailed. Many fled; others, without abjuring their religion, abjured their party. The two Reformed princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, attended Mass

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on the 29th of September, and on the 3d of October wrote to the Pope, deploring their errors and giving hopes of their conversion. Far away from Paris, in the mountains of the Pyrenees and Languedoc, in the towns where the Reformed were numerous and confident—at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nîmes, at La Rochelle—the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly, meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordinance for the government of the Reformed Church, “until it please God, who has the hearts of kings in his keeping, to change that of king Charles IX., and restore the State of France to good order, or to raise up such neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtue and by distinguishing signs, for to be the liberator of this poor and afflicted people.” In November, 1572, the fourth religious war broke out. The siege of La Rochelle was its only important event. Charles IX. and his counsellors exerted themselves in vain to avoid it. There was everything to disgust them in this enterprise: so sudden a revival of the religious war after the grand blow they had just struck, the passionate energy manifested by the Protestants in asylum at La Rochelle, and the help they had been led to hope for from Queen Elizabeth, whom England would never have forgiven for indifference in this cause.

In the Spring of 1574, at the age of twenty-three years and eleven months, and after a reign of eleven years and six months, Charles IX. was attacked by an inflammatory malady which brought on violent hæmorrhage; he was revisited in his troubled sleep by the same bloody vision about which, after the St. Bartholemew, he had spoken to Ambrose Paré. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, “of whom he was very fond although she was a Huguenot,” says the contemporary chronicler, Peter de l’Estoile. “When she had lain down upon

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a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the King moaning, weeping, and sighing, she went full gently, up to his bed. 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said the King, what bloodshed and what murder! Ah! what evil counsel have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me for him, and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee! I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!' Then said the nurse to him, 'Sire, the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them! Of yourself, Sire, you never could; and since you were not consenting thereto, and are sorry therefor, believe that God will not put them down to your account, and will hide them with the cloak of justice of His Son, to whom alone you must have recourse. But, for God's sake, let your Majesty cease weeping!' And thereupon, having been to fetch him a pocket-handkerchief, because his own was soaked with tears, after that the king had taken it from her hand he signed her to go away, and leave him to rest."

On Whitsunday, May 30, 1574, about three in the afternoon, Charles IX. expired, after having signed an ordinance conferring the regency upon his mother, Catherine, "who accepted it—such was the expression in the letters-patent—"at the request of the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, and other princes and peers of France." According to D'Aubigné, Charles used often to say of his brother Henry, that, "when he had a kingdom on his hands, the administration would find him out, and that he would disappoint those who had hope of him." The last words he said were, "that he was glad not to have left any young child to succeed him, very well knowing that France needs a man, and that, with a child the king and the reign are unhappy."—*History of France*.
Transl. of ROBERT BLACK.

FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS.—

GUNSAULUS, FRANK WAKELEY, clergyman and author, was born at Chesterfield, O., January 1, 1856. He was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, from which he graduated in 1875. He has been pastor of churches in Columbus, O.; Baltimore, Md., and Chicago, Ill. In 1893 he was elected president of the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago. He has published *The Transfiguration of Christ* (1885); *Monk and Knight* (1891); *Phidias and Other Poems* (1893), and *Songs of Night and Day* (1895).

UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

More came into the vaulted room just as the abbot and Erasmus had partaken of the excellent beer which was brewed by the monks of Glastonbury. After sipping a little more, and remarking upon its good quality, they started, with the proud head of the institution, to look at the interesting and sacred relics. Old Fra Giovanni, breathing whispers to Vian, who came close to Abbot Richard, came and went with surprising freedom, as they proceeded from spot to spot. This beautiful youth amidst these ancient buildings, this fresh boyhood in this atmosphere of antiquity—the contrasts and the suggestions made the scholar and the statesman silent. Abbot Richard, however, talked incessantly.

“For fifteen centuries and more, the cross has stood on this spot; and yet some fear that base men will some day be wicked enough to raze these buildings to the earth. The saints forefend us!”

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He listened for a reply, but Erasmus said only this : "There will be no change but for the better, I am sure."

"Ah, if I could be sure!" urged the abbot. "Heretics are everywhere, and kings are silent. Would that the sword were drawn but once! they would disappear."

"Nay," said More; "ideas alone may conquer ideas. Saint Peter once drew his sword; and his Master bade him sheath it again."

"Yes, good friend!" added Erasmus; "ideas cannot be swept back by institutions—for institutions are only the forms of old ideas."

He was just going to say that new ideas often supplanted them with new institutions, when the abbot, somewhat nettled, said, "And what if these old ideas be true ideas?"

"Then," cautiously replied Erasmus—"then they need no swords; they and their institutions will stand forever."

"Ah!" said the abbot, "the Holy Church is an institution of God, not the embodiment of any human ideas."

Thomas More remembered the story of the young Christ as the "Son of Man" standing in the temple and saying, while Sabbath and temple were being transformed, "A greater than the temple is here."

Erasmus said meditatively, in Vian's hearing, "Even the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"—and he wanted to say that man was God's child, and dearer to Him than all else; but they were nearing Glastonbury Thorn.

The abbot was eloquent; and Vian wondered at what was sure to be plain to him at a later day—what could Master Erasmus have meant by that quotation about the Sabbath which the boy had already seen in the Vulgate?

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"This is but an ordinary bush to profane eyes," said Abbot Richard, as if he would prevent any outburst of rationalism and irreverence on the part of Erasmus, whose words, especially when spoken in Vian's presence, he dreaded ; "but it is something else to the eye of history and to the heart of faith."

"Sometimes, your Reverence, the overzealous heart of faith makes the eye of history very near-sighted," remarked the unimpressible scholar.

It was a thrust which the abbot was glad Vian did not notice ; but it nearly staggered the credulous and loquacious Churchman.—*Monk and Knight.*

CARE AND CARELESSNESS.

I care not that the storm sways all the trees
And floods the plain and blinds my trusting
sight ;

I only care that o'er the land and seas
Comes sometime Love's perpetual peace
and light.

I care not if the thunder-cloud be black,
Till that last instant when my work is
done ;

I only care that o'er the gloomy rack
Flames forth the promise of a constant sun.

I care not that sharp thorns grow thick be-
low
And wound my hands and scar my anxious
feet ;

I only care to know God's roses grow,
And I may somewhere find their odor
sweet.

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I care not if they be not white, but red—
Red as the blood-drops from a wounded
heart ;

I only care to ease my aching head
With faith that somewhere God hath done
His part.

I care not that the furnace-fire of pain
Laps round and round my life and burns
always ;

I only care to know that not in vain
The fierce heats touch me throughout night
and day.

I care not that the mass of molten ore
Trembles and bubbles at the chilly mold ;
I only care that daily, more and more,
There comes to be a precious thing of
gold.

I care not if, in years of such despair,
I reach in vain and seize no purpose vast ;
I only care that I sometime, somewhere,
May find a meaning shining at the last.

—*Songs of Night and Day.*

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER—

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING, an Anglo-American novelist and playwright, was born in Liverpool in 1847. His parents removed to California in 1853. He was educated in England and in the United States ; graduating at University College, San Francisco. He followed his profession of mining and civil engineering in the West until 1874, when he became a stockbroker in San Francisco. In 1877 he removed to New York, and has since devoted himself to literature. His first play, entitled *Cuba*, was written while he was pursuing his collegiate studies. Later plays are : *Two Nights in Rome*, produced in New York in 1889 ; *Fresh, the American* (1890), and more recently, in quick succession, *Courage ; After the Opera ; The Wall Street Bandit ; Prince Karl ; The Deacon's Daughter*. He has also dramatized several of his own novels ; of which the first, *Mr. Barnes of New York* (1887), has been published in several languages and by some half-dozen English publishing houses. Other novels are : *Mr. Potter of Texas* (1888), *That Frenchman* (1889), *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* (1890), *Small Boys in Big Boots* (1890), *Miss Dividends* (1892), *Baron Montez of Panama and Paris* (1893), *A Florida Enchantment* (1893), *A Princess of Paris* (1894), and its sequel, *The King's Stockbroker* (1894), *The First of the English* (1895).

THE PARIS SALON.

In one of the larger rooms of the *Salon*, a mass of people are striving to see one of the pictures of the season. French, English, Italians, Americans, Austrians, Germans, every

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nationality of the world are grouped together in the crowd, while from its depths pours out a confused variety of tongues, accents, dialects and languages that, massed together, make a lunacy of idea and babel of sound.

"*Magnifique!*"

"Disappointing!"

"*Splendida!*"

"It will get a medal!"

"*Ich halte nicht viel davon!*"

"*Mon Dieu! Quelle foule!*"

"I prefer Gêrôme!"

"This 'orrid jam is worse than Piccadilly!"

"It reminds me of 'la Cigale!'"

"*Je-rue-sa-lem!* It looks like Sally Spotts in swimming!"

This last comes from a cattle King from Kansas, who makes the remark on the edge of the crowd, but now excitedly forces his way towards the picture; and as he has the form of a Goliah and strength of a Samson, Mr. Barnes, who has been most of the past year in the United States, but has run over to Europe to avoid the American summer, concludes he is a good man to do the pushing and squeezing for him, and quietly drops into his wake.

"Cracky! It *is* Sally Spotts!" repeats the Westerner.

And he is right; the belle of an Ohio village has wandered to Paris, and is now as celebrated for her beauty, though not, alas, for her virtue, in this capital of nations, as she once was as Sally Spotts in her rural American home. Her old father and mother mourn her as dead, and are happier than if they knew that the little innocent child that knelt and prayed with them each night before sleeping, lived as "*La Belle Blackwood*," that celebrity of the *demi-monde*, whose eccentricities they have read of and shuddered at, and whose beauty makes so much of the attraction of this famous picture, for which she has consented to be the model.—*Mr. Barnes of New York.*

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.—

GUSTAFSON, ZADEL BARNES (wife of Abel Gustafson), an American poet and miscellaneous writer born at Middleton, Connecticut, in 1841. At the age of fifteen she was a contributor to various periodicals. In 1871 she published a novel, entitled *Can the Old Love?* and in 1878 a volume of poems, entitled *Meg, a Pastoral, and other Poems*. She has contributed numerous critical and biographical papers to leading magazines, and has edited Mrs. Brooks's (Maria del Occidente) poem, *Zophiel*, accompanying it with a sketch of the author's life. She became much interested in the temperance question and in conjunction with her husband wrote *The Foundation of Death, a Study of the Drink Question*.

THE BLIND MAN'S SIGHT.

The blind man sees a world more fair
Than unsealed eyes behold:
A bluer sky, a softer air,
Its visioned scenes infold.
Its calm delight his bosom fills;
He is a dweller there;
He builds upon its misty hills
His castle in the air.
He slumbers in its fragrant vale,
Lulled by its winding stream,
While Memory's phantoms, sweet and pale,
Glide through his tender dream;
Or, waking, wanders 'neath the shade
Where blooms of bending trees
Shake perfumes through the odorous glade
To wind-harp melodies.
Through tinted aisles of air his gaze
Is fixed, where mountains rise
Beneath his castle, fringed with rays
Of purpled evening skies.
And oft, its mystic threshold crost,
There greet him voices rare:

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.—

'Tis peopled with the loved and lost—
His castle in the air.

ZLOBANE.

As swayeth in the summer wind the close and
stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields that day on
wild Zlobane :
The white shield of the husband, who hath
twice need of life ;
The black shield of the young chief, who hath
not yet a wife.
Unrecking harm, the British lay, secure as if
they slept,
While close in front and either flank the live
black crescent crept ;
Then burst their wild and fearful cry upon the
British ears,
With whirl of bullets, glare of shields, and flash
of Zulu spears.
They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled, 'twixt
sun and summer scene ;
They thickened down as the locusts that leave
no living green.
Uprose the British ; in the shock reeled but an
instant ; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe, and met
their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn in a
more awful strife ;
He had the soldier's steady nerve, and calm dis-
dain of life ;
Yet now, half turning from the fray—knee
smiting against knee—
He scanned the hills, if yet were left an open
way to flee.
Not for himself. His little son, scarce thirteen
summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows like tas-
sels on the corn,
And lips that smiled in that sweet pout shaped
by the mother's breast,

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.—

Stood by his side, and silently to his brave
father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed and
tossed the boy astride:

“Farewell!” he cried, “and for thy life, that
way, my darling, ride!”

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy leaped
lightly to the ground,

And smote the horse upon its flank, that, with
a quivering bound,

It sprang and galloped for the hills, with one
sonorous neigh;

The fire flashed where its spurning feet clanged
o’er the stony way;

So, shod with fear, fled like the wind, from
where in ancient lay,

Rome grappled Tusculam—the slain Mamilius’s
charger gray.

“Father, I’ll die with you!” The sire, as
this he saw and heard,

Turned, and stood breathless in the joy and
pang that knows no word.

Once each—as do long-knitted friends—upon
the other smiled;

And then—he had but time to give a weapon
to the child,

Ere, leaping o’er the British dead, the supple
Zulus drew

The cruel assegais, and first the younger hero
slew.

Still grew the father’s heart, his eye bright with
unflickering flame:

Five Zulus bit the dust in death by his un-
blenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds, he sank
beside his child;

And they who found them say, in death each on
the other smiled.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.—

GUTHRIE, THOMAS, a Scottish clergyman and author, born in 1803; died in 1873. He was the son of a banker; studied at Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach in 1825. Afterwards he studied medicine at Paris, and was subsequently for some time employed in his father's bank. In 1830 he was presented to the small parish of Arbirlot; from which in 1837 he was transferred to the Old Greyfriars' parish in Edinburgh, where he achieved a distinguished reputation as a preacher and philanthropist. He left the Established Church of Scotland at the disruption in 1843, and became one of the ministers of the Free Church. In 1854 he was obliged to give up public speaking, and became editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. Mr. Guthrie's works are contained in some twenty volumes, and consist mainly of sermons and republications from *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*. Among these are: *The Gospel in Ezekiel*, *The Way to Life*, *On the Parables*, *Out of Harness*, *Studies of Character*, *Man and the Gospel*, *Our Father's Business*, and the *City and Ragged Schools*. An edition of his *Works*, with an *Autobiography*, and a *Memoir* by his sons, was issued in 1874.

SUBSIDENCE OF LAND AND HOMES.

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as "the stable and solid land," that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest

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tide-mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out of their rocky homes, wander amid its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell imbedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one, but in the standing stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides which the waves have polished, and floors still strewn with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead, decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast-line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change,

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a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window—through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing—the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearthstone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendant on the crumbling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days, when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness to a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree,

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you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas ! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: "Peace be to this house;" "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" "Fear God;" or this, "Love your neighbor." Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

KARL F A. GUTZLAFF.—

GUTZLAFF, KARL FRIEDRICH AUGUST, a German missionary and author, born in 1803; died in 1851. He was born at Pyritz, Pomerania, of poor parents. While yet a child he wished to become a missionary, but he was apprenticed to a saddler, and it was not until 1821, when, through the favor of the King of Prussia, to whom he had made known his wish, that he was enabled to enter the Pädagogium at Halle, and afterwards the mission institute of Jänike, in Berlin. He then spent two years in Batavia, studying with the Chinese residing there. In 1828, he severed his connection with the Missionary Society under whose auspices he had gone to Batavia, and went first to Singapore, and thence to Bangkok, where he translated the Bible into Siamese, and assisted by his wife, whom he had married in 1829, prepared a Cochin-China dictionary. On the death of his wife, he went to Hong Kong, worked on a translation of the Bible into Chinese, published a Chinese monthly Magazine, and several books in Chinese on subjects of useful knowledge. He made voyages along the coast, and published a *Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China* (1834.) In 1835 he became Chinese Secretary of the English Commission. His knowledge of the language and the customs of China enabled him to be of service during the peace negotiations following the opium war. In 1844 he founded a mission-school for the purpose of training native missionaries, of whom, during the first four years, he sent out forty-eight. Besides his *Voyages*, he published *A Sketch of Chinese History*,

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Ancient and Modern (1834), *China Opened* (1838), and a life of *Taow Kwang* (1851.)

BURIAL CUSTOMS OF CHINA.

The Chinese provide themselves with thick and substantial coffins, such as will withstand corruption for a considerable time. This is an article of expense, and rich people often squander 1000 taels, and even more, upon it. Many buy it during their lifetime, and keep it in their room, or before their doors, for fear of being huddled into a paltry one at their death. The corpse is dressed in the warmest and most expensive clothes the party can afford. Children are often obliged to sell or pawn themselves in order to procure these articles and bury their parents decently. The thick coffin is then calked like the bottom of a vessel, and quicklime and cotton thrown into it in order to absorb the effluvia. Thus hermetically sealed, it is often kept for months and for years in the house, transported to distant provinces, and handled as a mummy. The desire of retaining the remains of those who were once near and dear, is the principal cause of their being kept so long above ground.

Great care is taken in finding out a lucky spot for the grave ; and there are necromancers, whose sole business consists in making researches after a fortunate burial place. How much reverence soever the Chinese entertain for a corpse, they are nevertheless exceedingly sparing and economical in the space they allot to their cemeteries. These are generally on a sloping hill, or some barren ground which no culture can redeem ; or even along the roadside, where the coffins are exposed without being covered with earth. The tablet upon which the name of the deceased is inscribed is carried with the coffin. A mournful train accompanies the corpse to its last home, whilst, with strange inconsistency, a band of noisy musicians plays

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a joyful air. The coffin is then lowered into the grave, and a space in the form of a horse-shoe, well paved, laid out before it. Or a regular and often very tasteful mausoleum is erected over it. Victuals are immediately sacrificed to the spirit, lest he should die of hunger. Poor people adorn it with a tumulus of earth without inscription, or any other ornament. Whoever can afford it, repairs the tomb annually, even if it be only to put fresh sods upon it. The grave-stones, standing horizontally, contain the name and surname of the deceased with the dynasty under which the person died. The time of mourning for a parent is three years, and for other relations in proportion. The mourner, according to his degree of relationship, wears white unravelled sackcloth, and dishevelled hair, with a cord around his waist. Distant relations and friends bring pieces of silk and cotton, which they strew over the corpse. A dutiful son sleeps, as long as the coffin is in the house, upon a coarse mat near to it. He lives upon gruel, abstains from all the gratifications of his senses and utters continually his wailing. Supported by his friends, the chief mourner hastens with a bowl in his hand to a well, into which he throws some *cash*, and brings back a bowl of water with which the corpse is washed. When finally the grave closes on the dead, he crawls around, and mixing rice with *cash*, mingles both with the earth; having built a shed close to it, he there passes days in mournful silence, only mindful of his great loss. At each anniversary, his grief awakens anew; he melts in sorrow and contrition, and exclaims, "My sins have occasioned the death of my parent!" During the whole time the coffin stands above ground, the house is splendidly illuminated, the tables are richly set out with fruits and victuals, and all has the air of gayety. A mat is spread out before the corpse, where the relations perform their peri-

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odical prostrations, whilst incense ascends from an altar close to it.

There is nowhere so much ceremony and formality, as on these occasions of condolence, in which even the inferior classes are very strict. The wailing might be set to a tune, and the tears counted, so exactly is everything regulated. Nor is the assistance of the priests slighted. They read masses, burn paper and incense, and occasionally accompany the corpse to the grave. Seven days before and after the burial, the whole family prostrates itself before the manes; but if the whole ceremony were merely once performed, it would be quite unreasonable to doubt the sincerity of the grief displayed, yet the time of mourning recurs every year, and necessarily dwindles into a mere ceremony. Every good Chinaman regularly, every day, burns incense before the tablet to his father's memory. There is in every respectable house the hall of ancestors, where the pedigree of the family with the grandsire at the head, is inscribed, and here their descendants repair in spring to perform their devotions, then go to the graves and present rich offerings of all kind of victuals, candles, flowers, and incense, of which, however, they afterwards scruple not to make use themselves. This festival is one of the national institutions, observed even by beggars. Towards the autumn a similar custom takes place, which is, however, by no means so punctiliously observed. The sums, thus expended in rendering the dead comfortable, are enormous, but every one considers it his sacred duty, and no one murmurs. At stated times, when the body has mouldered into dust, they go and wash the bones, and place them in an urn, which is generally preserved above ground.—*China Opened.*

MADAME GUYON.—

GUYON, JEANNE MARIA (BOUVIER DE LA MOTHE), a French writer, born in 1648; died in 1717. She was educated at a convent, and very early showed an inclination for an ascetic life. Her parents objected to this, and recalled her home when she was twelve years old. At sixteen she was married to Jacques Guyon, a man many years her senior. Five children were born to them, of whom two died young. Her husband died in 1676. Four years later Madame Guyon set out with her surviving children for Paris. Here she met Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, who assured her that she had a special religious vocation; whereupon she resigned the care of her children on whom she settled almost all of her property, and entered the Ursuline convent at Thonon. Her written views on the love of God for himself alone, on prayer, on complete sanctification by faith, and entire harmony with the will of God, found acceptance with many persons, but brought her under suspicion of heresy. During this time she composed her *Spiritual Torrents*, and her *Short and Easy Method of Prayer*, and began her *Commentaries on the Scriptures*, in which work she believed herself to be directed by divine influence. In 1686 she went to Paris, where she was arrested and sent to the convent of Saint Marie, where for eight months she was kept a prisoner. On her release, she was permitted, by Madame de Maintenon, to teach in the Seminary of St. Cyr. Here she met Fénelon, whose lofty spirituality was in accord with her doctrines of sanctification and disinterested love. The Bishop of Chartres, on the other hand,

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protested against her doctrines. A Royal Commission was appointed to examine her writings. After numerous conferences, the commissioners passed censure upon several passages of her works. In 1695 she was confined in the Bastille, but was released the next year, and placed under surveillance in a convent. In 1700 her virtue was acknowledged by the clergy assembled at St. Germain, and two years afterwards she was released, but banished. Her last years were passed at Blois. She died professing her devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. Among her numerous works are: *Moyen Court et Tres-facile pour l' Oraison* (1688—90), *L' Explication du Cantique du Cantiques*, *Les Torrents Spirituels* (1704), *Commentaires*, (1713—15), *Discours Chrétiens et Spirituels* (1716), *Lettres Chrétiennes* (1717), an *Autobiography*, and numerous *Spiritual Poems*, some of which have been translated by William Cowper.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love thee, Lord; but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.
Thou, Lord, alone, art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed;
In Thee the blest abide.
Fountain of life, and all abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-
place.

Transl. of COWPER.

MADAME GUYON.—

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long ;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear ;
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all

My cage confines me round :
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart 's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
The bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.
Transl. of COWPER.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM.

Oh Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Love ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

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All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel Thee good, feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn.
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to His embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

Transl. of COWPER.

ARNOLD HENRY GUYOT.—

GUYOT, ARNOLD HENRY, an American scientist, born in Switzerland in 1807; died at Princeton, N. J., February 8, 1884. He studied at the College Neuchâtel, and afterwards at the Gymnasium of Stuttgart, and at Carlsruhe, where he formed a close intimacy with Agassiz. He then studied theology at Neuchâtel and Berne, but subsequently devoted himself especially to scientific investigation. He resided four years at Paris, making summer excursions through France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. He was the first to notice the laminated structure of the ice in glaciers, and investigated the distribution of erratic boulders. From 1839 to 1858 he was Professor of History and Physical Geography in the Neuchâtel Academy. In 1848 he came to the United States, whither Agassiz had already preceded him. He took up his residence in Cambridge, Mass., where he delivered, in French, lectures on the relations between Physical Geography and History. These lectures were translated into English, by Prof. Felton, and published under the title of *Earth and Man* (1849.) He also lectured in the Normal Schools of Massachusetts, and was employed by the Smithsonian Institution to organize a system of meteorological observations. In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Geology and Physical Geography in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, which chair he held until his death, he then being the senior Professor in that institution. Between 1855 and 1873 he prepared a series of *School Geographies*, which have been extensively used in public schools. His *Treatise on Physical Geography* was prepared for

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Johnson's "Family Atlas of the World" (1870.) In 1873 he read before the Evangelical Alliance a paper on *Cosmogony and the Bible*. He, in conjunction with President Barnard of Columbia College, edited Johnson's *Universal Cyclopædia* (1874-78.) His latest work, on *Creation*, was completed just before his death.

THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The earth is the dwelling-place of man, the noble garden given to him by his Creator to cultivate and enjoy; the scene of his activity, the means of his development. Considered either in itself as a masterpiece of Divine handicraft and wisdom, or as the fit abode of man, answering all his wants, it cannot fail to be an object of the highest interest for us who live and move on its broad surface. To study the Earth in its first aspect is the Geography of Nature; in the second, the Geography of Man.

The Geography of Nature may be either simply descriptive, or scientific. A simple description of the earth's surface, of the appearance of the land and water, of the nature of the climate and productions in the various countries of the globe, is Descriptive Natural Geography, or Physiography. But the reflective mind craves more. It wishes to know why these natural phenomena are as they appear; how they are produced; what general laws govern them. It seeks to understand the relations of mutual dependence which bind them together, as causes and effects, into a vast system, into one individual mechanism, which is the terrestrial globe itself. This is the science of Physical Geography proper, or Terrestrial Physics.

Physical Geography, therefore, is not satisfied with describing at random the situation, extent, outlines, and surface of the land masses and of the oceans; it seeks, by careful com-

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parison, to discover the laws by which they are regulated. It shows how the relief of the continents controls their drainage, and shapes those vast river systems, so useful and so characteristic of each of them; how these very forms of the lands, together with their size and relative situation, deeply modify the climate, the productions, and therefore the capacity of each country for commerce and civilization. It not only describes the great marine currents which circulate in the bosoms of the oceans, but seeks to find out their causes, trace their connection, and the vast influence they exert upon climate, either by heating or cooling the superincumbent atmosphere.

It is not enough to find that the temperature which is the highest in the equatorial regions of our globe, gradually decreases toward the polar lands. It inquires into the causes of that fundamental law of the distribution of heat which controls all the phenomena of life, whether vegetable or animal, as well as man's development. Again: Why is it that, contrary to the general law, mountains which rise from the burning tropical plains of the Amazon and the Ganges are capped with everlasting snow? that in January snow obstructs the streets and ice ministers to the pleasure of thousands of eager skaters in New York city, while in the same latitude the orange-tree flourishes under a genial sun and in a mild atmosphere in Naples, and flowers and everlasting verdure grace the gardens in the Azores, in the midst of the stormy Atlantic? Why is it that on the coast of the American continent Labrador is but a frozen peninsula, where no tree can grow, no agriculture is possible, in the same latitude where, in Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic, the cities of Christiana, Stockholm, St. Petersburg—the noble capitals of the north—flourish in the midst of cultivated fields?

Looking at the distribution of rain-water—

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that other element of climate indispensable for all that has life on earth—why is it that it is so unequal, varying from a complete or almost total absence in the deserts, to an amount which would cover the ground with a layer of fifty feet of water? Why are the sunny regions of the tropics blessed with a quantity of rain-water several times greater than that which falls in our temperate regions, while the foggy regions towards the poles receive as many times less? Why are the rains periodical in the warm regions, and more equally distributed throughout the year as we recede from them towards the poles?

To answer all such questions, which are suggested at every step to the reflecting observer of nature's phenomena, Physical Geography has to find out the laws which govern the distribution of heat and of the rains. It has to study the course of the winds, which are the carriers of warm and cold air from one place to another, and of the rains from the common reservoir of the ocean to the interior of the continents. It thus shows that upon all these elements combined, and modified by the forms, extent, and situation of the land masses and the oceans, depend the distribution of life—vegetable and animal—on the surface of the globe, and the degree of usefulness to man of each portion of his earthly domain.

Thus we learn that the great geographical constituents of our planet, the solid land, the oceans, and the atmosphere, and each of their parts, are intimately connected by a series of incessant actions and reactions, and mutually dependent, so that the earth is really a marvellous individual organization, all parts of which work together toward the final aim assigned to it by its all-wise Author.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THE INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

We are so much accustomed, at the surface which we inhabit, to look to the Sun—that is,

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to an outside source—for all the heat which we enjoy, that we almost forget to ask whether the earth has a temperature of its own, independent of that which it receives from the great common reservoir. But if we remember that the warm springs, around which so many gather for health or pleasure, rise from beneath the surface; when we observe the greater heat of the Artesian wells; the even and warm temperatures of the deep mines; and especially the torrents of hot steam, of molten rocks which ascend from unknown depths to the mouths of volcanoes and flow along their slopes, we must recognize that the interior mass of the globe has a higher temperature than that of its surface, the source of which is in itself. The Earth, like the Sun, is a warm body in the midst of the cold space of the heavens. But if so, can we form an idea of the amount of that proper heat? To do this, we must try to establish the law of its increase from the surface downward.

The average of all known observations, made in various parts of the globe, both in Artesian wells and mines, gives an increase of heat towards the interior of about one degree of Fahr. for every fifty-five feet—a very rapid rate indeed, which leads to an important conclusion: If this universally increasing temperature in the interior of our Earth continues in a regular progression downward, the temperature of boiling water will be reached at 9,000 feet, or less than two miles from the surface—a distance only equivalent to a moderate-sized mountain. At thirty miles the heat would be sufficient to melt all the rocks and metals contained in the Earth's crust. But as we have some reason to believe that the progression becomes gradually slower, we may readily admit as probable that the solid, unmelted crust has a greater thickness, reaching, perhaps, if not exceeding, a hundred miles. Startling as this

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result may be, it is the hypothesis which best accounts for the facts just mentioned, and for the phenomena of geology.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

Many explanations of the phenomena of earthquakes have been proposed; but science must confess its inability to give, at present, a satisfactory one. Earthquakes are obviously due to various causes. Those preceding or accompanying a volcanic eruption must be, no doubt, referred to the action of the volcano; but the extensive earthquakes disturbing the areas of hundreds of thousands of miles, and those which take place outside of the volcanic districts, require a more general cause. Perhaps this may be found—which is also the opinion of Prof. Dana—in the increasing tension produced in the Earth strata by the steady contraction of our cooling planet. To this cause Geology refers the rising of mountain chains on long fissures in the hard terrestrial crust, in the form of prisms with inclined planes, or of a succession of folds, with large internal cavities. The settling under their own weight of these vast structures, and the lateral tension thus engendered, coming from time to time to a paroxysm, might perhaps explain these crackings of the ground and convulsions along the mountain chains and in the broken parts of the Earth. In this view, every difference of pressure—atmospheric or astronomical, from lunar and solar attraction—may have a share of influence in the phenomena. As to the influence of the seasons, the time of the day, of electricity, magnetism, and the solar spots, they show once more—if finally proved—how intimate are the relations of all physical agencies with each other, and how close an analysis is required to understand so complex a phenomenon.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

JOHN HABBERTON.—

HABBERTON, JOHN, an American author, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1842. When a child he was taken to Illinois. In 1859 he returned to New York, and while engaged as a printer, sent sketches of picturesque features of New York, to weekly papers in that city and in Boston. He served in the Union army during the Civil War. From 1872 to 1876 he was literary editor of the *Christian Union*, and later belonged to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*. He is the author of *Helen's Babies*, and *The Barton Experiment* (1876), *Other People's Children*, *The Jericho Road*, *The Scripture Club of Valley Rest*, and *Some Folks* (1877), *The Crew of the Sam Weller*, and *Little Guzzly* (1878), *The Worst Boy in Town* (1879), *Just One Day*, and *Who was Paul Grayson* (1880), *The Bowsham Puzzle*, and *George Washington* (1884), and *Country Luck* (1887.) He has published *Selections from the Spectator*, *Selections from the Tatler*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*, and in conjunction with Charles L. Norton, *Canoeing in Kanuckia* (1878.) His first drama, *Deacon Crankitt*, was produced in 1880. *Helen's Babies*, which has been translated into French, German, and Italian, "grew up," says the author, "out of an attempt to keep for a single day a record of the doings of a brace of boys of whom the author is half-owner."

BUDGE EXPLAINS.

With the coming of the darkness and the starlight, our voices unconsciously dropped to lower tones, and *her* voice seemed purest music. And yet we said nothing which all the world might not have listened to without suspecting

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a secret. . . . I was affected by an odd mixture of desperate courage and despicable cowardice. I determined to tell her all, yet I shrank from the task with more terror than ever befell me in the first steps of a charge.

Suddenly a small shadow came from behind us and stood between us, and the voice of Budge remarked:—

“Uncle Harry ’spects you, Miss Mayton.”

“Suspects me?—of what, pray?” exclaimed the lady, patting my nephew’s cheek.

“Budge!” said I—I feel that my voice rose nearly to a scream—“Budge, I must beg of you to respect the sanctity of confidential communications.”

“What is it, Budge?” persisted Miss Mayton, “you know the old adage, Mr. Burton. ‘Children and fools speak the truth.’ Of what does he suspect me, Budge?”

“’Taint *sus*-pect at all,” said Budge, “it’s *es*-pect.”

“Expect?” echoed Miss Mayton.

“No, not ‘ex,’ it’s *es*-pect. I know all about it, ’cause I asked him. *Espect* is what folks do when they think you’re nice, and like to talk to you, and—”

“Respect is what the boy is trying to say, Miss Mayton,” I interrupted, to prevent what I feared might follow. “Budge has a terrifying faculty for asking questions, and the result of some of them, this morning, was my endeavor to explain to him the nature of the respect in which gentlemen hold ladies.”

“Yes,” continued Budge, “I know all about it. Only Uncle Harry don’t say it right. What he calls *espect*, I call *love*.”

There was an awkward pause—it seemed an age. Another blunder, and all on account of those dreadful children. I could think of no possible way to turn the conversation; stranger yet, Miss Mayton could not do so either. Something *must* be done—I could at least be honest, come what would—I would be honest.

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"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some month's standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I—I—when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation—it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——?

I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead, then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. . . . Then I heard Budge say, "*I* wants to kiss you, too," and I saw my glorious Alice snatch the little scamp into her arms, and treat him with more affection than I ever imagined was in her nature.—*Helen's Babies*.

Mr. Habberton is a voluminous writer and his more recent productions include: *Brueton's Bayou* (1887), *All He Knew* (1889), *Well Out of It* (1889), *Couldn't Say No* (1889), *Out at Twinnett's* (1891), *The Chautauquans* (1891), *A Lucky Lover* (1892), *Where were the Boys?* (1895).

WILLIAM HABINGTON.—

HABINGTON, WILLIAM, an English poet, born in 1605; died in 1654. He was a Roman Catholic, educated at St. Omers, but did not take Holy Orders. He married Lucia, the daughter of Lord Powis, whom he celebrates under the name of "Castara." A volume of his poems, containing the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy Man*, was published in 1634. He also wrote several works in prose. Habington more than once expresses his admiration for Spenser and Sidney.

SPENSER AND SIDNEY.

Grown older, I admired
Our poets, as from Heaven inspired;
What obelisks decreed, I fit
For Spenser's art, and Sidney's wit.
But, waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle, idle sound.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown
To no loose eyes betrayed
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes.
But 'tween men no difference makes.

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She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands
And so innocent that ill
She nor acts nor understands;
Women's feet still run astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
Where oft Honor splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night;
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs Lust,

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

DOMINE, LABIA MEA APERIES.

No monument of me remain—
My memory rust
In the same marble with my dust—
Ere I the spreading laurel gain
By writing wanton or profane!

Ye glorious wonders of the skies!
Shine still, bright stars,
The Almighty's mystic characters!
I'd not your beauteous lights surprise
To illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet

WILLIAM HABINGTON.—

The untouched flowers may grow and die.
Safe from my fancy's injury.

Open my lips, great God ! and then
I'll soar above
The humble flight of carnal love :
Upward to Thee I'll force my pen,
And trace no paths of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded souls
Worthy to be
Their object find, excepting Thee ?
Where can I fix ? since time controls
Our pride, whose motion all things rolls.

Should I myself ingratiate
To a prince's smile
How soon may death my hopes beguile !
And should I farm the proudest state,
I'm tenant to uncertain fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust ?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfeit of our lust
Distaste us when resolved to dust.

But thou, eternal banquet ! where
Forever we
May feed without satiety !
Who harmony art to the ear :—
Who *art*, while all things else *appear* !

While up to Thee I shoot my flame,
Thou dost dispense
A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all pomps that aim
At other triumphs than Thy name.

It crowns me with a victory
So heavenly—all
That's earth from me away doth fall :
And I am from corruption free,
Grown in my vows even part of Thee !

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a joyful air. The coffin is then lowered into the grave, and a space in the form of a horse-shoe, well paved, laid out before it. Or a regular and often very tasteful mausoleum is erected over it. Victuals are immediately sacrificed to the spirit, lest he should die of hunger. Poor people adorn it with a tumulus of earth without inscription, or any other ornament. Whoever can afford it, repairs the tomb annually, even if it be only to put fresh sods upon it. The grave-stones, standing horizontally, contain the name and surname of the deceased with the dynasty under which the person died. The time of mourning for a parent is three years, and for other relations in proportion. The mourner, according to his degree of relationship, wears white unravelled sackcloth, and dishevelled hair, with a cord around his waist. Distant relations and friends bring pieces of silk and cotton, which they strew over the corpse. A dutiful son sleeps, as long as the coffin is in the house, upon a coarse mat near to it. He lives upon gruel, abstains from all the gratifications of his senses and utters continually his wailing. Supported by his friends, the chief mourner hastens with a bowl in his hand to a well, into which he throws some *cash*, and brings back a bowl of water with which the corpse is washed. When finally the grave closes on the dead, he crawls around, and mixing rice with cash, mingles both with the earth; having built a shed close to it, he there passes days in mournful silence, only mindful of his great loss. At each anniversary, his grief awakens anew; he melts in sorrow and contrition, and exclaims, "My sins have occasioned the death of my parent!" During the whole time the coffin stands above ground, the house is splendidly illuminated, the tables are richly set out with fruits and victuals, and all has the air of gayety. A mat is spread out before the corpse, where the relations perform their peri-

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odical prostrations, whilst incense ascends from an altar close to it.

There is nowhere so much ceremony and formality, as on these occasions of condolence, in which even the inferior classes are very strict. The wailing might be set to a tune, and the tears counted, so exactly is everything regulated. Nor is the assistance of the priests slighted. They read masses, burn paper and incense, and occasionally accompany the corpse to the grave. Seven days before and after the burial, the whole family prostrates itself before the manes; but if the whole ceremony were merely once performed, it would be quite unreasonable to doubt the sincerity of the grief displayed, yet the time of mourning recurs every year, and necessarily dwindles into a mere ceremony. Every good Chinaman regularly, every day, burns incense before the tablet to his father's memory. There is in every respectable house the hall of ancestors, where the pedigree of the family with the grandsire at the head, is inscribed, and here their descendants repair in spring to perform their devotions, then go to the graves and present rich offerings of all kind of victuals, candles, flowers, and incense, of which, however, they afterwards scruple not to make use themselves. This festival is one of the national institutions, observed even by beggars. Towards the autumn a similar custom takes place, which is, however, by no means so punctiliously observed. The sums, thus expended in rendering the dead comfortable, are enormous, but every one considers it his sacred duty, and no one murmurs. At stated times, when the body has mouldered into dust, they go and wash the bones, and place them in an urn, which is generally preserved above ground.—*China Opened.*

MADAME GUYON.—

GUYON, JEANNE MARIA (BOUVIER DE LA MOTHE), a French writer, born in 1648; died in 1717. She was educated at a convent, and very early showed an inclination for an ascetic life. Her parents objected to this, and recalled her home when she was twelve years old. At sixteen she was married to Jacques Guyon, a man many years her senior. Five children were born to them, of whom two died young. Her husband died in 1676. Four years later Madame Guyon set out with her surviving children for Paris. Here she met Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, who assured her that she had a special religious vocation; whereupon she resigned the care of her children on whom she settled almost all of her property, and entered the Ursuline convent at Thonon. Her written views on the love of God for himself alone, on prayer, on complete sanctification by faith, and entire harmony with the will of God, found acceptance with many persons, but brought her under suspicion of heresy. During this time she composed her *Spiritual Torrents*, and her *Short and Easy Method of Prayer*, and began her *Commentaries on the Scriptures*, in which work she believed herself to be directed by divine influence. In 1686 she went to Paris, where she was arrested and sent to the convent of Saint Marie, where for eight months she was kept a prisoner. On her release, she was permitted, by Madame de Maintenon, to teach in the Seminary of St. Cyr. Here she met Fénelon, whose lofty spirituality was in accord with her doctrines of sanctification and disinterested love. The Bishop of Chartres, on the other hand,

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protested against her doctrines. A Royal Commission was appointed to examine her writings. After numerous conferences, the commissioners passed censure upon several passages of her works. In 1695 she was confined in the Bastille, but was released the next year, and placed under surveillance in a convent. In 1700 her virtue was acknowledged by the clergy assembled at St. Germain, and two years afterwards she was released, but banished. Her last years were passed at Blois. She died professing her devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. Among her numerous works are: *Moyen Court et Tres-facile pour l' Oraison* (1688—90), *L' Explication du Cantique du Cantiques*, *Les Torrents Spirituels* (1704), *Commentaires*, (1713—15), *Discours Chrétiens et Spirituels* (1716), *Lettres Chrétiennes* (1717), an *Autobiography*, and numerous *Spiritual Poems*, some of which have been translated by William Cowper.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give ;
I love thee, Lord ; but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.
Thou, Lord, alone, art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside ;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed ;
In Thee the blest abide.
Fountain of life, and all abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-
place.

Transl. of COWPER.

MADAME GUYON.—

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long ;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear ;
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all

My cage confines me round :
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart 's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
The bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

Transl. of COWPER.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM.

Oh Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Love ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

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All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel Thee good, feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn.
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to His embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

Transl. of COWPER.

ARNOLD HENRY GUYOT.—

GUYOT, ARNOLD HENRY, an American scientist, born in Switzerland in 1807; died at Princeton, N. J., February 8, 1884. He studied at the College Neuchâtel, and afterwards at the Gymnasium of Stuttgart, and at Carlsruhe, where he formed a close intimacy with Agassiz. He then studied theology at Neuchâtel and Berne, but subsequently devoted himself especially to scientific investigation. He resided four years at Paris, making summer excursions through France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. He was the first to notice the laminated structure of the ice in glaciers, and investigated the distribution of erratic boulders. From 1839 to 1858 he was Professor of History and Physical Geography in the Neuchâtel Academy. In 1848 he came to the United States, whither Agassiz had already preceded him. He took up his residence in Cambridge, Mass., where he delivered, in French, lectures on the relations between Physical Geography and History. These lectures were translated into English, by Prof. Felton, and published under the title of *Earth and Man* (1849.) He also lectured in the Normal Schools of Massachusetts, and was employed by the Smithsonian Institution to organize a system of meteorological observations. In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Geology and Physical Geography in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, which chair he held until his death, he then being the senior Professor in that institution. Between 1855 and 1873 he prepared a series of *School Geographies*, which have been extensively used in public schools. His *Treatise on Physical Geography* was prepared for

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Johnson's "Family Atlas of the World" (1870.) In 1873 he read before the Evangelical Alliance a paper on *Cosmogony and the Bible*. He, in conjunction with President Barnard of Columbia College, edited Johnson's *Universal Cyclopædia* (1874-78.) His latest work, on *Creation*, was completed just before his death.

THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The earth is the dwelling-place of man, the noble garden given to him by his Creator to cultivate and enjoy; the scene of his activity, the means of his development. Considered either in itself as a masterpiece of Divine handicraft and wisdom, or as the fit abode of man, answering all his wants, it cannot fail to be an object of the highest interest for us who live and move on its broad surface. To study the Earth in its first aspect is the Geography of Nature; in the second, the Geography of Man.

The Geography of Nature may be either simply descriptive, or scientific. A simple description of the earth's surface, of the appearance of the land and water, of the nature of the climate and productions in the various countries of the globe, is Descriptive Natural Geography, or Physiography. But the reflective mind craves more. It wishes to know why these natural phenomena are as they appear; how they are produced; what general laws govern them. It seeks to understand the relations of mutual dependence which bind them together, as causes and effects, into a vast system, into one individual mechanism, which is the terrestrial globe itself. This is the science of Physical Geography proper, or Terrestrial Physics.

Physical Geography, therefore, is not satisfied with describing at random the situation, extent, outlines, and surface of the land masses and of the oceans; it seeks, by careful com-

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parison, to discover the laws by which they are regulated. It shows how the relief of the continents controls their drainage, and shapes those vast river systems, so useful and so characteristic of each of them; how these very forms of the lands, together with their size and relative situation, deeply modify the climate, the productions, and therefore the capacity of each country for commerce and civilization. It not only describes the great marine currents which circulate in the bosoms of the oceans, but seeks to find out their causes, trace their connection, and the vast influence they exert upon climate, either by heating or cooling the superincumbent atmosphere.

It is not enough to find that the temperature which is the highest in the equatorial regions of our globe, gradually decreases toward the polar lands. It inquires into the causes of that fundamental law of the distribution of heat which controls all the phenomena of life, whether vegetable or animal, as well as man's development. Again: Why is it that, contrary to the general law, mountains which rise from the burning tropical plains of the Amazon and the Ganges are capped with everlasting snow? that in January snow obstructs the streets and ice ministers to the pleasure of thousands of eager skaters in New York city, while in the same latitude the orange-tree flourishes under a genial sun and in a mild atmosphere in Naples, and flowers and everlasting verdure grace the gardens in the Azores, in the midst of the stormy Atlantic? Why is it that on the coast of the American continent Labrador is but a frozen peninsula, where no tree can grow, no agriculture is possible, in the same latitude where, in Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic, the cities of Christiana, Stockholm, St. Petersburg—the noble capitals of the north—flourish in the midst of cultivated fields?

Looking at the distribution of rain-water—

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that other element of climate indispensable for all that has life on earth—why is it that it is so unequal, varying from a complete or almost total absence in the deserts, to an amount which would cover the ground with a layer of fifty feet of water? Why are the sunny regions of the tropics blessed with a quantity of rain-water several times greater than that which falls in our temperate regions, while the foggy regions towards the poles receive as many times less? Why are the rains periodical in the warm regions, and more equally distributed throughout the year as we recede from them towards the poles?

To answer all such questions, which are suggested at every step to the reflecting observer of nature's phenomena, Physical Geography has to find out the laws which govern the distribution of heat and of the rains. It has to study the course of the winds, which are the carriers of warm and cold air from one place to another, and of the rains from the common reservoir of the ocean to the interior of the continents. It thus shows that upon all these elements combined, and modified by the forms, extent, and situation of the land masses and the oceans, depend the distribution of life—vegetable and animal—on the surface of the globe, and the degree of usefulness to man of each portion of his earthly domain.

Thus we learn that the great geographical constituents of our planet, the solid land, the oceans, and the atmosphere, and each of their parts, are intimately connected by a series of incessant actions and reactions, and mutually dependent, so that the earth is really a marvellous individual organization, all parts of which work together toward the final aim assigned to it by its all-wise Author.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THE INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

We are so much accustomed, at the surface which we inhabit, to look to the Sun—that is,

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to an outside source—for all the heat which we enjoy, that we almost forget to ask whether the earth has a temperature of its own, independent of that which it receives from the great common reservoir. But if we remember that the warm springs, around which so many gather for health or pleasure, rise from beneath the surface; when we observe the greater heat of the Artesian wells; the even and warm temperatures of the deep mines; and especially the torrents of hot steam, of molten rocks which ascend from unknown depths to the mouths of volcanoes and flow along their slopes, we must recognize that the interior mass of the globe has a higher temperature than that of its surface, the source of which is in itself. The Earth, like the Sun, is a warm body in the midst of the cold space of the heavens. But if so, can we form an idea of the amount of that proper heat? To do this, we must try to establish the law of its increase from the surface downward. . . .

The average of all known observations, made in various parts of the globe, both in Artesian wells and mines, gives an increase of heat towards the interior of about one degree of Fahr. for every fifty-five feet—a very rapid rate indeed, which leads to an important conclusion: If this universally increasing temperature in the interior of our Earth continues in a regular progression downward, the temperature of boiling water will be reached at 9,000 feet, or less than two miles from the surface—a distance only equivalent to a moderate-sized mountain. At thirty miles the heat would be sufficient to melt all the rocks and metals contained in the Earth's crust. But as we have some reason to believe that the progression becomes gradually slower, we may readily admit as probable that the solid, unmelted crust has a greater thickness, reaching, perhaps, if not exceeding, a hundred miles. Startling as this

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result may be, it is the hypothesis which best accounts for the facts just mentioned, and for the phenomena of geology.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

Many explanations of the phenomena of earthquakes have been proposed; but science must confess its inability to give, at present, a satisfactory one. Earthquakes are obviously due to various causes. Those preceding or accompanying a volcanic eruption must be, no doubt, referred to the action of the volcano; but the extensive earthquakes disturbing the areas of hundreds of thousands of miles, and those which take place outside of the volcanic districts, require a more general cause. Perhaps this may be found—which is also the opinion of Prof. Dana—in the increasing tension produced in the Earth strata by the steady contraction of our cooling planet. To this cause Geology refers the rising of mountain chains on long fissures in the hard terrestrial crust, in the form of prisms with inclined planes, or of a succession of folds, with large internal cavities. The settling under their own weight of these vast structures, and the lateral tension thus engendered, coming from time to time to a paroxysm, might perhaps explain these crackings of the ground and convulsions along the mountain chains and in the broken parts of the Earth. In this view, every difference of pressure—atmospheric or astronomical, from lunar and solar attraction—may have a share of influence in the phenomena. As to the influence of the seasons, the time of the day, of electricity, magnetism, and the solar spots, they show once more—if finally proved—how intimate are the relations of all physical agencies with each other, and how close an analysis is required to understand so complex a phenomenon.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

JOHN HABBERTON.—

HABBERTON, JOHN, an American author, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1842. When a child he was taken to Illinois. In 1859 he returned to New York, and while engaged as a printer, sent sketches of picturesque features of New York, to weekly papers in that city and in Boston. He served in the Union army during the Civil War. From 1872 to 1876 he was literary editor of the *Christian Union*, and later belonged to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*. He is the author of *Helen's Babies*, and *The Barton Experiment* (1876), *Other People's Children*, *The Jericho Road*, *The Scripture Club of Valley Rest*, and *Some Folks* (1877), *The Crew of the Sam Weller*, and *Little Guzzly* (1878), *The Worst Boy in Town* (1879), *Just One Day*, and *Who was Paul Grayson* (1880), *The Bowsham Puzzle*, and *George Washington* (1884), and *Country Luck* (1887.) He has published *Selections from the Spectator*, *Selections from the Tatler*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*, and in conjunction with Charles L. Norton, *Canoeing in Kanuckia* (1878.) His first drama, *Deacon Crankitt*, was produced in 1880. *Helens Babies*, which has been translated into French, German, and Italian, "grew up," says the author, "out of an attempt to keep for a single day a record of the doings of a brace of boys of whom the author is half-owner."

BUDGE EXPLAINS.

With the coming of the darkness and the starlight, our voices unconsciously dropped to lower tones, and *her* voice seemed purest music. And yet we said nothing which all the world might not have listened to without suspecting

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a secret. . . . I was affected by an odd mixture of desperate courage and despicable cowardice. I determined to tell her all, yet I shrank from the task with more terror than ever befell me in the first steps of a charge.

Suddenly a small shadow came from behind us and stood between us, and the voice of Budge remarked:—

“Uncle Harry ’spects you, Miss Mayton.”

“Suspects me?—of what, pray?” exclaimed the lady, patting my nephew’s cheek.

“Budge!” said I—I feel that my voice rose nearly to a scream—“Budge, I must beg of you to respect the sanctity of confidential communications.”

“What is it, Budge?” persisted Miss Mayton, “you know the old adage, Mr. Burton. ‘Children and fools speak the truth.’ Of what does he suspect me, Budge?”

“’Taint *sus*-pect at all,” said Budge, “it’s *es*-pect.”

“Expect?” echoed Miss Mayton.

“No, not ‘ex,’ it’s *es*-pect. I know all about it, ’cause I asked him. *Espect* is what folks do when they think you’re nice, and like to talk to you, and—”

“Respect is what the boy is trying to say, Miss Mayton,” I interrupted, to prevent what I feared might follow. “Budge has a terrifying faculty for asking questions, and the result of some of them, this morning, was my endeavor to explain to him the nature of the respect in which gentlemen hold ladies.”

“Yes,” continued Budge, “I know all about it. Only Uncle Harry don’t say it right. What he calls *espect*, I call *love*.”

There was an awkward pause—it seemed an age. Another blunder, and all on account of those dreadful children. I could think of no possible way to turn the conversation; stranger yet, Miss Mayton could not do so either. Something *must* be done—I could at least be honest, come what would—I would be honest.

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"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some month's standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I—I—when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation—it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——?

I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead, then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. . . . Then I heard Budge say, "*I* wants to kiss you, too," and I saw my glorious Alice snatch the little scamp into her arms, and treat him with more affection than I ever imagined was in her nature.—*Helen's Babies*.

Mr. Habberton is a voluminous writer and his more recent productions include: *Brueton's Bayou* (1887), *All He Knew* (1889), *Well Out of It* (1889), *Couldn't Say No* (1889), *Out at Twinnett's* (1891), *The Chautauquans* (1891), *A Lucky Lover* (1892), *Where were the Boys?* (1895).

WILLIAM HABINGTON.—

HABINGTON, WILLIAM, an English poet, born in 1605; died in 1654. He was a Roman Catholic, educated at St. Omers, but did not take Holy Orders. He married Lucia, the daughter of Lord Powis, whom he celebrates under the name of "Castara." A volume of his poems, containing the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy Man*, was published in 1634. He also wrote several works in prose. Habington more than once expresses his admiration for Spenser and Sidney.

SPENSER AND SIDNEY.

Grown older, I admired
Our poets, as from Heaven inspired;
What obelisks decreed, I fit
For Spenser's art, and Sidney's wit.
But, waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle, idle sound.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown
To no loose eyes betrayed
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes.
But 'tween men no difference makes.

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She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands
And so innocent that ill
She nor acts nor understands;
Women's feet still run astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
Where oft Honor splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night;
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs Lust,

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

DOMINE, LABIA MEA APERIES.

No monument of me remain—
My memory rust
In the same marble with my dust—
Ere I the spreading laurel gain
By writing wanton or profane!

Ye glorious wonders of the skies!
Shine still, bright stars,
The Almighty's mystic characters!
I'd not your beauteous lights surprise
To illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet

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The untouched flowers may grow and die.
Safe from my fancy's injury.

Open my lips, great God ! and then
I'll soar above
The humble flight of carnal love :
Upward to Thee I'll force my pen,
And trace no paths of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded souls
Worthy to be
Their object find, excepting Thee ?
Where can I fix ? since time controls
Our pride, whose motion all things rolls.

Should I myself ingratiate
To a prince's smile
How soon may death my hopes beguile !
And should I farm the proudest state,
I'm tenant to uncertain fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust ?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfeit of our lust
Distaste us when resolved to dust.

But thou, eternal banquet ! where
Forever we
May feed without satiety !
Who harmony art to the ear :—
Who *art*, while all things else *appear* !

While up to Thee I shoot my flame,
Thou dost dispense
A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all poms that aim
At other triumphs than Thy name.

It crowns me with a victory
So heavenly—all
That's earth from me away doth fall :
And I am from corruption free,
Grown in my vows even part of Thee !

HORATIO BALCH HACKETT.—

HACKETT, HORATIO BALCH, an American author, born in 1808; died in 1875. He was educated at Amherst College, and studied theology at Andover, Halle, and Berlin. He was successively a tutor at Amherst, Professor of Ancient Languages in Brown University, and Professor of Biblical Literature in the Newton Theological Seminary. In 1851-52 he visited Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, and in 1858-59 went to Greece as a preparation for the interpretation of the New Testament. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of the New Testament Greek in the theological seminary at Rochester. He was the author of a *Hebrew Grammar*, and a *Hebrew Reader* (1847), a *Commentary on the Acts* (1851), *Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land* (1855), a translation of the *Epistle to Philemon* (1860), and *Memorials of Christian Men in the War* (1864.) He edited Plutarch's *De Sera Numinis Vindicta*, with notes (1844), translated Winer's *Chaldee Grammar* (1845), Van Oosterzee's *Commentary on Philemon* (1868), and Braune's *Commentary on Philippians*, with additions (1870.) These translations were made for "Lange's Commentary." He edited the American edition of Rawlinson's *Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament*, and, in conjunction with Dr. Ezra Abbott, the American edition of Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. He was one of the American revisers of the translation of Bible.

AN EASTERN SKY AT NIGHT.

The appearance of an eastern sky at night is quite peculiar, displaying to the eye a very

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different aspect from our sky. Not only is the number of stars visible greater than we are accustomed to see, but they shine with a brilliancy and purity of lustre, of which our heavens very seldom furnish an idea. Homer's comparison, at the beginning of the Fifth Book of the *Iliad*,

“ —bright and steady as the star
Autumnal, which in ocean newly bathed
Assumes new beauty—”

was often brought to mind, as I remarked the fresh, unsullied splendor, as it were, of the more brilliant constellations.

An oriental sky has another peculiarity, which adds very much to its impressive appearance. With us the stars seem to adhere to the face of the heavens; they form the most distant objects within the range of vision; they appear to be set in a ground-work of thick darkness, beyond which the eye does not penetrate. Unlike this is the canopy which night spreads over the traveler in Eastern climes. The stars there seem to hang, like burning lamps, midway between heaven and earth; the pure atmosphere enables us to see a deep expanse of blue ether lying far beyond them. The hemisphere above us glows and sparkles with innumerable fires, that appear as if kept burning in their position by an immediate act of the Omnipotent, instead of resting on a framework which subserves the illusion of seeming to give to them their support.

Never can I forget my first night in the desert, in traveling from Egypt to Palestine. I had entered the tent erected for me about dark, and, being occupied there for some time, the shadows of evening in the meanwhile insensibly gathered around us, the stars came forth one after another, and commenced their nightly watch. On going abroad, at length, a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur burst upon me. I was in the midst of a level tract

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of sand, where no intervening object rose up to intercept the view; the horizon which swept around me was as expanded as the power of human vision could make it; and all this vast circuit, as I glanced from the right hand to the left, and from the edge of the sky to the zenith, was glittering with countless stars, each of which seemed radiant with a distinct light of its own; many of which shone with something of the splendor of planets of the first magnitude. I could not resist the impulse of the moment, but taking my Hebrew Bible, read, with a new impression of its meaning, the sublime language of the Psalmist:

“Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent thy name in all the earth.

Who hast placed thy glory upon the heaven!
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers;

The moon and stars which thou hast made;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him,
And the son of man that thou carest for him?”

I remembered, too, that it was probably in some such situation as this in which I was then placed, and on an evening like this, that Abraham was directed to go abroad, and “look towards heaven, and tell the stars if he could number them,” and thus form an idea of the multitude of the posterity destined to be called after his name. I turned to that passage also, and saw a grandeur in the comparison, of which I had possessed hitherto but a vague conception.—*Scripture Illustrations.*

FRIEDRICH W. HACKLANDER.—

HACKLANDER, FRIEDRICH WILHELM, a German author, born in 1816; died in 1877. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, served in the army, and after a trial of mercantile life, went to Stuttgart, where, in 1841, he published *Scenes of Military Life during Peace*, and *Guard-room Adventures*. In the same year he traveled in the East. In 1843 he was appointed secretary to the Crown Prince. He afterwards joined the Austrian army. In 1855 he visited Spain, and in 1859 he became director of the royal buildings and gardens at Stuttgart. He was the author of about seventy volumes, many of which have been translated into English. Among them are *Daguerrotypes taken during a Voyage in the East* (1842-46), *Tales* (1843), *A Pilgrimage to Mecca*, and *Humorous Tales* (1847), *Military Life in Time of War* (1849), *Scenes from Life* (1850), *Nameless Histories* (1851), *Eugene Stillfried* (1852), *European Slave-Life* (1854), *A Winter in Spain* (1856), *The Moment of Happiness* (1857), *Military Life in Prussia* (1868), *The Storm-Bird* (1872), and *The Mark of Cain* (1874).

ROLL-CALL.

The "roll-call" to a military man, especially one of the easy-going kind, is a tedious and ticklish quarter of an hour.

One can fully apply to it the well-known proverb, "No thread is so fine that it cannot be seen in the sunshine." Everything is brought to light at roll-call. It is a time when the captain and officers, having nothing particular to do, leisurely think over, reprove, and punish the faults and irregularities of the company, and find out new imperfections. If some un-

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fortunate fellow among us had supplied the place of a lost button by a skilful *manœuvre de force*, that is, had tied together the braces and trousers with a piece of string (the expression *manœuvre de force*, which I have used here is derived from the title of an article in our *Guide to Artillery* on patching up damaged pieces of ordnance), and the makeshift was so hidden that it would never have been detected at drill, one of the prying officers was sure to discover it now and drag the culprit out before the whole battery to receive due punishment. If another had shammed sickness to escape drill and had succeeded in cheating the doctor and extorting from him a certificate that he was suffering from a severe cold or some other malady, at the roll-call, the case of the invalid was reported to the captain, who immediately sent the orderly to make sympathizing inquiries respecting him; in reality, however, to find out whether the patient was in bed, or in his room only. If it was announced that the invalid was not to be found, woe to him. If, on the contrary, he *was* in the room, he was generally obliged to appear before the company, and usually came attired in an old torn cloak and slippers, in order to intimate his condition.

One day about a dozen had absented themselves on the plea of illness, at which the captain made a great outcry and sent off the orderly in great haste to bring them one and all to the parade-ground. The corporal went, but came back very soon with the announcement that all the invalids were in bed, and declared that it was impossible for them to expose themselves to the air in their condition. Renewed invectives followed from the captain and an order to bring the invalids *here* instantly; as he said the word "*here*" he pointed to the ground. The orderly, who was a very matter-of-fact man, quietly unhooked his sword, and made a cross on the ground just about where the finger of the captain had pointed, and then

turned to go. A thundering "halt" from the officer brought him to a stand.

"What is the meaning of that mark, sir?"

The orderly answered naively, that in order to execute the orders of the captain implicitly he had marked the spot to which he was to bring the patients. The unfortunate, over-officious man! he had not dreamt in the morning that his noonday bread—*bread* in the literal sense of the word—would be eaten under arrest. Five minutes after the foregoing occurrence the orderly was led away to No. 7¹/₂, for so the military prison was called for the sake of brevity.

Similar scenes, arrests, etc., were the usual supplement to the roll-call, to which, on this account, we looked forward with anxiety, for misfortune walks fast, and our captain possessed a certain little red book, in which each man had an account, where the captain entered all offences, especially those of the volunteers. This he consulted daily, to see whose names had the greatest number of crosses and entries against them and were thus ripe for punishment. Then, with his right hand thrust into his tunic, he would look up to the sky and meditate for how many days he should consign this one or that to the place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, to reflect on the past and future. He would then place his right foot forward, and always make the same movements, which we only too well understood. For instance, if he stamped his heel on the ground, it was an infallible sign of a coming storm, and woe to him upon whom the storm burst. When the captain began to cut up the earth with his foot, those who had bad consciences immediately stood as erect as statues, and an adept could measure the extent of their account in the captain's book by their deportment. If the captain saw on our faces a universal desire to please him and a fear of his displeasure, and happened to be in a good

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humor, he would only threaten us with his finger, as much as to say, "Next time I'll not let you off so easily." And with this he would content himself for that day; but in other cases, if he wished to pick a quarrel with any one, an unpolished or dusty spur was sufficient excuse.

The real aim of the roll is, once a day to assemble the company in order to see if everything is in good order; the roll is called, and each man has to testify to his presence by a loud "Here," and the absentees are of course punished. Then the sergeant, in the name of the captain, gives the order for the next twenty-four hours, and the whole thing—unless some interruptions happen as above related, may be over in a quarter of an hour; but *we* had the pleasure nearly every day of standing a whole hour between twelve and one o'clock, whether it was in the burning sun or in the severest cold of winter.—*Military Life in Prussia in Time of Peace.*

ERNEST HAECKEL.—

HAECKEL, ERNST, a German author, born at Potsdam, in 1834. He studied medicine and the natural sciences at Wurzburg, Berlin, and Vienna, and spent the years of 1859-60 in zoological study in Naples and Messina. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Zoology at Jena. Between that year and 1822 he visited Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia and India for the purpose of scientific observation. He is an extreme supporter of the theory of evolution. Among his works are *General Morphology of Organisms* (1866), *Natural History of Creation* (7th ed. 1879), *On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race* (3d ed. 1873); *On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life* (1869), *Life in the Greatest Depths of the Ocean* (1870), *The Origin of Man; a History of the Development of Mankind* (3d ed. 1877), *The Aims and Methods of the Contemporary History of Development* (1875), *The Theory of Development in its Relation to General Science* (1877), *Free Science and Free Teaching*, and *Collected Popular Essays on the Theory of Development* (1878), *The Evolution of Man* (1879), *Letters and Travels through India* (1884), *Souvenirs of Algeria* (1890), *Plankton Studies* (1893), *Monoism as Connected with Religion and Science* (1894).

CHANGE OF CLIMATE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

There is yet another important circumstance to be mentioned here, which is likewise of great importance for a complete explanation of this varied geographical picture, and which throws light upon many very obscure facts, which, without its help, we should not be able to comprehend. I mean the gradual change of climate which has taken place during the long course of the organic history of the earth. As we saw in our

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last chapter, at the beginning of organic life on the earth a much higher and more equal temperature must have generally prevailed than at present. The differences of zones, which in our time are so very striking, did not exist at all in those times. It is probable that for many millions of years but one climate prevailed over the whole earth, which very closely resembled, or even surpassed, the hottest tropical climate of the present day. The highest north which man has yet reached was then covered with palms and other tropical plants, the fossil remains of which are still found there. The temperature of this climate at a later period gradually decreased; but still the poles remained so warm that the whole surface of the earth could be inhabited by organisms. It was only at a comparatively very recent period of the earth's history, namely, at the beginning of the tertiary period, that there occurred, as it seems, the first perceptible cooling of the earth's crust at the poles, and through this the first differentiation or separation of the different zones of temperature or climatic zones. But the slow and gradual decrease of temperature continued to extend more and more within the tertiary period, until at last, at both poles of the earth, the first permanent ice-caps were formed.

I need scarcely point out in detail how very much this change of climate must have affected the geographical distribution of organisms, and the origin of numerous new species. The animal and vegetable species, which, down to the tertiary period, had found an agreeable tropical climate all over the earth, even as far as the poles, were now forced either to adapt themselves to the decreasing temperature or became new species simply by this very acclimatization, under the influence of natural selection. The other species, which fled from the cold, had to emigrate and seek a milder climate in

lower latitudes. The tracts of distribution which had hitherto existed must by this time have been vastly changed.

However, during the last great period of the earth's history, during the quarternary period, (diluvial period) succeeding the tertiary one, the decrease of the heat of the earth from the poles did not by any means remain stationary. The temperature fell lower and lower, nay, even far below the present degree. Northern and Central Asia, Europe, and North America, from the north pole, were covered to a great extent by a sheet of ice, which in our part of the earth seems to have reached the Alps. In a similar manner the cold also advancing from the south pole, covered a large portion of the southern hemisphere, which is now free from it, with a rigid sheet of ice. Thus, between these vast lifeless ice-continents, there remained only a narrow zone to which the life of the organic world had to withdraw.

There can be no doubt that this glaciation of the present temperate zones must have exercised an exceedingly important influence on the geographical and topographical distributions of organisms, and that it must have entirely changed it. While the cold slowly advanced from the poles towards the equator, and covered land and sea with a connected sheet of ice, it must of course have driven the whole living world before it. Animals and plants had to migrate if they wished to escape being frozen. But as at that time the temperate and tropical zones were probably no less densely peopled with animals and plants than at present, there must have arisen a fearful struggle, for life between the latter and the intruders coming from the poles. During this struggle, which certainly lasted many thousands of years, many species must have perished, and many become modified and been transformed into new species. The hitherto existing tracts of distribution of species

must have become completely changed, and the struggles, have been continued, nay, indeed, must have broken out even, and been carried on in new forms, when the ice period had reached and gone beyond its furthest point, and when in the post-glacial period the temperature, again increased, and organisms began to migrate back again towards the poles.

In any case this great change of climate, whether a greater or less importance be ascribed to it, is one of those occurrences in the history of the earth which have most powerfully influenced the distribution of organic forms. But more especially one important and chronological circumstance is explained by it in the simplest manner, namely, the specific agreement of many of our Alpine inhabitants with some of those living in polar regions. There is a great number of remarkable animal and vegetable forms which are common to these two far distant parts of the earth, and which are found nowhere in the wide plains lying between them. Their migration from the polar lands to the Alpine heights, or vice versa, would be inconceivable under the present climatic circumstances, or could be assumed at least only in a few rare instances. But such a migration could take place, nay, was obliged to take place, during the gradual advance and retreat of the ice sheet. As the glaciation encroached from Northern Europe towards our Alpine chains, the polar inhabitants retreating before it—gentian, saxifrage, polar foxes, and polar hares,—must have peopled Germany, in fact, all Central Europe. When the temperature again increased, only a portion of these Arctic inhabitants returned with the retreating ice to the Arctic zones. Another portion of them climbed up the mountains of the Alpine chain instead, and there found a climate suited to them.—*History of Creation.*

HAFIZ.—

HAFIZ (MOHAMMED SHEMS ED-DIN), a Persian poet, born at Shiraz, about 1300; died in 1390. He early devoted himself to Mohammedan jurisprudence, of which he was a noted teacher, living in luxury, and composing numerous amatory poems. When in 1387 Tamerlane conquered Shiraz he treated Hafiz with marked consideration. In his old age Hafiz embraced an austere life, and devoted himself to celebrating the Divine Unity and the praises of the prophet of Islam. This, however, did not prevent his early verses in praise of women and wine from being brought up against him. He was branded as an Infidel, an Atheist, and even as a Christian; and the rites of sepulture were denied to him. According to accepted legend, his followers affirmed his orthodoxy, and it was agreed that the question should be decided by chance. The book of his poems was opened, and the lot fell upon one of them in which he made confession of his shortcomings, but also affirmed that he was predestined to Paradise; whereupon a magnificent tomb was erected to his memory at Shiraz, to which, we are told, his admirers still resort to drink wine and sing the verses of their master. Modern Persian commentators find a mystical and spiritual meaning in his warmest convivial and amatory poems. His only work is *The Divan*, a collection of poems made after his death, consisting of 571 *gazels* or odes, and seven elegies. A Persian edition of the poems of Hafiz was published at Calcutta in 1791; and other editions appeared at Bombay in 1828 and 1850, at Cairo in 1834, and at Constantinople in 1840. The

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entire *Divan* was translated into German by Von Hammer in 1812–1815. Several of the *gazels* have been rendered into English, at second-hand, by Richardson, Nott, Hindley and others. Sir William Jones also translated several of them directly from the original Persian. Perhaps the best of them is the following :—

A PERSIAN SONG.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst chain my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clean as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when those fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret hearts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of Fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream.
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

HAFIZ.—

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,
For her fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage—
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frown of age.

What cruel answer have I heard ?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But oh ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung !

SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN.—

HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER, an American clergyman and author, born at Princeton, N. J., in 1848. He studied theology, and became pastor of the Union Tabernacle Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His poem, *Silence*, was published in the *Princetonian* in 1866, and was issued in a volume in 1876. He has also written *Veiled*, a novel, and *Protestant Paganism, or The Capital Errors of Christianity*.

SILENCE.

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice
of God,
Like a dewdrop in a crystal throbbing in the
senseless clod :
Silence is the heart of all things, Sound the
fluttering of its pulse,
Which the fever and the spasm of the universe
convulse. . . .

Every sound which breaks the Silence only
makes it more profound,
Like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet
blue stillness drowned ;
Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in
heaven unshod,
For to be alone with Silence is to be alone with
God. . . .

Somewhere on this moving planet, in the midst
of years to be,
In the Silence, in the Shadow, waits a loving
heart for thee ;
Somewhere in the beckoning heavens, where
they know as they are known,
Are the empty arms above thee that shall clasp
thee for their own.

Somewhere in the far-off Silence I shall feel a
vanished hand ;
Somewhere I shall know a voice that now I
cannot understand ;

SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN.—

Somewhere ! Where art thou, O spectre of
illimitable space ?

Silent scene without a shadow ! silent sphere
without a place.

Comes there back no sound beyond us where
the trackless sunbeam calls ?

Comes there back no wraith of music melting
through the crystal walls ?

Comes there back no bird to lisp us of the great
Forevermore,

With a leaf of Life, unwithered, plucked upon
the farther shore ?

Go to Silence : win her secret, she shall teach
thee how to speak ;

Shape to which all else is shadow grows within
thee clear and bleak :

Go to Silence : she shall teach thee ; ripe fruit
hangs within thy reach ;

He alone hath clearly spoken, who hath learned
this : Thought is Speech.

O thou strong and sacred Silence, self-contained
in self-control ;

O thou palliating Silence, Sabbath art thou of
the soul !

Lie like snow upon my virtues, lie like dust
upon my faults,

Silent when the world dethrones me, silent
when the world exalts !

Wisdom ripens unto Silence as she grows more
truly wise,

And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart
and in her eyes.

Wisdom ripens unto Silence, and the lesson
she doth teach,

Is that Life is more than Language, and that
Thought is more than Speech.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.—

HAGGARD, HENRY RIDER, an English author, born in 1856. When nineteen years old he went to Natal as secretary to Sir H. Bulwer, and served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his mission in the Transvaal. He retired from the Colonial Service in 1879. He has published numerous works: *Cetewayo and his White Neighbors* (1882), *Dawn* (1884), *The Witch's Head* (1885), *King Solomon's Mines* (1886), *She, Jess, Allan Quatermain, Colonel Quaritch, V. C., Maiwa's Revenge, Mr. Meeson's Will, Cleopatra, Allan's Wife* (1890), *Beatrice* (1890), *Nada the Lily* (1892), *The People of the Mist* (1894), *Heart of the World* (1895), *Joan Haste* (1895),

IN THE TOMBS OF KOR.

We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen, on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep-hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

"Lift the cloth up, O Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege; and, to speak the truth, I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a

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woman ; she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows, and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep ; and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that—I confess it without shame—I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kor, where this winsome lady, girt about with her beauty, had lived and died, and dying, taken her last-born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave-cloths, and with a sigh that flowers so fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, numberless as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it was laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.—*She.*

IDA HAHN-HAHN.—

HAHN-HAHN, IDA MARIE LOUISE GUSTAVE, COUNTESS, a German author, born in 1805; died in 1880. She was the daughter of Count Hahn-Hahn, who wasted life and fortune on the theatre, and in his old age managed a provincial company as a means of support. When twenty-one years old she married her cousin, Count Karl Friedrich Hahn-Hahn. The marriage was unhappy, and was ended by a divorce in 1829. She then traveled in England, Scandinavia, France, Spain, Italy, and the East, and after each journey published an account of it. Between 1835 and 1837 she published three volumes of verse, *Poems*, *New Poems*, and *Venetian Nights*. Among her novels are *Astralion*, a romance (1837), *The Countess Faustina* (1841), *Sigismund Forster* (1841), *Two Women* (1845), *Sibylle* (1846), *Lewin* (1847.) Among her other works are *Beyond the Mountains*, a journey in Italy in 1840, *Reisebriefe* (*Letters of a Journey in Spain, France, etc.*) (1841), *Orientalische Briefe*, translated under the title of *Letters of a German Countess from the Holy Land* (1845), *From Babylon to Jerusalem*, the story of her conversion to the Church of Rome, which she entered in 1850, *Peregrina* (1864), and *Eudoxia* (1868.) In 1852 she entered the House of the Good Shepherd at Angiers. She afterwards devoted herself to the reformation of outcast women in Metz.

PHILÆ.

As you glide along in the boat, between the dark granite rocks, which bound and traverse the Nile, a sudden turn of the river opens to view the island of Philæ, rising bright, clear and beautiful amid the confusion and desola-

tion that encircles it. Philæ has shared in the general downfall, and the ground which was once destined to bear only temples is now covered with ruins. This sacred island was formerly protected by a wall against the incursions of the river. Parts are still standing; in others, the steep declivity is covered with flowering beans, a vegetable to which the people are very partial. Palms wave their pensive heads above the melancholy ruins; yet in other respects Philæ has escaped both the lodgments of men, and the encroachments of the sand, so that its temples may be said to remain in comparatively good preservation, while those on the sister islands of Bidsha and Elephantina present only desolate ruins, and a few remains of ancient monuments.

This temple, even in its ruins is so full of sublime majesty and thoughtful repose, the style of its architecture is so lofty and severe, that its sculptures of hawk-headed and cow-horned deities look like the fevered dreams of a superior mind. The sculptures are all of that formal unsymmetrical character, which we see in our museums and to which we give the name of Egyptian, whereas we have not, nor can have the remotest conception of their architecture. It does not please and attract the eye, but it produces such an impression of imposing grandeur that every other style looks little, and almost insignificant in comparison with it. It retains its grandeur even amid these towering rocks—nay, it gains in magnificence; for its masses are so gigantic that they look as if they could have been reared only by the hand of nature; and yet ordered with so much harmony and beauty, as to afford one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind. The island of Philæ, borne upon the waters of the Nile, which at once encompass and secure it, is a precious relic of the best ages of the Ptolemies.—*Letters from the Holy Land.*

LORD HAILES.—

HAILES, (DAVID DALRYMPLE) LORD, a Scottish jurist and author, born in 1726; died in 1792. He was educated at Eton and at the Dutch University of Utrecht, and in 1748 was admitted an advocate at the Scottish bar. In 1766 he was made a Judge of the Court of Sessions, with the title of Lord Hailes, and in 1786 was made Lord Commissioner of the Judiciary. His works, extending over a period of half a century, are very numerous. The most important of them are *The Annals of Scotland*, *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, and *An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes, which Mr. Gibbon has assigned for the rapid Growth of Christianity*. He also wrote many clever essays in various periodicals.

A MEDITATION AMONG BOOKS.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions as in their bulk and appearance. In what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favor, and the partiality of friends than to merit or service? Shall I consider you, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No, let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are Law Books, Statutes, and Commentaries on

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Statutes. These are Acts of Parliament, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the Sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. These are the Commentaries on Statutes: for the perusing of them the longest life would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail. Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding: yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an Abridgement of Law and Equity! It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet, as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this Compendium contain the essential gravy of many a Report and Adjudged Case. The sages of the law recommend this Abridgement to our perusal. Much are we beholden to the physicians who only prescribe the bark of the *quina*, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable. They are the Controversial Divines—so has the world agreed to call them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words that Reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like: and thus Controversial and Divine have been associated. These Controversial Divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

JOHN HABBERTON.—

"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some month's standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I—I—when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation—it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——?

I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead, then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. . . . Then I heard Budge say, "*I* wants to kiss you, too," and I saw my glorious Alice snatch the little scamp into her arms, and treat him with more affection than I ever imagined was in her nature.—*Helen's Babies*.

Mr. Habberton is a voluminous writer and his more recent productions include: *Bruneton's Bayou* (1887), *All He Knew* (1889), *Well Out of It* (1889), *Couldn't Say No* (1889), *Out at Twinnett's* (1891), *The Chautauquans* (1891), *A Lucky Lover* (1892), *Where were the Boys?* (1895).

WILLIAM HABINGTON.—

HABINGTON, WILLIAM, an English poet, born in 1605; died in 1654. He was a Roman Catholic, educated at St. Omers, but did not take Holy Orders. He married Lucia, the daughter of Lord Powis, whom he celebrates under the name of "Castara." A volume of his poems, containing the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy Man*, was published in 1634. He also wrote several works in prose. Habington more than once expresses his admiration for Spenser and Sidney.

SPENSER AND SIDNEY.

Grown older, I admired
Our poets, as from Heaven inspired;
What obelisks decreed, I fit
For Spenser's art, and Sidney's wit.
But, waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle, idle sound.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown
To no loose eyes betrayed
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes.
But 'tween men no difference makes.

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She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands
And so innocent that ill
She nor acts nor understands;
Women's feet still run astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
Where oft Honor splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night;
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs Lust,

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

DOMINE, LABIA MEA APERIES.

No monument of me remain—
My memory rust
In the same marble with my dust—
Ere I the spreading laurel gain
By writing wanton or profane!

Ye glorious wonders of the skies!
Shine still, bright stars,
The Almighty's mystic characters!
I'd not your beauteous lights surprise
To illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet

WILLIAM HABINGTON.—

The untouched flowers may grow and die.
Safe from my fancy's injury.

Open my lips, great God ! and then
I'll soar above
The humble flight of carnal love :
Upward to Thee I'll force my pen,
And trace no paths of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded souls
Worthy to be
Their object find, excepting Thee ?
Where can I fix ? since time controls
Our pride, whose motion all things rolls.

Should I myself ingratiate
To a prince's smile
How soon may death my hopes beguile !
And should I farm the proudest state,
I'm tenant to uncertain fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust ?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfeit of our lust
Distaste us when resolved to dust.

But thou, eternal banquet ! where
Forever we
May feed without satiety !
Who harmony art to the ear :—
Who *art*, while all things else *appear* !

While up to Thee I shoot my flame,
Thou dost dispense
A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all pomps that aim
At other triumphs than Thy name.

It crowns me with a victory
So heavenly—all
That's earth from me away doth fall :
And I am from corruption free,
Grown in my vows even part of Thee !

HORATIO BALCH HACKETT.—

HACKETT, HORATIO BALCH, an American author, born in 1808; died in 1875. He was educated at Amherst College, and studied theology at Andover, Halle, and Berlin. He was successively a tutor at Amherst, Professor of Ancient Languages in Brown University, and Professor of Biblical Literature in the Newton Theological Seminary. In 1851-52 he visited Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, and in 1858-59 went to Greece as a preparation for the interpretation of the New Testament. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of the New Testament Greek in the theological seminary at Rochester. He was the author of a *Hebrew Grammar*, and a *Hebrew Reader* (1847), a *Commentary on the Acts* (1851), *Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land* (1855), a translation of the *Epistle to Philemon* (1860), and *Memorials of Christian Men in the War* (1864.) He edited Plutarch's *De Sera Numinis Vindicta*, with notes (1844), translated Winer's *Chaldee Grammar* (1845), Van Oosterzee's *Commentary on Philemon* (1868), and Braune's *Commentary on Philippians*, with additions (1870.) These translations were made for "Lange's Commentary." He edited the American edition of Rawlinson's *Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament*, and, in conjunction with Dr. Ezra Abbott, the American edition of Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. He was one of the American revisers of the translation of Bible.

AN EASTERN SKY AT NIGHT.

The appearance of an eastern sky at night is quite peculiar, displaying to the eye a very

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different aspect from our sky. Not only is the number of stars visible greater than we are accustomed to see, but they shine with a brilliancy and purity of lustre, of which our heavens very seldom furnish an idea. Homer's comparison, at the beginning of the Fifth Book of the *Iliad*,

“ —bright and steady as the star
Autumnal, which in ocean newly bathed
Assumes new beauty—”

was often brought to mind, as I remarked the fresh, unsullied splendor, as it were, of the more brilliant constellations.

An oriental sky has another peculiarity, which adds very much to its impressive appearance. With us the stars seem to adhere to the face of the heavens; they form the most distant objects within the range of vision; they appear to be set in a ground-work of thick darkness, beyond which the eye does not penetrate. Unlike this is the canopy which night spreads over the traveler in Eastern climes. The stars there seem to hang, like burning lamps, midway between heaven and earth; the pure atmosphere enables us to see a deep expanse of blue ether lying far beyond them. The hemisphere above us glows and sparkles with innumerable fires, that appear as if kept burning in their position by an immediate act of the Omnipotent, instead of resting on a framework which subserves the illusion of seeming to give to them their support.

Never can I forget my first night in the desert, in traveling from Egypt to Palestine. I had entered the tent erected for me about dark, and, being occupied there for some time, the shadows of evening in the meanwhile insensibly gathered around us, the stars came forth one after another, and commenced their nightly watch. On going abroad, at length, a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur burst upon me. I was in the midst of a level tract

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of sand, where no intervening object rose up to intercept the view; the horizon which swept around me was as expanded as the power of human vision could make it; and all this vast circuit, as I glanced from the right hand to the left, and from the edge of the sky to the zenith, was glittering with countless stars, each of which seemed radiant with a distinct light of its own; many of which shone with something of the splendor of planets of the first magnitude. I could not resist the impulse of the moment, but taking my Hebrew Bible, read, with a new impression of its meaning, the sublime language of the Psalmist:

“Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent thy name in all the earth.

Who hast placed thy glory upon the heaven!
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers;

The moon and stars which thou hast made;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him,
And the son of man that thou carest for him?”

I remembered, too, that it was probably in some such situation as this in which I was then placed, and on an evening like this, that Abraham was directed to go abroad, and “look towards heaven, and tell the stars if he could number them,” and thus form an idea of the multitude of the posterity destined to be called after his name. I turned to that passage also, and saw a grandeur in the comparison, of which I had possessed hitherto but a vague conception.—*Scripture Illustrations.*

FRIEDRICH W. HACKLANDER.—

HACKLANDER, FRIEDRICH WILHELM, a German author, born in 1816; died in 1877. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, served in the army, and after a trial of mercantile life, went to Stuttgart, where, in 1841, he published *Scenes of Military Life during Peace*, and *Guard-room Adventures*. In the same year he traveled in the East. In 1843 he was appointed secretary to the Crown Prince. He afterwards joined the Austrian army. In 1855 he visited Spain, and in 1859 he became director of the royal buildings and gardens at Stuttgart. He was the author of about seventy volumes, many of which have been translated into English. Among them are *Daguerrotypes taken during a Voyage in the East* (1842-46), *Tales* (1843), *A Pilgrimage to Mecca*, and *Humorous Tales* (1847), *Military Life in Time of War* (1849), *Scenes from Life* (1850), *Nameless Histories* (1851), *Eugene Stillfried* (1852), *European Slave-Life* (1854), *A Winter in Spain* (1856), *The Moment of Happiness* (1857), *Military Life in Prussia* (1868), *The Storm-Bird* (1872), and *The Mark of Cain* (1874).

ROLL-CALL.

The "roll-call" to a military man, especially one of the easy-going kind, is a tedious and ticklish quarter of an hour.

One can fully apply to it the well-known proverb, "No thread is so fine that it cannot be seen in the sunshine." Everything is brought to light at roll-call. It is a time when the captain and officers, having nothing particular to do, leisurely think over, reprove, and punish the faults and irregularities of the company, and find out new imperfections. If some un-

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fortunate fellow among us had supplied the place of a lost button by a skilful *manœuvre de force*, that is, had tied together the braces and trousers with a piece of string (the expression *manœuvre de force*, which I have used here is derived from the title of an article in our *Guide to Artillery* on patching up damaged pieces of ordnance), and the makeshift was so hidden that it would never have been detected at drill, one of the prying officers was sure to discover it now and drag the culprit out before the whole battery to receive due punishment. If another had shammed sickness to escape drill and had succeeded in cheating the doctor and extorting from him a certificate that he was suffering from a severe cold or some other malady, at the roll-call, the case of the invalid was reported to the captain, who immediately sent the orderly to make sympathizing inquiries respecting him; in reality, however, to find out whether the patient was in bed, or in his room only. If it was announced that the invalid was not to be found, woe to him. If, on the contrary, he *was* in the room, he was generally obliged to appear before the company, and usually came attired in an old torn cloak and slippers, in order to intimate his condition.

One day about a dozen had absented themselves on the plea of illness, at which the captain made a great outcry and sent off the orderly in great haste to bring them one and all to the parade-ground. The corporal went, but came back very soon with the announcement that all the invalids were in bed, and declared that it was impossible for them to expose themselves to the air in their condition. Renewed invectives followed from the captain and an order to bring the invalids *here* instantly; as he said the word "here" he pointed to the ground. The orderly, who was a very matter-of-fact man, quietly unhooked his sword, and made a cross on the ground just about where the finger of the captain had pointed, and then

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turned to go. A thundering "halt" from the officer brought him to a stand.

"What is the meaning of that mark, sir?"

The orderly answered naively, that in order to execute the orders of the captain implicitly he had marked the spot to which he was to bring the patients. The unfortunate, over-officious man! he had not dreamt in the morning that his noonday bread—*bread* in the literal sense of the word—would be eaten under arrest. Five minutes after the foregoing occurrence the orderly was led away to No. 7¹/₂, for so the military prison was called for the sake of brevity.

Similar scenes, arrests, etc., were the usual supplement to the roll-call, to which, on this account, we looked forward with anxiety, for misfortune walks fast, and our captain possessed a certain little red book, in which each man had an account, where the captain entered all offences, especially those of the volunteers. This he consulted daily, to see whose names had the greatest number of crosses and entries against them and were thus ripe for punishment. Then, with his right hand thrust into his tunic, he would look up to the sky and meditate for how many days he should consign this one or that to the place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, to reflect on the past and future. He would then place his right foot forward, and always make the same movements, which we only too well understood. For instance, if he stamped his heel on the ground, it was an infallible sign of a coming storm, and woe to him upon whom the storm burst. When the captain began to cut up the earth with his foot, those who had bad consciences immediately stood as erect as statues, and an adept could measure the extent of their account in the captain's book by their deportment. If the captain saw on our faces a universal desire to please him and a fear of his displeasure, and happened to be in a good

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humor, he would only threaten us with his finger, as much as to say, "Next time I'll not let you off so easily." And with this he would content himself for that day; but in other cases, if he wished to pick a quarrel with any one, an unpolished or dusty spur was sufficient excuse.

The real aim of the roll is, once a day to assemble the company in order to see if everything is in good order; the roll is called, and each man has to testify to his presence by a loud "Here," and the absentees are of course punished. Then the sergeant, in the name of the captain, gives the order for the next twenty-four hours, and the whole thing—unless some interruptions happen as above related, may be over in a quarter of an hour; but *we* had the pleasure nearly every day of standing a whole hour between twelve and one o'clock, whether it was in the burning sun or in the severest cold of winter.—*Military Life in Prussia in Time of Peace.*

ERNEST HAECKEL.—

HAECKEL, ERNST, a German author, born at Potsdam, in 1834. He studied medicine and the natural sciences at Wurzburg, Berlin, and Vienna, and spent the years of 1859-60 in zoological study in Naples and Messina. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Zoology at Jena. Between that year and 1822 he visited Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia and India for the purpose of scientific observation. He is an extreme supporter of the theory of evolution. Among his works are *General Morphology of Organisms* (1866), *Natural History of Creation* (7th ed. 1879), *On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race* (3d ed. 1873); *On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life* (1869), *Life in the Greatest Depths of the Ocean* (1870), *The Origin of Man; a History of the Development of Mankind* (3d ed. 1877), *The Aims and Methods of the Contemporary History of Development* (1875), *The Theory of Development in its Relation to General Science* (1877), *Free Science and Free Teaching*, and *Collected Popular Essays on the Theory of Development* (1878), *The Evolution of Man* (1879), *Letters and Travels through India* (1884), *Souvenirs of Algeria* (1890), *Plankton Studies* (1893), *Monoism as Connected with Religion and Science* (1894).

CHANGE OF CLIMATE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

There is yet another important circumstance to be mentioned here, which is likewise of great importance for a complete explanation of this varied geographical picture, and which throws light upon many very obscure facts, which, without its help, we should not be able to comprehend. I mean the gradual change of climate which has taken place during the long course of the organic history of the earth. As we saw in our

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last chapter, at the beginning of organic life on the earth a much higher and more equal temperature must have generally prevailed than at present. The differences of zones, which in our time are so very striking, did not exist at all in those times. It is probable that for many millions of years but one climate prevailed over the whole earth, which very closely resembled, or even surpassed, the hottest tropical climate of the present day. The highest north which man has yet reached was then covered with palms and other tropical plants, the fossil remains of which are still found there. The temperature of this climate at a later period gradually decreased; but still the poles remained so warm that the whole surface of the earth could be inhabited by organisms. It was only at a comparatively very recent period of the earth's history, namely, at the beginning of the tertiary period, that there occurred, as it seems, the first perceptible cooling of the earth's crust at the poles, and through this the first differentiation or separation of the different zones of temperature or climatic zones. But the slow and gradual decrease of temperature continued to extend more and more within the tertiary period, until at last, at both poles of the earth, the first permanent ice-caps were formed.

I need scarcely point out in detail how very much this change of climate must have affected the geographical distribution of organisms, and the origin of numerous new species. The animal and vegetable species, which, down to the tertiary period, had found an agreeable tropical climate all over the earth, even as far as the poles, were now forced either to adapt themselves to the decreasing temperature or became new species simply by this very acclimatization, under the influence of natural selection. The other species, which fled from the cold, had to emigrate and seek a milder climate in

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lower latitudes. The tracts of distribution which had hitherto existed must by this time have been vastly changed.

However, during the last great period of the earth's history, during the quarternary period, (diluvial period) succeeding the tertiary one, the decrease of the heat of the earth from the poles did not by any means remain stationary. The temperature fell lower and lower, nay, even far below the present degree. Northern and Central Asia, Europe, and North America, from the north pole, were covered to a great extent by a sheet of ice, which in our part of the earth seems to have reached the Alps. In a similar manner the cold also advancing from the south pole, covered a large portion of the southern hemisphere, which is now free from it, with a rigid sheet of ice. Thus, between these vast lifeless ice-continents, there remained only a narrow zone to which the life of the organic world had to withdraw.

There can be no doubt that this glaciation of the present temperate zones must have exercised an exceedingly important influence on the geographical and topographical distributions of organisms, and that it must have entirely changed it. While the cold slowly advanced from the poles towards the equator, and covered land and sea with a connected sheet of ice, it must of course have driven the whole living world before it. Animals and plants had to migrate if they wished to escape being frozen. But as at that time the temperate and tropical zones were probably no less densely peopled with animals and plants than at present, there must have arisen a fearful struggle, for life between the latter and the intruders coming from the poles. During this struggle, which certainly lasted many thousands of years, many species must have perished, and many become modified and been transformed into new species. The hitherto existing tracts of distribution of species

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must have become completely changed, and the struggles, have been continued, nay, indeed, must have broken out even, and been carried on in new forms, when the ice period had reached and gone beyond its furthest point, and when in the post-glacial period the temperature, again increased, and organisms began to migrate back again towards the poles.

In any case this great change of climate, whether a greater or less importance be ascribed to it, is one of those occurrences in the history of the earth which have most powerfully influenced the distribution of organic forms. But more especially one important and chronological circumstance is explained by it in the simplest manner, namely, the specific agreement of many of our Alpine inhabitants with some of those living in polar regions. There is a great number of remarkable animal and vegetable forms which are common to these two far distant parts of the earth, and which are found nowhere in the wide plains lying between them. Their migration from the polar lands to the Alpine heights, or vice versa, would be inconceivable under the present climatic circumstances, or could be assumed at least only in a few rare instances. But such a migration could take place, nay, was obliged to take place, during the gradual advance and retreat of the ice sheet. As the glaciation encroached from Northern Europe towards our Alpine chains, the polar inhabitants retreating before it—gentian, saxifrage, polar foxes, and polar hares,—must have peopled Germany, in fact, all Central Europe. When the temperature again increased, only a portion of these Arctic inhabitants returned with the retreating ice to the Arctic zones. Another portion of them climbed up the mountains of the Alpine chain instead, and there found a climate suited to them.—*History of Creation.*

HAFIZ.—

HAFIZ (MOHAMMED SHEMS ED-DIN), a Persian poet, born at Shiraz, about 1300; died in 1390. He early devoted himself to Mohammedan jurisprudence, of which he was a noted teacher, living in luxury, and composing numerous amatory poems. When in 1387 Tamerlane conquered Shiraz he treated Hafiz with marked consideration. In his old age Hafiz embraced an austere life, and devoted himself to celebrating the Divine Unity and the praises of the prophet of Islam. This, however, did not prevent his early verses in praise of women and wine from being brought up against him. He was branded as an Infidel, an Atheist, and even as a Christian; and the rites of sepulture were denied to him. According to accepted legend, his followers affirmed his orthodoxy, and it was agreed that the question should be decided by chance. The book of his poems was opened, and the lot fell upon one of them in which he made confession of his shortcomings, but also affirmed that he was predestined to Paradise; whereupon a magnificent tomb was erected to his memory at Shiraz, to which, we are told, his admirers still resort to drink wine and sing the verses of their master. Modern Persian commentators find a mystical and spiritual meaning in his warmest convivial and amatory poems. His only work is *The Divan*, a collection of poems made after his death, consisting of 571 *gazels* or odes, and seven elegies. A Persian edition of the poems of Hafiz was published at Calcutta in 1791; and other editions appeared at Bombay in 1828 and 1850, at Cairo in 1834, and at Constantinople in 1840. The

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entire *Divan* was translated into German by Von Hammer in 1812–1815. Several of the *gazels* have been rendered into English, at second-hand, by Richardson, Nott, Hindley and others. Sir William Jones also translated several of them directly from the original Persian. Perhaps the best of them is the following :—

A PERSIAN SONG.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst chain my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clean as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when those fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret hearts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of Fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream.
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

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Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,
For her fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage—
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frown of age.

What cruel answer have I heard ?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But oh ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung !

SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN.—

HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER, an American clergyman and author, born at Princeton, N. J., in 1848. He studied theology, and became pastor of the Union Tabernacle Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His poem, *Silence*, was published in the *Princetonian* in 1866, and was issued in a volume in 1876. He has also written *Veiled*, a novel, and *Protestant Paganism, or The Capital Errors of Christianity*.

SILENCE.

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice
of God,
Like a dewdrop in a crystal throbbing in the
senseless clod :
Silence is the heart of all things, Sound the
fluttering of its pulse,
Which the fever and the spasm of the universe
convulse. . . .

Every sound which breaks the Silence only
makes it more profound,
Like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet
blue stillness drowned ;
Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in
heaven unshod,
For to be alone with Silence is to be alone with
God. . . .

Somewhere on this moving planet, in the midst
of years to be,
In the Silence, in the Shadow, waits a loving
heart for thee ;
Somewhere in the beckoning heavens, where
they know as they are known,
Are the empty arms above thee that shall clasp
thee for their own.

Somewhere in the far-off Silence I shall feel a
vanished hand ;
Somewhere I shall know a voice that now I
cannot understand ;

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Somewhere ! Where art thou, O spectre of
illimitable space ?

Silent scene without a shadow ! silent sphere
without a place.

Comes there back no sound beyond us where
the trackless sunbeam calls ?

Comes there back no wraith of music melting
through the crystal walls ?

Comes there back no bird to lisp us of the great
Forevermore,

With a leaf of Life, unwithered, plucked upon
the farther shore ?

Go to Silence : win her secret, she shall teach
thee how to speak ;

Shape to which all else is shadow grows within
thee clear and bleak :

Go to Silence : she shall teach thee ; ripe fruit
hangs within thy reach ;

He alone hath clearly spoken, who hath learned
this : Thought is Speech.

O thou strong and sacred Silence, self-contained
in self-control ;

O thou palliating Silence, Sabbath art thou of
the soul !

Lie like snow upon my virtues, lie like dust
upon my faults,

Silent when the world dethrones me, silent
when the world exalts !

Wisdom ripens unto Silence as she grows more
truly wise,

And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart
and in her eyes.

Wisdom ripens unto Silence, and the lesson
she doth teach,

Is that Life is more than Language, and that
Thought is more than Speech.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.—

HAGGARD, HENRY RIDER, an English author, born in 1856. When nineteen years old he went to Natal as secretary to Sir H. Bulwer, and served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his mission in the Transvaal. He retired from the Colonial Service in 1879. He has published numerous works: *Cetewayo and his White Neighbors* (1882), *Dawn* (1884), *The Witch's Head* (1885), *King Solomon's Mines* (1886), *She, Jess, Allan Quatermain, Colonel Quaritch, V. C., Maiwa's Revenge, Mr. Meeson's Will, Cleopatra, Allan's Wife* (1890), *Beatrice* (1890), *Nada the Lily* (1892), *The People of the Mist* (1894), *Heart of the World* (1895), *Joan Haste* (1895),

IN THE TOMBS OF KOR.

We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen, on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep-hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

"Lift the cloth up, O Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege; and, to speak the truth, I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a

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woman ; she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows, and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep ; and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that—I confess it without shame—I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kor, where this winsome lady, girt about with her beauty, had lived and died, and dying, taken her last-born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave-cloths, and with a sigh that flowers so fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, numberless as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it was laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.—*She.*

IDA HAHN-HAHN.—

HAHN-HAHN, IDA MARIE LOUISE GUSTAVE, COUNTESS, a German author, born in 1805; died in 1880. She was the daughter of Count Hahn-Hahn, who wasted life and fortune on the theatre, and in his old age managed a provincial company as a means of support. When twenty-one years old she married her cousin, Count Karl Friedrich Hahn-Hahn. The marriage was unhappy, and was ended by a divorce in 1829. She then traveled in England, Scandinavia, France, Spain, Italy, and the East, and after each journey published an account of it. Between 1835 and 1837 she published three volumes of verse, *Poems*, *New Poems*, and *Venetian Nights*. Among her novels are *Astralion*, a romance (1837), *The Countess Faustina* (1841), *Sigismund Forster* (1841), *Two Women* (1845), *Sibylle* (1846), *Lewin* (1847.) Among her other works are *Beyond the Mountains*, a journey in Italy in 1840, *Reisebriefe* (*Letters of a Journey in Spain, France, etc.*) (1841), *Orientalische Briefe*, translated under the title of *Letters of a German Countess from the Holy Land* (1845), *From Babylon to Jerusalem*, the story of her conversion to the Church of Rome, which she entered in 1850, *Peregrina* (1864), and *Eudoxia* (1868.) In 1852 she entered the House of the Good Shepherd at Angiers. She afterwards devoted herself to the reformation of outcast women in Metz.

PHILÆ.

As you glide along in the boat, between the dark granite rocks, which bound and traverse the Nile, a sudden turn of the river opens to view the island of Philæ, rising bright, clear and beautiful amid the confusion and desola-

tion that encircles it. Philæ has shared in the general downfall, and the ground which was once destined to bear only temples is now covered with ruins. This sacred island was formerly protected by a wall against the incursions of the river. Parts are still standing; in others, the steep declivity is covered with flowering beans, a vegetable to which the people are very partial. Palms wave their pensive heads above the melancholy ruins; yet in other respects Philæ has escaped both the lodgments of men, and the encroachments of the sand, so that its temples may be said to remain in comparatively good preservation, while those on the sister islands of Bidsha and Elephantina present only desolate ruins, and a few remains of ancient monuments.

This temple, even in its ruins is so full of sublime majesty and thoughtful repose, the style of its architecture is so lofty and severe, that its sculptures of hawk-headed and cow-horned deities look like the fevered dreams of a superior mind. The sculptures are all of that formal unsymmetrical character, which we see in our museums and to which we give the name of Egyptian, whereas we have not, nor can have the remotest conception of their architecture. It does not please and attract the eye, but it produces such an impression of imposing grandeur that every other style looks little, and almost insignificant in comparison with it. It retains its grandeur even amid these towering rocks—nay, it gains in magnificence; for its masses are so gigantic that they look as if they could have been reared only by the hand of nature; and yet ordered with so much harmony and beauty, as to afford one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind. The island of Philæ, borne upon the waters of the Nile, which at once encompass and secure it, is a precious relic of the best ages of the Ptolemies.—*Letters from the Holy Land.*

LORD HAILES.—

HAILES, (DAVID DALRYMPLE) LORD, a Scottish jurist and author, born in 1726; died in 1792. He was educated at Eton and at the Dutch University of Utrecht, and in 1748 was admitted an advocate at the Scottish bar. In 1766 he was made a Judge of the Court of Sessions, with the title of Lord Hailes, and in 1786 was made Lord Commissioner of the Judiciary. His works, extending over a period of half a century, are very numerous. The most important of them are *The Annals of Scotland*, *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, and *An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes, which Mr. Gibbon has assigned for the rapid Growth of Christianity*. He also wrote many clever essays in various periodicals.

A MEDITATION AMONG BOOKS.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions as in their bulk and appearance. In what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favor, and the partiality of friends than to merit or service? Shall I consider you, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No, let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are Law Books, Statutes, and Commentaries on

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Statutes. These are Acts of Parliament, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the Sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. These are the Commentaries on Statutes: for the perusing of them the longest life would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail. Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding: yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an Abridgement of Law and Equity! It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet, as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this Compendium contain the essential gravy of many a Report and Adjudged Case. The sages of the law recommend this Abridgement to our perusal. Much are we beholden to the physicians who only prescribe the bark of the *quinquina*, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable. They are the Controversial Divines—so has the world agreed to call them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words that Reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like: and thus Controversial and Divine have been associated. These Controversial Divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

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The next to these are the redoubtable antagonists of common sense; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to pass that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arrayed :

These are Epicurean Orators, who have endeavored to confound the ideas of right and wrong to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. *These* are Inquirers after Truth, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. *These* are Skeptics who labor earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit who endeavored so artfully to pick his own pocket as not to be detected by himself. Last of all are the Composers of Rhapsodies, and—strange to say it—of Thoughts. Thou first—thou greatest vice of the human mind—Ambition! all these authors were originally thy votaries. They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf-skin which covered their works. The calf-skin—as the dealer speaks—is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic, the worm.

Complete Cooks and Conveyances; Bodies of School-Divinity and Tommy Thumb; little Story-Books, Systems of Philosophy, and Memoirs of Women of Pleasure; Apologies for the lives of Players and Prime Ministers : all are consigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all. Such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical Astronomy, the Almanac.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.—

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT, an American clergyman and author, born in Boston, in 1822. His father was Nathan Hale, the proprietor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and one of the founders of the *North American Review*, and the *Christian Examiner*. His mother was a sister of Edward Everett. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839; studied theology, and in 1846 became pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass. Ten years later he was called to the South Congregational Church of Boston. He was editor of the *Christian Examiner* and the *Sunday School Gazette*; in 1869 he founded a magazine, *Old and New*, of which he was editor, and in 1885 began the publication of *Lend a Hand*, a magazine having for its object the furtherance of benevolent work. He has contributed to numerous journals and periodicals, and is the author of many books. Among his earlier works are *Margaret Percival in America*, and *Sketches of American History* (1850), *Letters on Irish Emigration* (1852), and *Kansas and Nebraska* (1854.) *The Man without a Country*, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, in 1861, is the story of a young lieutenant whose punishment for treason was never to hear his country mentioned again. Among his later works are *If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Impossibilities, and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact* (1868), *Sybaris and their Homes*, and *The Ingham Papers* (1869), *Ten Times One is Ten: the possible Reformation* (1870), *His Level Best* (1872), *Ups and Downs* (1873), *In His Name, Working Men's Homes*, and *A Summer Vacation* (1874), *Philip Nolan's Friends: a Story of the Change of the*

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Western Empire (1876), *G. T. T., or the Wonderful Adventure of a Pullman* (1877), *Mrs. Merriam's Scholars* (1878), *Crusoe in New York, and other Tales* (1880), *The Kingdom of God, and other Sermons* (1880), *June to May*, sermons (1881), *Family Flights through Egypt and Syria, France, Germany, Spain, etc.*, (1881 and 1882), *About Home* (1884), *Through Mexico* (1886), *Story of Spain* (1886), *Franklin in France* (1887), *East and West* (1892), *Sybil Knox* (1892), *For Fifty Years*, poems (1893), *If Jesus came to Boston* (1895).

LOST.

But as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Any way she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panther's tracks. She had seen them as she ran on, and as she came up. She hurried on; but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost? Why, Inez had to confess to herself that she was lost just a little bit, but nothing to be afraid of; but still lost enough to talk about afterwards she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile, from camp. As soon as they missed her—and by this time they had missed her—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way. What a fool she was ever to leave the knoll! So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have

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had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by; and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over everything she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails—which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink—would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left, this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star, it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last this perplexity increased. She was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken by her own voice and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cottonwood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark; and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she alone would find them; but by this time she was sure that, if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise, too, as the night came on, and a fine rain, that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were

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tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry-beat, and try this wild experiment or that, to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way; then she would stop and cry out and sound her war-whoop; then she would take up her sentry march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it was midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! but then no more! Poor Inez! Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it was not so piteously dark! If she could only walk half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry beats made put together! But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping-ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father—what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl!"—
Philip Nolan's Friends.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.—

HALE, SIR MATTHEW, an English jurist and author, born in 1609; died in 1676. He was designed for the Church, but circumstances led him to become a lawyer. He also gave much time to the study of physical science. He began practice as a barrister in 1636. During the quarrel between Charles I. and the Commons he took the Parliamentary side; and in 1654 he was made a Judge of the Common Pleas under the Protectorate. After the death of Cromwell, he favored the restoration of Charles II., and was persuaded by Clarendon to accept the position of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He believed in the reality of witchcraft, and was the last English judge to sanction the condemnation of persons charged with this crime. In 1674 he was made Chief Justice of the Court of the King's Bench, from which a severe illness compelled him to retire early in 1676. Sir Matthew Hale's writings are numerous, but only one of them was published during his lifetime. The most important of them are: *The Jurisdiction of Parliaments; History of the Pleas of the Crown; History of the Common Law of England*; and several *Moral and Religious Works*. These last were edited by Rev. T. Thirlwall. with a *Memoir* by Bishop Burnet.

COUNSEL TO HIS CHILDREN.

As I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.—

When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

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When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of

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God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honor your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honor that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.—

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA (BUELL), an American author, born in 1793; died in 1879. She was educated at home under the care of her mother and an elder brother, and after her marriage in 1814 to David Hale, continued her studies with her husband. In 1823 she published *The Genius of Oblivion, and other Poems*, and in 1828 *Northwood*, a novel. The following year she became the editor of the *Ladies' Magazine* of Boston, which she continued to edit until 1837, when it was merged into *Godey's Lady's Book*, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale also took charge of this magazine for many years, and contributed to it many sketches and poems. In 1848 she published *Ormond Grosvenor*, a tragedy, and *Three Hours, or The Vigil of Love, and other Poems*. Among her other works are *Harry Guy, the Widow's Son, Felicia, The Rhyme of Life, Woman's Record, or Sketches of all Distinguished Women from the Beginning till A. D. 1850, Sketches of American Character, Tints of American Life, Life and Letters of Madame de Sevigne, and Life and Letters of Mary Wortley Montagu*. Her last poem was a *Thanksgiving Hymn*, published in 1872.

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by;—
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazes—
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,

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Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be :
“But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!”

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there :
O young and lovely creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray ;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lips was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
“There's light for us above!”

THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom—
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her—
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came : o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing ; -
Yet there no grief of earth we trace—
But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.—

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre ;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

THE HAND AND ITS WORKS.

The hand—what wondrous Wisdom planned
This instrument so near divine !
How impotent, without the Hand,
Proud Reason's light would shine !
Invention might her power apply,
And Genius see the forms of heaven—
And firm Resolve his strength might try ;
But vain the Will, the Soul, the Eye,
Unquarried would the marble lie,
The oak and cedar flout the sky,
Had not the Hand been given !

Art's glorious things that give the Mind
Dominion over time and space—
The silken car that rides the wind ;
The Steel that trackless seas can trace ;
The Engine breathing fire and smoke
That Neptune's potent sway hath broke,
And sails its ships 'gainst wind and tide ;
The Telescope that sweeps the sky,
And brings the pilgrim planet sight,
Familiar as the Sun's pale bride ;
The microscopic Lens which finds
On every leaf a peopled land—
All these that aid the mightiest Minds,
Were wrought and fashioned by the Hand !

JOHN HALES.—

HALES, JOHN, an English clergyman, styled "The Ever-Memorable," born in 1584; died in 1656. In 1612 he was made Professor of Greek at Oxford. In 1618 he attended the Synod of Dort, where he was convinced of the truthfulness of the Armenian system of theology, as distinguished from the Calvinistic. Upon the overthrow of the Royal party in England, he was deprived of his preferments for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth. Besides sermons he wrote numerous theological and polemic treatises, but only three or four of his sermons and the *Tract Concerning Schismatics* were published during his lifetime. In 1765 Lord Hailes edited a complete edition of the works of Hales, in three volumes. The following extracts from a sermon, *Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion*, will give some idea of the manner of the "Ever-Memorable" Doctor:

PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and, leaving their own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to condemn the advice and help of others in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the

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foul vice of pride; on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own, if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty: but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others, this is nothing but poverty of spirit and discretion.

ANTIQUITY AND UNIVERSALITY.

Antiquity, what is it else—God only excepted—but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—Time cannot make them more true. The circumstance, therefore, of time, in respect of truth and error, is merely impertinent.

Universality is such a proof of truth as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is from private persons; but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.—

HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER, a Canadian jurist and author, born in Nova Scotia in 1796; died at Isleworth, England, in 1865. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820; became Chief Justice of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia in 1829, and Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. In 1842 he took up his residence in England, and in 1859 was returned to Parliament for Launceston, holding the seat until his death. In 1835 he published in a newspaper a series of satirical sketches entitled *The Clockmaker : Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, of which subsequent series appeared in 1838 and 1840. He also wrote *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* (1829); *Bubbles of Canada*; *The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony*; *Letter-Bag of the Great Western* (1839); *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England* (1843, second series, 1844); *Rule and Misrule of the English in America* (1851); *Yankee Stories and Traits of American Humor* (1852); and *Nature and Human Nature* (1855.)

MR. SLICK'S OPINION OF BRITISHERS AND OTHERS.

"What success had you," said I, "in the sale of your clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? Do you find them as gullible as the Bluenoses?"

"Well," said he, "you have heered tell that a Yankee never answers one question without axing another, haven't you? Did you ever see an English stage-driver make a bow? because if you hain't obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin' nod of his head, as much as to say, 'How do you do? but keep clear of my

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wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth, as sure as you're born,' jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose.

"Well, that's the way I pass them 'ere bare-breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these 'ere Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, wouldn't they? They'd set 'em scratchin' thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in search of a lie. Them 'ere fellows cut their eye-teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact. They open their pouch and drop it in, and it's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skinflints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shake, at best; it ain't even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginny corn; but I guess I warn't long in findin' out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin'. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better.

"Now it's different with the Irish. They never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They're always in love or in likker, or else in a row. They are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler—I dare say you've heerd tell of him—he's a funny feller, he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, 'the one will set a flame agoin' among my cottons, and t'other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to jine in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slavetrade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to humor them; 'for,' says he, 'they supply us with labor on cheaper terms, by shippin' out the Irish,' says

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he ; 'they work better, and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on forever, and a proper bill of expense they be ; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t'other ones.'

"The English are the boys for tradin' with, they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather ; it flies all over the thrashin' floor. But then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle as I e'en amost ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull knew what he was about, I tell you ; for they are all bull-headed folks, I vow ; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a-pawin' and a-roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths that neither need proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

"There's no richer sight that I know of," said he, "than to see one on 'em when he fust lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon ; his skin is ready to burst with wind, a regular walkin' bag of gas ; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron ; a great awkward hulk of a feller—for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners—a-smirkin' at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman ; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds—a pocket full of one, and a mouth full of t'other,' bean't he lovely ? And then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say boo to a goose, if you dare.'

"No, I believe we may stump the univarse.

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We improve on everything, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by-and-large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the backbone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation; they are actilly equal to cash."

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect. He therefore changed the conversation immediately by pointing to a tree some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock-maple, or sugar-tree.

"It's a pretty tree," said he, "and a profitable one too to raise. It will bear tapping for many years though it gets exhausted at last. This province of Nova Scotia is like that 'ere tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin' flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of the rent too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to the United States to buy bread. It's drained like a bog; it has open and covered trenches all through it; and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs. Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take the moisture out to that degree that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a sponge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it."—*The Clockmaker.*

ANNA MARIA HALL.—

HALL, ANNA MARIA (FIELDING), a British author, born in Dublin, in 1804; died in 1881. At the age of fifteen she went to live in London, and in 1824 married Samuel Carter Hall (whom see.) Among her numerous works are *Sketches of Irish Character* (1829), *Chronicles of a Schoolroom* (1830), *The Buccaneer, a Novel* (1832), *Tales of Woman's Trials* (1834), *The Outlaw*, and *Uncle Horace* (1835), *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life* (1838), *The Redderbore, an Irish Novel* (1839), *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, and *Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (1840), *The White Boy* (1845), *Midsummer Eve: A Fairy Tale of Love* (1847), *Pilgrimage to English Shrines* (1850), *Popular Tales and Sketches* (1856), *A Woman's Story* (1857), *Can Wrong be Right?* (1862), *The Fight of Faith* (1868-9.) She was also the author of two successful dramas, *The French Refugee*, and *The Groves of Blarney*; joint author with her husband of *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.*, and his co-laborer in other publications.

LARRY MOORE.

"Think of to-morrow!"—that is what few Irish peasants ever do, with a view of providing for it: at least few with whom I have had opportunities of being acquainted. They will think of anything—of everything, but that. There is Larry Moore, for example:—who that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry, who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision?—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. There he lies, stretched in the sunlight, at full

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length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat gray stone, just at high-water mark; he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words), “the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsel of harm the salt water could do ye on the gray stone, where a living merwoman sat every New Year’s night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who, consequently, treated her sate wid great respect—why not?”

There, then, is Larry—his chest leaning on the mermaid’s stone, as we call it—his long, bare legs stretched out behind, kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about what it naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trousers—blue trousers, but as Larry, when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder; for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and as Larry, of course, rests his elbow on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear; for frieze is not “impenetrable stuff.” His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of faded straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished with “delisk” red and green, his cutty-pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps

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it "quite handy without any trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in this extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low-furrowed brow, very unpromising to the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved at times by the humorous twinkle of his little gray eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumines the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist; from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long, narrow knife; pieces of rope of varied length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns at his "vocation."

"Good-morrow, Larry!"

"Good-morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye're going across?"

"No, thank ye, Larry, but there's a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye!—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the soul o'me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye take! sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens, the grawls were so plased wid the mate—the craturs!—sorra morsel o' pratee they'd put into their mouths;—and we'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry, if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish? Ough! sorra fancy I have for fasting mate—besides, it's mighty watery, and a dale o' trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up: I thought it would ha' sted while I hollered to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire

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for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit—back to the water.—Small loss!”

“But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner.”

“Sure, I’m after telling your ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner, by grate good luck, yesterday.”

“But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing.”

“Sure, you’ve just given me sixpence.”

“But suppose I had not!”

“Where’s the good of thinking that now?”

“Oh, Larry, I’m afraid you never think of to-morrow!”

“There’s not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it than I do,” responded Larry, raising himself up; “and, to prove it to ye, madam dear, we’ll have a wet night—I see the sign of it, for all the sun’s so bright, both in the air and the water.”

“Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin.”

“Is it the hole?—where’s the good of losing time about it now, when the weather’s so fine?”

“But when the rain comes?”

“Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can’t hinder the rain! and sure it’s fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in *dry weather*.”

“Larry, you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day;—and here you stay, doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself, by a little foresight.”

“Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma’am darlint! don’t be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o’ blame I don’t by no manner of means deserve. My wife turns at

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me as wicked as a weasel, because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Keogh; and she says they were to come together on account that they hadn't enough to pay the priest; and the end of it is, that the girl and a grandchild are come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where!”

“I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you.”

“There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright, and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur; and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate—and even the priest says it's bekase I never think of *to-morrow*.”

“I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion. But, tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?”

“Oh! my bitter curse (axing yer pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for eating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tether him by the leg when I'm going out; but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether.”

“Why not confine him in a sty?—You are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour.”

“Is it a sty for the likes of him! cock him up wid a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day.”

“But not for the morrow, Larry.”

“Now ye're at me agin!—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye're in a hurry, are ye?—well, ye must wait till yer hurry is over; I'm nôt going to hurry myself, wid sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister.”

“But the more you earn the better, Larry.”

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“Sure I’ve enough for to-day.”

“But not for *to-morrow*, Larry.”

“True for ye, ma’am dear; though people take a dale o’ trouble, I’m thinking, whin they’ve full and plinty at the sametime; and I don’t like bothering about it then.”

“But do you know the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?”

“Ay, the tame negres! that’s the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it’s long sorry they’d ha been to let Ireland so long alone.”—*Sketches of Irish Character.*

BASIL HALL.—

HALL, BASIL, a British naval officer and author, born at Edinburgh in 1788; died in 1844. He entered the navy in 1802, and in 1816 commanded the brig *Lyra*, which accompanied Lord Amherst on his voyage as Minister to China. He was made a post-captain in 1817, and from 1820 to 1822 was stationed on the Pacific Coast of America. In 1827-28 he traveled in the United States and Canada, and subsequently in various parts of Europe. In the later part of his life his mental faculties became impaired, and he died an inmate of an asylum for the insane. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals he wrote accounts of his travels in various parts of the world. Among these are: *A Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea and the Loo Choo Islands* (1818), *Travels in North America* (1829), *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* (9 vols., 1837-40), *Spain and the Seat of War in Spain* (1837), and *Patchwork, Travels in Stories* (1840.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN JUNE, 1825.

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old-fashioned authorities; it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday, the 10th of June, 1825, five months, after the total ruin of his fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife.

In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 North Castle Street, Edinburgh, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door I found the plate on it covered with rust, the windows shuttered up, dusty and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription, "To Sell." The stairs were unwashed, and not a foot-mark told

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of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and, perhaps, *vice versa* those persons who decline in fortune—which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion—shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in David street, No. 6. I was rather glad to recognize my old friend, the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door. The saying about heroes and *valets-de-chambre* comes to one's recollection on such occasions; and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner.

Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved his headquarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honors of Lord Chatham, "thickened over him." Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbors both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and, in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended—I had almost said overpowered—by company. His wife is now dead; his son-in-law and favorite daughter gone to London; and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which is, perhaps, the securest refuge for him. His eldest son is married, and at a distance; and report speaks of no probability of the title descending. In short, all are dis-

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persed, and the tourists, those *curiosos imperitinentes*, drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long-projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile—not to mince the matter—the great man had somehow or other contrived to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gas-makers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till at a season of distrust in money matters the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the foolish virgins, had no oil in his lamp, his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back.

But, like that famous navigator, he is not cast away on a desert rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach; but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvelous difference that I venture to predict that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven among the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*;

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one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been reading from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe; but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore; and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards; and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood, if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief, in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose that, among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible, to hide these finer emotions deep in the heart.

He immediately began conversing in his usual style; the chief topic being Captain Denham, whom I had recently seen in London, and his book of African Travels, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. After sitting a quarter of an hour we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit; and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline: better, I mean for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion, and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.

CHARLES FRANCIS HALL.—

HALL, CHARLES FRANCIS, an American Arctic explorer, born at Rochester, N. H., in 1821; died in the Arctic regions. November 8, 1871. He went to Cincinnati, where he worked for a time at his trade of blacksmith, but subsequently engaged in journalism. He became deeply interested in the subject of Arctic exploration. In 1859, at a meeting of the New York Geographical Society, he offered to "go in search of the bones of Franklin." Funds to the amount of about \$1,200 were raised to aid him, and in May, 1860, he sailed from New London, Conn., on board a whaling vessel commanded by Capt. Boddington, with whom he was associated in his two subsequent expeditions. The whaler becoming blocked up by ice, he resolved to make himself acquainted with life among the Esquimaux. He had the good fortune to fall in with Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito, two Esquimaux who spoke English—having been taken to England not long before, where they were presented to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. They were his constant companions during the remainder of his life. He returned to New York in September, 1862, and devoted two years to the preparation of his book, *Arctic Researches, and Life Among the Esquimaux*.

A FEAST WITH THE INNUITS.

Our breakfast and dinner were both excellent. For the former, raw frozen walrus, of which I had for my share a piece of about five pounds, and at the latter, seal, the portion of this allotted to me and Sterry was the head. We complied with the Innuit custom. Sterry took a mouthful, then passed it to me, and when I

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had done the same it was returned to him, and so on. No knives and forks are found among the Innuits; fingers are more than their equivalent. When the meat, skin, and hair were all dispatched, we tapped the brain. I was surprised at the amount of a seal's brains, and equally so at the deliciousness of them. The skull is almost as thin as paper. Shoot a seal in the head, and it dies; shoot a walrus in the head, and the damage is to the ball, which is immediately flattened, without effecting any injury to the walrus.

Later in the day I attended another feast at the igloo of Kookin, who had invited his old mother and two other venerable dames; and I must say that if my friends at home could have seen how like an Innu it I ate, they would have blushed for me. First came a portion of seal's liver, raw, and warm from its late existence in full life. This with a slice of blubber was handed to each, and I made way with mine as quick as any of the old adepts; then came ribs inclosed in tender meat, dripping with blood. Lastly came entrails, which the old lady drew through her fingers, yards in length. This was served to every one but me in pieces of two to three feet long. I saw at once that it was supposed that I would not like to eat this delicacy; but having partaken of it before, I signified my wish to do so now; for, be it remembered, there is no part of a seal but is good. I drew the ribbon-like food through my teeth, Innu fashion; finished it, and then asked for more. This immensely pleased the old dames. They were in ecstasies. It seemed as if they thought me the best of the group. They laughed, they bestowed upon me all the most pleasant epithets their language would admit. I was one of them—one of the honored few.—*Arctic Researches*. Chap. XV.

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BUILDING AN IGLOO.

Sharkey and Koojesse proceeded to build an igloo in the regular manner. They first sounded or "prospected" the snow with their seal-spears to find the most suitable spot for that purpose. Then one commenced sawing out snow blocks, using a hand-saw—an implement now in great demand among the Innuits for this purpose. The blocks having been cut from the space the igloo was to occupy, the other Inuit proceeded to lay the foundation tier, which consisted of seventeen blocks, each three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and six inches thick. Then commenced the "spiraling," allowing each tier to fall in, dome-shaped, till the whole was completed, and the key-stone of the dome or arch dropped into its place, the builders being within during the operation; When the igloo was finished, the two Innuits were walled in. Then a square opening was cut at the rear of the dwelling, and through this Smith and I passed some snow blocks which we had sawed out. These Sharkey and Koojesse chipped or minced with their snow-knives, while Tunukderlin and Jennie trod the fragments into a hard bed of snow, forming the dais, or couch of the igloo. This done, the women quickly erected on the right and left the fire-stands, and soon had fires blazing, and snow melting with which to slake our thirst; then the usual shrubs, kept for that purpose, were evenly spread on the snow of the bed-place; over which was laid the canvas of my tent, and over all were spread the reindeer furs, forming the bed. When the work had been thus far advanced, the main door was cut out of the crystal walls, and the walrus-meat and other things were passed in. Then both openings were sealed up, and all within were made happy in the enjoyment of comforts that would hardly be dreamed of by those at home.—*Arctic Researches.* Chap. XXXII.

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Hall had in the meanwhile been making preparations for a second expedition, the immediate object of which was to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. He took passage, July 30, 1864, on board a whaling vessel of which Buddington was the commander, expecting to be absent two or three years; but he did not return until late in 1869. He kept a full and minute journal of this expedition, expecting to prepare it for the press after he had made one more voyage, which he had projected, in which he hoped even to reach the North Pole. These journals remained unpublished until 1879, when they were edited, with much illustrative matter, by Prof. J. E. Nourse.

FATE OF THE LAST OF FRANKLIN'S COMPANY.

The result of my sledge-journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir John Franklin's companions ever reached or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party of about forty or forty-five, passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschel. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution. One a large sledge laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other a small one laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and his party arrived at Cape Herschel, they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimaux men, who were of the native party, gave me much sad but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to suffer and die for

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need of fresh provisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive.

The next trace of Crozier and his party is to be found in the skeleton which McClintock and his party discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschel; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping-place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeffer River, where two men died and received burial. At this place fish-bones were found by the natives, which showed them that Crozier and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs about five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point, of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about south-southeast, two and a half miles further, the next trace occurs on Todd's Islet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of this islet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or part of the main land, as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Crozier's party were found by the natives.

In the Spring of 1849, a large tent was found by the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men. Close by were two graves. This tent was a little inland from the head of Terror Bay. In the Spring of 1867, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted by a native well-known throughout the northern regions, found two boats with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by McClintock; the other was found lying from a quarter to a half mile distant, and must have been completely en-

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tombed in snow at the time McClintock's parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about this boat, besides the skeletons alluded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those McClintock has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered.

I tried hard to accomplish far more than I did; but not one of the company would on any account whatsoever consent to remain with me in that country, and make a summer search over that island which, from information I had gained from the natives, I had reason to suppose would be rewarded by the discovery of the whole of the manuscript records that had been accumulated in that great expedition, and had been deposited in a vault a little way inland or eastward of Cape Victory.

Could I and my party with any reasonable safety have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. Wherever the Esquimaux have found the graves of Franklin's companions, they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island there were the remains of five men who were not buried; but after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work. The native who conducted my native party in its search over King William's Land, is the same individual who in 1864, gave Dr. Rae the first information about white men having died to the west of Pelly Bay.—*Second Arctic Expedition.*

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In the summer of 1869, before returning from the Second Expedition, Hall was fully engrossed with the purpose of conducting another expedition to the very North Pole. In his journal he writes:—

PROJECTS FOR A POLAR EXPEDITION.

Day after day I have been reading and re-reading the books I have with me on Arctic voyages. How my soul longs for the time to come when I can be on my North Pole expedition! I cannot, if I would, restrain my zeal for making Arctic discoveries. My purpose is to make as quick a voyage as possible to the States, and then at once to make preparations for my Polar Expedition. I hope to start next Spring with a vessel for Jones's Sound, and thence towards the North Pole as far as navigation will permit. The following Spring, by sledge journey, I will make for the goal of my ambition—the North Pole. I do hope to be able to resume snow-hut and tent-encampment very near the Pole by the latter part of 1870, and much nearer—indeed at the very Pole—in the Spring following, to wit, in 1871. There is no use in man's saying, it cannot be done—that the North Pole is beyond our reach. By judicious plans, and by having a carefully selected company, I trust, with a Heaven-protecting care, to reach it in less time, and with far less mental anxieties, than I have experienced to get to King William's Land. I have always held to the opinion that whoever would lead the way there should first have years of experience among the wild natives of the North: and this is one of my reasons for submitting to searching so long for the lost ones of Franklin's Expedition.—*Second Arctic Expedition.*

After the return of Hall from the Second Expedition, Government was induced to fit out another to be conducted by Hall. A steamer was purchased, fitted out, and named the *Polaris*. This was placed under

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the general command of Hall, Capt. Buddington being sailing-master, and there were also several scientific associates. The *Polaris* sailed from New York June 20, 1871. They reached the most northern settlement in Greenland on the 24th day of August, whence, on the 30th, they steamed up Smith Sound, and a week after reached lat. $82^{\circ} 16'$, the most northern point which had ever been attained. The channel was found to be blocked up by ice; and the *Polaris* turned back, and was laid up for the winter in a sheltered cove in lat. $81^{\circ} 38'$, to which Hall gave the name of Thank-God Harbor. On the 10th of October, Hall, with three companions, set out upon a sledge-journey to the north. Before leaving he drew up specific instructions to Buddington, who was to command in his absence, or in case of his death.

HALL'S INSTRUCTIONS TO BUDDINGTON.

I am about to proceed on a sledge-journey for the object to determine how far north the land extends on the east side of the Strait on which the *Polaris* is wintering, and also to prospect for a feasible inland route to the northwest for next Spring's sledging in my attempt to reach the North Pole; this route to be adopted providing the ice of the Strait should be found so hummocky that sledging over it would be impracticable; and furthermore to hunt musk-cattle, believing and knowing, as I do from experience, that all the fresh meat for use of a ship's company situated as is that of the *Polaris*, should be secured before the long Arctic night closes upon us. You will, as soon as possible, have the remainder of the stores and provisions that are on shore taken up onto the plain by the observatory, and placed with the other stores and provisions in as complete order as possible. . . .

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Should any such calamity be in store for the *Polaris* (which I pray God may not be), that a storm from the northward should drive the ice out of Thank-God Harbor, and the *Polaris* with it, during the coming spring-tides, then have steam gotten up as quickly as possible, and lose no time in getting the vessel back to her former position. But should the *Polaris* be driven into the moving pack-ice of the Strait, and there become beset, and you should not be able to get her released, then, unfortunately, the vessel and all on board must go to the southwest, drifting with the pack; God only knowing where and when you and the ship's company would find means to escape. But whenever you should get released, if anywhere between Cape Alexander and Cape York, or between the latter and the Arctic Circle, you will then make your way to Godhavn, Disco Island; and if the *Polaris* remains seaworthy, you will fill her up with provisions, and next Fall (of 1872) steam back to this place. If the vessel should become a wreck, or disabled from the imminent exposure and dangers of such an ice-drift as referred to, then all possible use of your best judgment must be brought into play for the preservation of the lives of all belonging to the expedition. Although I feel almost certain that the *Polaris* is safely lodged in her winter position, yet we know not what a storm may quickly bring forth. A full storm from the south can send the pack of the Strait impinging upon the land-pack, in the midst of which we are, and in a few moments cast the *Polaris* high and dry upon the land. During the spring-tides let great vigilance be exercised, especially during any gale or storm at the time of high tides.

Hoping that God will protect you in the discharge of the high duties which devolve upon you, I bid you adieu, and all those of my command, trusting on my return to find "*All's Well*;" and trusting, too, that I shall be able to say that my sledge-journey, under the pro-

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tection and guidance of Heaven, has been a complete success, not only in having made a higher northing, a nearer approach to the North Pole, than ever white man before, but that a practicable inland sledge-route far north has been found, and many musk-cattle have been seen and captured.—*The Polaris Expedition.*

Hall and his sledge-party set out on October 10, 1871. On the 16th, the upper limb of the sun was seen for a short time above the tops of the mountains. The next day it did not appear; the long Arctic night had commenced, and for one hundred and thirty-two days they would look in vain for the return of the sun. The farthest northern point attained was on the 20th, in lat. $82^{\circ} 3'$." The thermometer marked a temperature of.— 20° to 23°F. , that is, about 54° below the freezing point; but some 40° higher than has been observed much further to the south. They set out on their return on the 21st; and a little past noon on the 24th they caught sight of the masts of the *Polaris*, and were soon on board.

Hall drank a cup of coffee, and was immediately seized with a violent retching. At 8 o'clock in the evening he had an apoplectic attack, and his right side was found to be paralyzed. On the morning of the 25th he seemed much better; but in the evening he was again attacked by violent nausea. For ten days his condition varied. On the 6th of November there appeared to be a marked improvement, and he began to set in order the records of his sledge-journey. But during the night he had another severe attack. On the morning of the 7th he sank into a comatose state, from which he did not rally, and expired three hours after

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midnight on the morning of the 8th. With difficulty a shallow grave was dug in the frozen ground, in which the remains of the explorer were deposited.

The subsequent fate of the *Polaris* and her crew forms one of the most striking chapters in the history of Arctic exploration. The vessel lay in winter-quarters until August, 1872. It was determined to return, and for weeks they tried to work their way through the ice-pack. On the 15th of October the *Polaris* was in imminent peril, and preparations were made to abandon her. The boats were placed upon the ice, with many stores, and nineteen of the crew; but before the rest could be landed the vessel broke loose from the ice-floes. For 195 days those on the ice drifted back and forth, but in a general southerly direction, and were saved from starvation only by the skill of Ebierbing as a hunter. They were picked up, April 30, 1873, in lat. $53^{\circ} 35'$, by a Nova Scotia whaling-steamer, having drifted helplessly nearly 2,000 miles. The *Polaris* in the meanwhile drifted upon an island, where those who remained on board built a hut, in which they passed the winter. In the Spring they built two boats from the boards of the vessel, and early in June, 1873, set sail southward. They were picked up, June 23, by a Scottish whaler, by which they were carried to Dundee, where they arrived on the 18th of September. The hulk of the *Polaris* had been given to a band of Esquimaux; but she afterwards drifted off, and went down in deep water. The *Narrative of the Polaris Expedition* was compiled by Admiral Charles N. Davis, and published by order of the Government in 1876.

EDWARD HALL.—

HALL, EDWARD, an English chronicler, born about 1470 ; died in 1547. He was a lawyer, and Judge in the Sheriff's Court, London. He was one of the earliest of the English chroniclers. His work, which was printed in 1548, is entitled *The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, with all the Acts done in both the Tymes of the Princes, both of the one Linage and the other*. The following extracts will show how much Shakespeare was indebted, even for language, to the authorities from whom he derived his facts. The spelling is here conformed to modern usage:

RICHARD OF GLOSTER AND THE COUNCIL.

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday the thirteenth day of June, where there was much communing for the honorable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a-making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterward was cast away.

These lords thus sitting, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with him, he said to the bishop of Ely: "My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them." "Gladly, my Lord," quoth he; "I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that:" and with that in all haste, he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock

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in to the chamber, all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: "What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm?" At this question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered, and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. "That is," quoth he, "yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her;" meaning the queen. Many of the lords were sore abashed which favored her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that he was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, that self-same day; in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. "Then," said the Protector, "in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel—as Shore's wife, with her affinity—have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, thus wasted my body!" and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he shewed a very withered arm, and small, as it was never other.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth.

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Nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly; therefore he answered, and said: "Certainly, my Lord; if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment." "What!" quoth the Protector, "thou servest me, I ween, with *if* and with *and*; I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!" And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings: "I arrest thee, traitor!" "What! me, my Lord?" quoth he. "Yea, the traitor," quoth the Protector. And one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace. "For, by Saint Poule," quoth he, "I will not dine till I see thy head off." It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off; and after, his body and head were interred at Windsor, by this master, King Edward the fourth; whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

JAMES HALL.—

HALL, JAMES, an American jurist and author, born at Philadelphia in 1793; died near Cincinnati in 1868. He had begun the study of law, but in 1812 joined the army, and served upon the northern frontier, and afterwards went with Decatur in the expedition against Algiers. In 1818 he resigned his commission in the army, and resumed the study of law. In 1820 he removed to Shawneetown, Illinois, where he practiced his profession, and edited a weekly newspaper. Four years afterwards he was elected Judge of the Circuit Court; but this office being abolished, he went in 1833 to Cincinnati, where he entered upon financial pursuits and literary labor. His principal works are: *Letters from the West*, originally published in the *Port Folio*, then edited by his brother (1829), *Legends of the West* (1832), *The Soldier's Bride, and Other Tales* (1832), *The Harpe's Head: a Legend of Kentucky* (1833), *Statistics of the West* (1836), *Life of William H. Harrison* (1836), *History of the Indian Tribes*, in conjunction with Thomas L. McKenney, a splendidly illustrated work in three folio volumes, the price being \$120 (1838-44), *Notes on the Western States* (1849), *The Wilderness and the War Path* (1845), *Life of Thomas Posey, Governor of Illinois*, in "Spark's American Biography" (1846), and *Romance of Western History* (1857.) A uniform edition of his works, in four volumes, was issued in 1853-56

THE PRAIRIE.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe

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of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature ; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points like capes and headlands ; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveler passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path—and then again emerges into another prairie. When the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers ; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert. . . .

In the summer the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject, would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travelers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveler often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close to-

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gether, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expending itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stock, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing stem shoots up. The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure.

A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is, in the spring, a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains, is clad throughout the season of verdure, with every imaginable variety of color, "from grave to gay." It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at the different seasons arise from the circumstance that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

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In the winter the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape, have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mounds, which move not—and the traveler with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.—*Notes on the Western States.*

JOHN HALL.—1

HALL, JOHN, an American clergyman and author, born in Ireland, in 1829. He was educated at Belfast College, and after a year or two of missionary work in the west of Ireland, was pastor successively of a Presbyterian church in Armagh, and of St. Mary's Abbey in Dublin. In 1867 he was called to New York, as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church. He is the author of *Papers for Home Reading* (1871), *Questions of the Day* (1873), *God's Word through Preaching* (1875), *Foundation Stones for Young Builders* (1879), *A Christian Home; How to Make, and How to Maintain it* (1883), *Light unto my Path* (1895), in conjunction with G. H. Stuart, *American Evangelists* (1875), and in conjunction with David Swing and others, *From Beginning to End, Comments on the Life of Christ* (1890).

MAKING VOID GOD'S LAW OF ORDER.

Men have made void God's law of order. He best knows the relative values of things, and is entitled to prescribe the amount and kind of attention we should give to them. He has promulgated a law on this point. Jesus, His Son, puts it thus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." The meaning is plain. If your child is dangerously ill, you forget a variety of important and lawful questions as to how he shall be educated, clothed, and get a profession, and you concentrate all attention on the one, "How shall he be saved from death?" till it is conclusively settled. This is common sense. So should it be here as to ourselves. Settle first the pressing, all-important business—of being saved—and other things in their places. This is not merely enjoined, it is exemplified. Solomon asked wisdom as the principal and most urgent thing, and got it, and with it riches and honors. So God will give with His righteousness "other things"—not all "good things," for the Lord



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is careful not to convey that idea. Now there is God's law of order. Have not men generally made it void? Have they not reversed it? Have they not first sought the "other things," and believed that by the way, in the intervals of the eager pursuit, they could well enough secure the kingdom? Have they not generally regarded the primary business of life as a quite different thing from seeking the kingdom? I appeal to yourselves, my readers, for the confirmation of this. God says—"First spiritual, then temporal; first the soul, then the body—first the life that is eternal, then the life that now is." Man says—"First the temporal, then the spiritual; first the body, then the soul; first the present life, then the eternal." What God puts first, man puts last; what God puts last, men put first. His law of order, men make void. It is so in the education of our children, in selecting professions, in choosing company for them, in choosing our houses, in laying our plans, and carrying out our arrangements. It is so from the first, and as the pitching of the first note tells on the whole tune, so the choice made at the beginning tells on the life. We are worldly when we should be spiritual, and our stock of affection is invested in earthly things when it ought to be in heavenly. Our views are perverted by the early and fatal error. The rich fool is of more account in our eyes than the poor wise man, and the acquirer of large means we count successful, when the prize has, mayhap, been won by the loss of an immortal soul.—*Papers for Home Reading.*

JOSEPH HALL.—

HALL, JOSEPH, an English clergyman and author, born in 1574; died in 1656. He was educated at Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and was made Dean of Worcester in 1617, Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and Bishop of Norwich in 1641. In the latter year he was one of the bishops who protested against the validity of certain laws passed during their enforced absence from Parliament, and was committed to The Tower. In 1643 his episcopal revenues were confiscated, and his personal property was pillaged. His subsequent life was passed in poverty. He was the author of several prose works, among which are essays, sermons, *A Plain and Familiar Explication of all the Hard Texts in Scripture*, and *Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story*. A complete edition of his works was put forth at Oxford in 12 volumes, 1837-39.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

What a world of wit is here packed up together? I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—There is no end of making many books: this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot, but through time and experience, work out many hidden truths; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it, that, without

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all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be; blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in His church! Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others!

Hall's only poetical works were a series of satires, entitled *Virgidemariam*, published in 1597, '98; The following is one of these poems:

ANTHEM FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF EXETER.

Lord! what am I? A worm, dust, vapor,
nothing!

What is my life? a dream, daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasy clothing!

What is my time? A minute ever flying!
My time, my flesh, my life, and I—
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Down in a vale of death?
What is my trade? Sin, my dear God's of-
fending;

My sport, sin too! my stay a puff of breath!
What end of sin? Hell's horror never-end-
ing!

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My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place .
Help to make up my doleful case.

Lord, what art Thou ? Pure life, beauty,
bliss !

Where dwell'st Thou ? Up above in perfect
light.

What is thy time ? Eternity it is.

What state ? Attendance of each glorious
spirit.

Thyself, thy peace, thy days, thy state,
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord ? Oh, soar above,
Ambitious soul ! But which way should I
fly ?

Thou, Lord, art way and end. What wings
have I ?

Aspiring thoughts of faith, of hope of love :
Oh, let those wings that way alone
Present me to thy blissful throne !

LOUISA JANE HALL.—

HALL, LOUISA JANE (PARK), an American author, born at Newburyport, Mass., in 1802. In 1840 she became the wife of Rev. Edward B. Hall, of Providence, R. I. She contributed in prose and verse to various periodicals, and published *Joanna of Naples*, a historical tale, a *Life of Elizabeth Carter*, and *Miriam*, a dramatic poem, illustrative of the early struggles in the Christian Church.

WAKING DREAMS.

Of idle hopes and fancies wild,
O Father, dispossess thy child;
Teach me that wasted thought is sin,
Teach me to rule this world within.

While waking dreams the mind control,
There is no growth in this poor soul;
And visions hold me back from deeds,
And earth is dear, and heaven recedes.

Oh, with one flash of heavenly light
Rouse me, although with pain and fright;
Show me the sin of wasted powers;
Scourge me from useless, dreaming hours.

GROW NOT OLD.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart;
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Downhill the path of age? Oh no!
Up, up, with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beat on, my heart, and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving, still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

NEWMAN HALL.—

HALL, NEWMAN, an English clergyman and author, born in 1816. He was educated at Highbury College and at the London University. He then took charge of a Congregational church at Hull, where he remained for twelve years. In 1854 he was called to the Surrey Chapel in the Blackfriar's Road, London. Here he opened a course of Monday evening lectures and concerts, to draw men from the public houses. This was the beginning of a movement that has since spread widely among all denominations. During the civil war in America he exerted himself to allay the feelings of bitterness existing between England and America. He made two tours in the United States, preached on one occasion before the House of Representatives, and the next day delivered an address on International Relations. In 1876 he took charge of Christ Church in London, an outgrowth of Surrey Chapel. Among his works are *The Christian Philosopher* (1849), *Homeward Bound*, a volume of sermons, *The Land of the Forum and the Vatican* (1854), *Lectures in America* (1868), *Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine* (1871), *Prayer, its Reasonableness and Efficacy* (1875), *The Lord's Prayer* (1883), and *Songs of Earth and Heaven* (1885), *Gethsemane, or Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief* (1893), *Divine Brotherhood* (1893), *Atonement the Fundamental Fact of Christianity* (1893). His devotional treatise *Come to Jesus* has been translated into upwards of twenty languages.

TRUE DIGNITY.

In the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptred prince ruling over mighty empires, to the lord of broad acres

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teeming with fertility, or the owner of coffers bursting with gold ; you may tell me of the man of learning, of the historian or the philosopher, of the poet or the artist ; you may remind me of the man of science extracting from nature her invaluable secrets, or of the philanthropist, to whom the eyes of admiring multitudes may be turned, and while prompt to render to such men all the honor which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power, nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task, or to the retail store, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, toilsome attendance, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought, is given to distribute the necessities and luxuries of life ; I would descend further—I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows ; to the mechanic throwing the swift shuttle, or tending the busy wheels ; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of the earth ; to the man of the needle, or the trowel, or the hammer, or the forge ; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a submissive, grateful, loving eye to Heaven, if in what he does he recognizes his Master in the Eternal God, and expects his wages from on high, if while thus laboring on earth, anticipating the rest of heaven, he can say, as did a poor man, who, when commiserated on account of his humble lot, said, taking off his hat, “ Sir, I am the son of a King ; I am a child of God ; and when I die, angels will carry me direct to the court of heaven.”—O, when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask, “ Is there not *also* Dignity in Toil ? ”

—*Sermons.*

ROBERT HALL.—

HALL, ROBERT, an English Baptist preacher and author, born in 1764; died at Bristol in 1831. After studying at a Dissenting academy at Bristol, he entered King's College, Aberdeen, at the age of sixteen. Here he became intimate with James (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh, then a student in the University. From their fondness for Greek literature they were styled "Plato and Herodotus" by their fellow-students. In 1783, while still a student at Aberdeen, Hall was called as assistant pastor to the Broadmead Baptist church at Bristol; in 1790 he became pastor of the Baptist church at Cambridge, and rose at once to a foremost place among British preachers. In 1804, and for some years after, he had repeated attacks of insanity. By 1808 he had fully recovered, when he settled at Leicester, where he remained until 1826, when he was again called to Bristol. During nearly all his life he suffered most excruciating torture from some cause which physicians were unable to diagnose. For more than twenty years he was never able to pass a whole night in bed; and to allay his torture he used laudanum in large quantities—not unfrequently as much as 1000 drops in a single night. A post-mortem examination showed that the cause of his suffering was a jagged calculus which almost entirely filled the right kidney. "Probably," said his physician, "no man ever went through more physical suffering than did Mr. Hall; he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of the mind, ennobled by religion, over the infirmities of the body."

Robert Hall's *Works* were published.

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with a *Memoir*, by Olinthius Gregory (6 vols., London, 1831–1835; republished in New York in two large volumes.) Besides sermons and magazine articles his principal writings are: *Christianity, consistent with a Love of Freedom* (1791), *Apology for the Freedom of the Press* (1793), *Reflections on War* (1802), *On Terms of Communion* (1815), *The Essential Difference between Christian Baptism and the Baptism of John*. His most famous sermons are: *Modern Infidelity, considered with Reference to its Influence on Society* (1799), *Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis* (1803), *The Death of Princess Charlotte, heir-presumptive to the British Crown* (1817.)

ON WISDOM.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act and when to cease, when to reveal and when to conceal a matter—when to speak and when to keep silence—when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or

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skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction: and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

INFLUENCE OF GREAT AND SPLENDID ACTIONS.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious

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deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

If there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us "seek the things that are above," and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell forever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and en-

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couraged us by their example, that, “laying aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us.” While everything within us and around us reminds us of the approach of death, and concurs to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of Heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendor of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of

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such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equaling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be pro-

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tracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas ! these delightful visions are fled ; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud ! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes !—the incurable blindness of man to futurity !—ever doomed to grasp at shadows ; to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands ; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home, yet at each successive moment life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war ; death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element—or, rather, the sport and triumph of death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims ; here it is the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by an ancient historian that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children. Nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Pa-

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rents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair. The aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, everything but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other hope. It is "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not."

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being insensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities we can remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood—freezing as it flows—binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of the torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife or mother or sister is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their

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thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that, as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword. Confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms, their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent upon the sword. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire; where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and in the caprices of power. Conceive but a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of armies. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven and the reward of indus-

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try, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants, the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil. In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of the nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, the chastity of virgins and of matrons violated, and every age, sex, and rank mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.—
Reflections on War: a Sermon preached June 1, 1802.

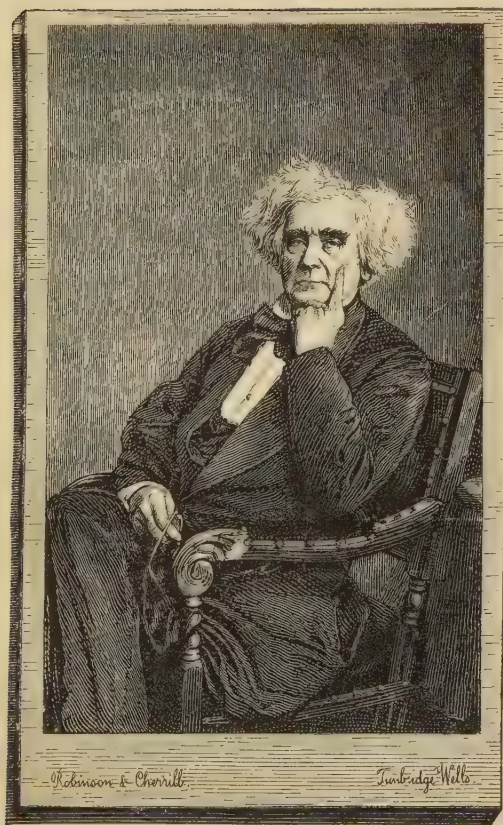
SAMUEL CARTER HALL.—

HALL, SAMUEL CARTER (1800–1889), an English editor and author. He began life as a reporter for the *London Times*. In 1825 he established *The Amulet*, an annual which he edited for several years. In 1830 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1839 established the *Art Journal*, of which he remained the editor during forty years. He also edited the *Book of Gems*, the *Book of British Ballads*, *Baronial Halls of England*, and other works. In 1841–43 he published, in conjunction with his wife (Anna Maria Hall, whom see), *Ireland, its Scenery, Characters, etc.* In 1870 he published *A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age*; in 1873 *The Trial of Sir Jasper*, a poem; and in 1883 *The Retrospect of a Long Life*.

A KERRY FUNERAL.

The most touching and sad, though interesting, funeral we ever attended was at Mucross, during our recent visit. It was a damp and somewhat gloomy morning, and the waiter, who entered fully into our desire, told us, with evident pleasure, that we “were in great good luck, for two widows’ sons were to be buried that day;”—adding, “I’m sorry for their trouble, but sure it was before them; and as they could not get over it, and as you had the curiosity to see it, I’m glad they’re come to-day.”

We walked about a quarter of a mile away, as it were, from the Cloghreen entrance to Mucross, to arrive at the gate appropriated for the passage of the dead to their last homes. Long before we could see any portion of the crowd, we heard the Keen swelling on the ear, now loud and tremulous, anon low and dying, dying away. Keening has fallen into disuse



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in this district; but the Kerry Keen was more like what we imagine the wild wail of the Banshee to be, than the demonstration of human sorrow. The body had been placed in a plain coffin—what in England would be called a shell; and this was put upon a very common hearse, not unlike a four post bed, drawn by an active but miserable-looking horse. The widowed mother, shrouded in her blue cloak, sat beside the coffin; and when the Keeners cried the loudest, she rocked her body to and fro, and clasped her hands, as if to mark the beatings of her stricken heart. Those who followed were evidently the poorer class of artisans from the town of Killarney, and peasants of the neighborhood; yet they were orderly and well-behaved—no drunken man disturbed the mournful ceremony.

The humble grave was dug, not by any appointed sexton, but by a "neighbor;" and before it was half-finished, the other funeral we had been told of had filled another corner of the churchyard. This one had no hired Keeners, yet there was no lack of tears, and sighs, and bitter wailings. To us it was a wild and singular scene. While the narrow and shallow graves were preparin, the mothers were crouching at the head of each coffin. The deep blue hoods completely concealed each countenance; and so alike in attitude was one to the other, that they could not have been distinguished apart. Groups of men and boys were scattered throughout the churchyard. In the distance, a young girl was kneeling beside a grave: sometimes she wept, and then threw herself upon the green sward with every demonstration of agony. Not heeding the crowd, who waited patiently for the lowering of the coffins, two aged women were seated, midway between the two funeral parties, on a broad flat stone, intent upon observing both; like the crones of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, they discoursed of the departed:

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"And which of the two widdy women do you pity most, Ally?"

"Och and troth, by dis and by dat, I can't tell. Sure I saw Mary O'Sullivan's boy alive and well yesterday mornin', an' he said—it was mighty quare—'Mother,' says he to her, an' he going out at the door."

"Did he turn back to say it, alana?" interrupted the first speaker.

"He did."

"Inugh! Inugh! see that now. I wonder he hadn't better sinse than to turn back of a Saturday mornin'. 'Mother,' says he, 'what a handful you'll have of white silver to-night, and I in work all the week.' 'God bless you, my darlint, Amin!' she answered, and then he came about and kissed her. Oh, wasn't she turned intirely from life, when, in less than an hour after, he was brought in a corpse, and he her only comfort and help! I remember her a fine brave-looking woman, and see what she is now. Well, God look down upon us all!"

"Yarra! amen—there's Betsey Doolan out there, showing her bran-new shawl at a funeral! Well the consate of some people! Do you know where the up-funeral is from?"

"T'other side of Mangerton, they say—an only son too!"

"Oh, Peggy, ye ain't in airnest are ye?"

"Faith, it's as throe as gospel, Ally! or may I never light another pipe—two lone women's only sons: ain't it a sorrowful sight? But her boy was going off in a consumption this many a day; and sure that was some comfort to her; to have him left in the sight of her eyes, and left to do what she could for him till the last; that was some comfort. Holy Mary! did ye hear that cry from Widdy O'Sullivan? What ails her? I——"

"Yah! they've got down on her husband's coffin, and she can't abide his bones being disturbed, and small blame to her; he was a decent man. Yah! yah! hear to that screetch,

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it bates the head-keener of them all—the strength of the trouble of the widdy's heart was in it; poor craythur! the Lord above look down and comfort ye!”

At last we saw the coffin lowered, but a little way beneath the turf, and the humble grave was quickly filled. When the coffin was completely covered, and the friendly gravedigger threw down his spade, every person in the churchyard knelt down; the men uncovered their heads, the females clasped their hands; the very children crowded to the spot, and knelt silently and reverently under the canopy of heaven; there was no word spoken; no sentence uttered; the desolate widow even suppressed the sobbings of her broken heart; and thus the people remained prostrate, perhaps, for several minutes. When they arose, the funeral howl broke forth afresh, in all its powerful and painful modulations. The other funeral was soon over, and the people from beyond the mountain exchanged greetings with those who dwelt in the town. After a little time, their immediate friends—for the poor are the friends of the poor—persuaded the widows to rise from the earth, and their tottering limbs were supported with the most tender care, while every epithet to soften and cheer was used towards them. Much that was said was in the native Irish, and of that we understood little: but it was impossible to mistake the eager looks and sympathizing tears of many who were present. It so happened that the two widows met when leaving the place where their last earthly blessings were consigned to the earth.

“I’m sorry for your trouble, my poor woman,” said the mountain-widow to the townswoman.

“Thank ye, and kindly too; the Lord’s hand is heavy on us both;” she replied, looking earnestly, and yet with an almost meaningless gaze on the widow who addressed her, and who

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was a much younger woman. "Two only sons!" she added—"they tell me, two only boys, yours and mine, and we to be left! but not for long. Tell me, avourneen"—and she laid her hand on her arm, and peered into her face—"did your boy die hard?"

"God be praised, he did not; he wasted away without any pain or trouble. Long summer days and winter nights I watched and prayed for him—my gra boy! but the Lord took him for the best, if I could only think so."

She paused to weep, while the people round her—some in Irish, some in English—exclaimed, "God comfort her!—the Lord look down on her!—Holy Mary pity her!"—"Well, she has grate strength intirely." "The breath left him," she added, "as easy as the down of the wild rush leaves its stem."

"Then thank God always," said the old woman, "Thank God that he did not die hard! the neighbors will tell you how I lost mine. He was alive yesterday; ay, he was as full of strength as the finest deer on Glenâ, and what is he now? Oh! but death was hard on him; I didn't know his face when I looked on it! Think of that, my poor woman, think of that; the mother that bore him didn't know his face! Oh! it's a fine thing to have an easy death, and time to make our souls. Holy Mary!" and she commenced repeating the Litany to the Virgin with inconceivable rapidity, while her face wore the cadaverous hue of death, and her eyes gleamed like lamps in a sepulchre.

"She's turnin' light-headed," said a man in the crowd. "Get her home, Peggy; the throuble is too strong for her intirely, and no wonder."—*Ireland; its Scenery, etc.*

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.—

HALLAM, ARTHUR HENRY an English, poet, son of Henry Hallam, born at London in 1811 ; died at Vienna in 1833. He distinguished himself at Eton and Cambridge, and was betrothed to a sister of Alfred Tennyson, whose *In Memoriam* is a memorial of the friendship of the two young poets. A collection of his essays and poems was made by his father in 1834.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon. Before me lies
A lawn of English verdure, smooth and
bright,
Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,
Whose fragrance, blended with the rose-per-
fume
From that white flowering bush, invites my
sense
To a delicious madness ; and faint thoughts
Of childish years are borne into my brain
By unforgotten ardors waking now.
Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade
Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown
Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,
That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves
Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,
And the gay humming things that Summer
loves,
Through the warm air, or altering the bound
Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line
Divide dominion with the abundant light.

TWO SONNETS.

O blessing and delight of my young heart,
Maiden, who wast so lovely and so pure

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I know not in what region now thou art,
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books whence knowledge we did
gather
Not these, but others, now thy fancies
move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions with their pleasant
talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy
mood
Did sanctify my own to peerless good.
Still here thou hast not faded from my sight,
Nor all the music round thee from mine
ear:
Still grace flows from thee to the brighten-
ing year,
And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light.
Still I am free to close my happy eyes,
And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form,
That soft white neck; that cheek in beauty
warm,
And brow half hidden where yon ringlet lies:
With, oh! that blissful knowledge all the while
That I can lift at will each curvèd lid,
And my fair dream most highly realize.
The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,
When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid
True light restore that form, those looks, that
smile.

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HALLAM, HENRY, an English historian, born in 1777; died in 1859. He was a son of the Dean of Bristol; was educated at Eton and Oxford, studied law, but did not go into practice. He entered upon literary pursuits in London, and his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* gave him a prominent place among the writers of the day. In 1818 he published his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*. He had intended to continue the work down to the middle of the last century, but finding the subject too vast for him to hope to have time to treat it thoroughly, he restricted himself to treating *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* This was published in 1827. In 1830 he was awarded one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. "for eminence in historical composition," the other being awarded to Washington Irving, who had not long before brought out his *Life of Columbus*. After an interval of ten years, Mr. Hallam brought out his most important work, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (4 vols., 1837-39.) All of these works have been frequently reprinted, and have been translated into many languages. In 1848 he put forth a supplementary volume of the *Middle Ages*, which is incorporated with subsequent editions of that work. In 1852 he put forth a volume of *Literary Essays and Characters*. Under the titles, *The Student's Middle Ages*, and *The Student's Constitutional History*, Dr. William Smith has

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prepared excellent abridgements of these two works of Hallam.

EFFECTS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilization of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbors. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally

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extensive with that of Charlemagne, and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favorable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they

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produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labors of mankind.

But as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; where if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honorable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted,—what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote—a keener feeling, as well as a readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favorable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.—*Europe during the Middle Ages.*

MEDIÆVAL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKS.

The trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris and at Bologne in the twelfth century; the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of

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a public dealer. But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated *Stationarii*, perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though *statio* is a general word for "shop" in low Latin. They appear by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Bologna, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the *Librarii*, a word which having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterwards applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which with us, though as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of "stationery," and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers; we find at least that there was a profession of copyists in the universities and in large cities; and by means of these, before the invention of printing the necessary books of grammar, law, and theology, were multiplied to a great extent for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterwards. That invention put a stop to their honest occupation. But whatever hatred they might feel towards the new art, it was in vain to oppose its reception. No party could be raised in public against so manifest and unalloyed a benefit; and the copyists, grown by habit fond of books, frequently employed themselves in the somewhat kindred labor of pressmen.

The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale at a time when learning was by no means general, combined with the great cost of production—paper and other materials being very dear—rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pan

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nartz to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works, which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors they had generally printed 275; of Virgil and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications the usual number of copies had also been 550. The whole number of copies printed was 12,475. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed, as indeed the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shows.—*Literature of Europe.*

PRICES OF EARLY BOOKS.

The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevalier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted over the book-trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinaeus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating of course, to a later period than the present. The Greek Testament of Colinaeus was sold for twelve sous, the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous, a copy of the Pandects for forty sous, a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek grammar of Clenardus for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines—I know not what editions—for five sous. It would of course be necessary, before we could make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn.—*Literature of Europe.*

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THE FORM OF EARLY BOOKS.

The more usual form of books printed in the fifteenth century is folio. But the Psalter of 1547, and the Donatus of the same year, are in quarto; and this size is not uncommon in the early Italian editions of classics. The disputed Oxford book of 1468, *Sancti Jeronymi Expositio*, is in octavo, and would, if genuine, be the earliest specimen of that size; which may perhaps furnish an additional presumption against the date. It is at least, however, of 1478, when the octavo form was of the rarest occurrence. Maittaire mentions a book printed in octavo at Milan in 1470; but the existence of this, and of one or two more that follow, seems equivocal; and the first on which we can rely is the Sallust, printed at Valencia in 1475. Another book of that form, at Treviso, occurs in the same year, and an edition of Pliny's Epistles at Florence in 1478. They become from this time gradually more common; but even at the end of the century form a rather small proportion of the editions. I have not observed that the duodecimo division of the sheet was adopted in any instance. The price and convenience of books are evidently not unconnected with their size.—*Literature of Europe.*

EARLY COPYRIGHTS.

Nothing could be less unreasonable than that the printer should have a better chance of indemnifying himself and the author, if in those days the author, as he probably did, hoped for some lucrative return after his exhausting drudgery, by means of an exclusive privilege. The Senate of Venice granted an exclusive privilege for five years to John of Spire in 1469, for the first book printed in the city—his edition of Cicero's Epistles; but I am not aware that this extended to any other work. And this seems to have escaped the learned Beckmann, who says that the earliest instance of protected

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copyrights on record appears to be in favor of a book insignificant enough—a missal for the church at Bamberg, printed in 1490. It is probable that other privileges of an older date have not been found. In 1491 one occurs at the end of a book printed at Venice, and five more at the same place within the century; the Aristotle of Aldus being one of the books. These privileges are always recited at the end of the volume. They are, however, very rare in comparison with the number of books published, and seem not accorded by preference to the most important editions.—*Literature of Europe.*

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

In these exclusive privileges the printer was forced to call in the magistrate for his own benefit. But there was often a different sort of interference by the civil power with the press. The destruction of books, and the prohibition of their sale, had not been unknown to antiquity; instances of it occur in the free republics of Athens and Rome; but it was naturally more frequent under suspicious despotism, especially when to the jealousy of the State was superadded that of the Church, and novelty, even in speculation, became a crime. Ignorance came on with the fall of the Empire, and it was unnecessary to guard against the abuse of an art which very few possessed at all. With the first revival of letters in the eleventh and twelfth centuries sprang up the reviving shoots of heretical freedom; but with Berenger and Abelard came also the jealousy of the Church, and the usual exertion of the right of the strongest. Abelard was censured by the Council of Soissons in 1121, for suffering copies of his book to be taken without the approbation of his superiors, and the delinquent volumes were given to the flames. It does not appear, however, that any regulation on this subject had been made. But when the sale of books be-

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came the occupation of a class of traders, it was deemed necessary to place them under restraint. Those of Paris and Bologna, the cities, doubtless, where the greatest business of the kind was carried on, came altogether into the power of the universities. It is proved by various statutes of the University of Paris, originating, no doubt, in some authority granted by the Crown, and bearing date from the year 1275 to 1403, that booksellers were appointed by the university, and considered as its officers, probably matriculated by entry on her roll; that they took an oath, renewable at her pleasure, to observe her statutes and regulations; that they were admitted upon security, and with testimonials to their moral conduct; that no one could sell books in Paris without this permission; that they could expose no book to sale without communication with the university, and without its approbation; that the university fixed the prices, according to the tariff of four sworn booksellers, at which books should be sold or lent to scholars; that a fine might be imposed for incorrect copies; that the sellers were bound to fix up in their shops a priced catalogue of their books, besides other regulations of less importance. Books deemed by the university unfit for perusal were sometimes burned by its order.—*Literature of Europe.*

CERVANTES'S DON QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakespeare to England: the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of it in every language bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration; no reader has ven-

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tured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and the old in every climate have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning; and in giving the reins to the gayety that his fertile invention and comic humor inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announced, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan. A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic, analysis of works of taste; but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities for this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. According to these writers, "the primary idea is that of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the abused passion for reading old romances." Says Sismondi, "the fundamental idea of *Don Quixote* is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose." . . .

I must venture to think—as I believe the world has generally thought for two centuries—that Cervantes had no more profound aim than he proposes to the reader. If the fashion of reading bad romances of chivalry perverted the taste of his contemporaries, and rendered their language ridiculous, it was natural that a zealous lover of good literature should expose this folly to the world, by exaggerating its effects on a fictitious personage.

It has been said by some modern writer—though I cannot remember by whom—that there was a *prose side* in the mind of Cervantes. There was indeed a side of calm, strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. He thought

HENRY HALLAM.—

the tone of these romances extravagant. It might naturally occur how absurd any one must appear who should attempt to realize in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this very happy conception germinated, in a very prolific mind, the whole history of Don Quixote. Its simplicity is perfect, no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination. But the death of Don Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon lest some one else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as *Don Quixote*. And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott, indeed, he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.—*Literature of Europe*.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet, born at Guilford, Conn., in 1790, died there in 1867. After acting as a clerk in his native town, he entered a banking-house in New York. About 1832 he became private secretary to John Jacob Astor, retaining that relation until the death of Mr. Astor in 1848. Mr. Astor left him an annuity of \$200, to which his son, William B. Astor made a large addition; and Halleck retired to his native village, making frequent visits to New York, he being one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Halleck occasionally wrote verses while quite young. In 1819, he in conjunction with Joseph Rodman Drake, produced the satirical "Croaker" papers. Drake died in 1820, and Halleck commemorated him in some touching verses. His longest poem, *Fanny*, a social satire, was written in 1819. In 1822—23 he visited Europe, and wrote *Alnwick Castle*, and the lines on Burns. *Young America*, his latest poem, containing some 300 lines, appeared in the *New York Ledger* in 1854. A complete edition of his *Poems*, as also a collection of his *Letters*, with a *Life*, edited by James Grant Wilson, appeared in 1869. A bronze statue of Halleck was erected in Central Park, New York, in 1877.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

• FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine ;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow ;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free ;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

[*Written in the Album of a daughter of the author
of "The Old Oaken Bucket."*]

"A lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."
A lady asks ? There was a time
When, musical as play-bells' chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway ;
Life's first-born fancies first decay ;
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay,
Of young Romance ;
There linger here but ruins gray,
And broken lance.

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid ;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
Men's thoughts resign ;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade—
Twin tasks divine.

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks ; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

Are round her ; and, half hid, half seen,
A violet flower,
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour."

Blind Passion's picture—yet for this
We woo thee life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
With hers we love ;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove.

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride ;
Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side
A grandsire stands,
Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells !—
Be silent, memory's funeral bells !
Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith.

" But what if hers are rank and power,
Armies her train, a throne her bower.
A Kingdom's gold her marriage dower.
Broad seas and lands ?
What if from bannered hall and tower
A queen commands ? "

A queen ? Earth's regal moons have set,
Where perished Marie Antoinette !
Where's Bordeaux's mother ? Where the jet-
Black Haytian dame ?
And Lusitania's coronet ?
And Angoulême ?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brickbat's range ;
Give me, in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

“But she who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong.
Than these hath brought her
She is your kinswoman in song,
A Poet's daughter.”

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame!
Your blood would glow
Proudly to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter—dearer word
Lip hath not spoke nor listener heard,
Fit theme for song of bee or bird,
From morn till even,
And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[*A Greek patriot, who fell, August 20th, 1823, in a victorious night-attack upon a Turkish camp at Laspis, the site of the ancient Plataea.*]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band :
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on : the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
He woke, to die, mid flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires !
Strike—for your altars and your fires !
Strike—for the green graves of your sires !
God—and your native land !"

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible! the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew over the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave
 Even in her own proud clime.—
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth
Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh :
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave !
Still sternly o'er the castle-gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours ;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky,"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile :
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

As o'er a loved one sleeping ?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy's proudest border story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch;
Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum ;
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom ;
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, his sword in his mailèd hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessèd Land,
Where the Cross was damped with his dying
When blood ran free as festal wine, [breath
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be " tongues in trees,"
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here !
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew-bell !

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trode by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each, high, heroic name :
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret, \\
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons ;

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

To him who when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.....

That last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world—is gone ;
And Alnwick's but a market-town,
And this, alas ! its market-day,
And beasts and burdens throng the way ;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line ;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy :
Ours are the days of fact, not fable ;
Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
Has called the "era of good feeling :"
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing :
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt
The Douglas in red herrings ;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings....

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state ? —
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

Are some half-dozen serving-men,
In the drab coat of William Penn ;
 A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
 Spoke Nature's aristocracy ;
And one, half groon, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

ROBERT BURNS.

There have been loftier themes than his,
 And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
 Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death ;
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
 In which the answering heart would speak ;
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
 Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
 Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
 The Poet's mastery ?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
 O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours.

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
 From throne to cottage hearth !

- FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes,

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee—
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal—
Tortures, the poor alone can know
The proud alone can feel—

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave—

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.—

Praise to the man ! A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West—
My own green forest-land :

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what of them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns ?

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.—

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM, an Irish-American journalist and poet, born in 1829; died in 1868. He was the son of a clergyman of Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland; was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and began the study of medicine, but soon turned to journalism; contributed to Irish and English papers, and at length emigrated to the United States. He was connected editorially with the *Boston Post*, the *New York Times* and *Leader*, and lastly became proprietor and editor of *The Citizen*, which he conducted until his death. When the civil war broke out he enlisted as lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, was rapidly promoted, and at length attained the brevet rank of brigadier-general. In 1867 he was elected to the lucrative office of Recorder of the City of New York. In 1862 he assumed the *nom de plume* of *Miles O'Reilly*, under which he wrote many amusing lyrics and fancy sketches in prose, published under the titles of *Miles O'Reilly, his Book, The Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly, Baked Meats of the Funeral*, etc. A collection of his poems, with a sketch of the author's life, was published in 1868. It is entitled *The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine*.

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

O'Ryan was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.—

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the Saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the Saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,
While bettther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And, when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer—"
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare ;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous really,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

MY BROKEN MEERSCHAUM.

Old pipe, now battered, bruised, and brown,
With silver spliced and linked together,
With hopes high up and spirits down,
I've puffed thee in all kinds of weather ;
And still upon thy glowing lid,
'Mid carving quaint and curious tracing,
Beneath the dust of years half hid,
The giver's name mine eye is tracing.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.—

When thou wert given we were as one,
Who now are two, and widely sundered :
Our feud the worst beneath the sun,
Where each behind the other blundered.
No public squall of anger burst
The moorings of our choice relation—
'Tis the dumb quarrel that is worst,
Where pride forbids an explanation.

Old pipe ! had then thy smoky bowl
A tongue that could to life have started—
Knowing the secrets of my soul,
In many a midnight hour imparted—
Thy speech, perchance, had then re-knit
The ties of friendship rudely sundered,
And healed the feud of little wit,
In which each thinks the other blundered.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

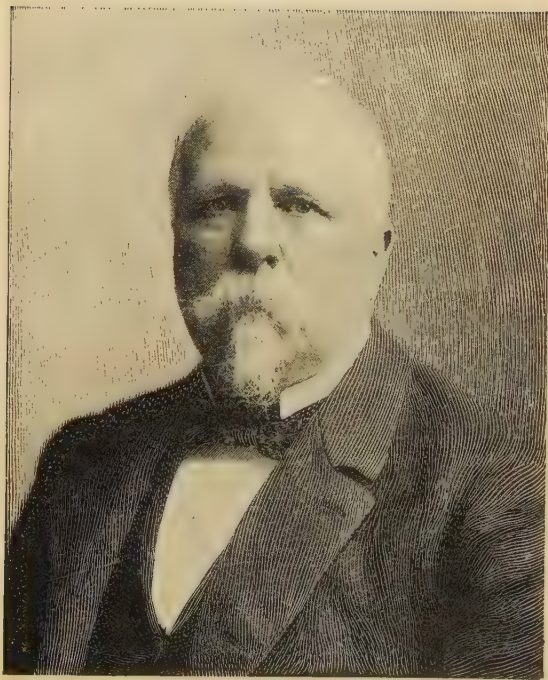
“ Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,”
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders
white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your
wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and
kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck, and your wealth of
tress—

Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old dear story, my pet—



MURAT HALSTEAD.

MURAT HALSTEAD.—

They were gray, with that chastened tinge of
The sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my
pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are
wet
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my
pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my
pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair,
my pet ;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

HALSTEAD, MURAT, journalist, was born at Paddy's Run, Butler Co., O., September 2, 1829. He worked on his father's farm in the summer and attended school in winter until he was nineteen years of age, then, after teaching for a short time, he entered Farmer's College, near Cincinnati, from which he graduated in 1851. He had been a contributor for the press for some time and on leaving college became connected successively with the *Atlas*, *En-*

MURAT HALSTEAD.—

quirer, Columbian and Great West, and a Sunday paper which he had established. In 1853 he began work on the *Cincinnati Commercial* as local reporter and soon after became its news editor; a year later he purchased a part interest in the paper; and in 1867 its control passed into his hands. For a time he conducted the paper independent of party politics, and then allied himself with the Republican party. In 1883, the *Commercial and Gazette* were consolidated, and he became president of the *Commercial Gazette* company; but subsequently removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became editor of the *Standard-Union*.

TO THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR.

We need to guard against ways of exclusiveness—against the assumption that for some mysterious reason the press has rights that the people have not; that there are privileges of the press in which the masses and the classes do not participate. The claim of privilege is a serious error. One neither gains nor loses rights in a profession. We have the same authority to speak as editors that we have as citizens. If we use a longer “pole to knock the persimmons,” because we have a larger constituency for our conversational ability, that doesn’t affect rights. It simply increases responsibility. One can say of a meritorious man or enterprise, or of a rascally schemer or scheme, as an editor the same that he could say as a citizen, a tax-payer, a lawyer, minister, farmer, or blacksmith. It conduces to the better understanding of our business to know that we are like other folks, and not set apart, baptized, anointed, or otherwise sanctified, for an appointed and exclusive and unique service.

It is in our line of occupation to buy white paper, impress ink upon it in such form as may

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be expressive of the news and our views, and agreeable to our friends or disagreeable to our foes, and sell the sheet, when the paper becomes, by the inking thereof that peculiar manufactured product, a newspaper, for a margin of profit. We should not go about magnifying our office. We are as gifted and good as anybody, so far as our natural rights are concerned, and are better or worse according to our behavior. It is our position to stand on the common ground with the people, and publish the news and tell the truth about it as well as we can; and we shall, through influences certain in their operation, find the places wherein we belong. No one can escape the logic of his labor.

Communication from young gentlemen in or fresh from college, or active in other shops, who propose to go into journalism or newspaperdom, and want to know how to do it, are a common experience, for there is a popular fascination about our employment. There is nothing one could know—neither faculty to perform nor ability to endure—perfection of recollection, thoroughness in history, capacity to apply the lessons of philosophy, comprehension of the law, or cultivated intuition of the Gospel—that would not be of service going into newspaperdom. But it is beyond to prescribe a course of study. It is easier, when you have the knack, to do than to tell.

When the Young Man comes to say that he would be willing to undertake to run a newspaper,—and we know that Young Man as soon as we see his anxious face at the door, and sympathize with him, for we may remember to have been at the door instead of the desk, and willing to undertake the task of the gentleman who sat at the desk and asked what was wanted—when perhaps the youth at the door had in his pocket an essay on the Mound-builders that he believed was the news of the day—and we don't like to speak unkindly to the Young Man.

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But there are so many of him. He is so numerous that he is monotonous, and it is not always fair to utter the common-places of encouragement. It is well to ask the Young Man, who is willing to come in and do things, what he has done (and often he hasn't done anything but have his being). What is it that he knows how to do better than any one else can do it? If there be anything, the question settles itself, for one who knows how to do right well something that is to do, has a trade. The world is under his feet, and its hardness is firm footing. He must ask what the Young Man wants to do; and he comes back with the awful vagueness that he is willing to do anything; and that always means nothing at all. It is the intensity of the current of electricity that makes the carbon incandescent and illuminating. The vital flame is the mystery that is immortal in the soul and in the universe.

Who can tell the Young Man how to grasp the magic clew of the globe that spins with us? There is no turnpike or railroad that leads into journalism. There are no vacancies for didactic amateurs. Nobody is wanted. And yet we are always looking out for Somebody, and once in a while he comes. He does not ask for a place, but takes that which is his. Do not say to the Young Man, There are no possibilities. There certainly are more than ever before. Young man, if you want to get into journalism, break in. Don't ask how. It is the finding of it out that will educate you to do the essential thing. The Young Man must enter the newspaper office by main strength and awkwardness, and make a place for himself.

The machines upon which we impress the sheets we produce for the market—and we all know how costly they are in their infinite variety of improvements, for the earnings of the editor are swept away by the incessant, insatiable requirements of the press-maker—this facile mechanism is not more changeable than The

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Press itself, in its larger sense—and the one thing needful, first and last, is Man. With all the changes, the intelligence of the printer and the personal force of the editor is indispensable. —*Address on “Maxims, Markets, and Missions of the Press,”* delivered before the Wisconsin Press Association, Jan. 23, 1889.

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT, an English artist and author, born in 1834, died 1894. He was early left an orphan, and was sent by an aunt to the schools of Doncaster and Burnley. He received his later education at Oxford, studied art in England and in Rome, and on his return to England devoted himself to painting and literature. He was the art-critic of the *Saturday Review* for three years, and edited *The Portfolio*. Among his works are *The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems* (1885), *Thoughts About Art*, and *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands* (1862), *Etching and Etchers* (1868), *Wenderholm: a Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire* (1869), *The Sylvan Year*, and *The Unknown River* (1870), *Chapters on Animals*, and *The Intellectual Life* (1873), *Round My House* (1876), *Marmorne, a Novel*, *Modern Frenchmen*, and the *Life of J. M. W. Turner* (1878), *The Graphic Arts* (1882), *Land-scape* (1886), *The Painter's Imagination* (1887), *Man in Art* (1892), *Present State of Art in France* (1892), *Drawing and Engraving* (1893), *Contemporary French Painting* (1895), *Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism* (1895).

WORKING TO THE LAST.

Surely it would be a lamentable error if mankind were to carry out the recommendation of certain ruthless philosophers, and reject the help and teaching of the diseased. Without undervaluing the robust performances of healthy natures, and without encouraging literature that is morbid, that is fevered, impatient, and perverse, we may still prize the noble teaching which is the testament of sufferers to the world. The diseased have a peculiar and mysterious experience; they have known the sensations of health, and then, in addition to this knowledge, they have gained another knowledge which enables them to think more accurately even of health itself. A life with-

out suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of nature, who do not know what suffering is, and cannot realize it, have always a certain rawness, like foolish landmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrors are, nor brains enough to imagine them.

It is one of the happiest privileges of the high intellectual life that it can elevate us—at least in the intervals of relief from complete prostration or acute pain—to regions of disinterested thought, where all personal anxieties are forgotten. To feel that he is still able, even in days of physical weakness and decline, to add something to the world's inheritance of knowledge, or to bequeath to it some new and noble thought in the pearl of complete expression, is a profound satisfaction to the active mind that is lodged in a perishing body. Many diseases fortunately permit this activity to the last; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that the work done in the time of physical decline has in not a few instances been the most perfect and the most permanently valuable. It is not accurately true that the mind and the body invariably fail together. Physicians who know how prevalent chronic diseases are, and how many eminent men are physically inconvenienced by them, know also that minds of great spiritual energy possess the wonderful faculty of indefinitely improving themselves whilst the body steadily deteriorates. Nor is there anything irrational in this persistent improvement of the mind, even to the extremest limit of material decay; for the mind of every intellectual human being is part and parcel of the great permanent mind of humanity; and even if its influence soon ceases to be traceable—if the spoken words are forgotten—if the written volume is not reprinted or even quoted, it has not worked in vain. The intellectual light of Europe in this century is not only due to great

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luminaries whom every one can name, but to millions of thoughtful persons, now utterly forgotten, who in their time loved the light, and guarded it, and increased it, and carried it into many lands, and bequeathed it as a sacred trust. He who labors only for his personal pleasure may well be discouraged by the shortness and uncertainty of life, and cease from his selfish toil on the first approaches of disease; but whosoever has fully realized the grand continuity of intellectual tradition, and taken his own place in it between the future and the past, will work till he can work no more, and then gaze hopefully on the world's great future, like Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, when his blind eyes beheld the future of zoology.—*The Intellectual Life*.

A SELECTING MEMORY.

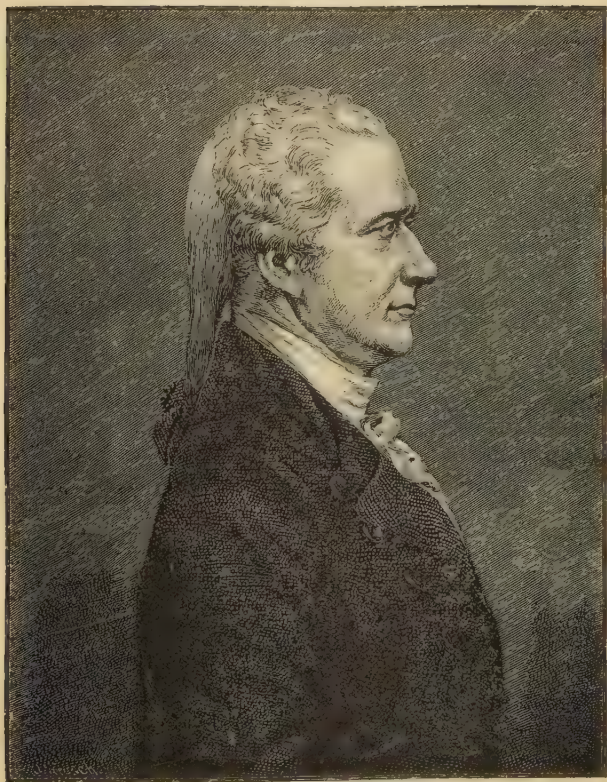
Men who are set by others to load their memories with what is not their proper intellectual food, never get the credit of having any memory at all, and end by themselves believing that they have none. These bad memories are often the best; they are often the selecting memories. They seldom win distinction in examinations, but in literature and art. They are quite incomparably superior to the miscellaneous memories that receive only as boxes and drawers receive what is put into them. A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a very well-edited periodical which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them—what you remember is what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much, it is well, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure." This advice would not be suitable to every

author. An author who dealt much in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda ; but from the artistic point of view in literature the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select whilst we are in the presence of nature, and our memory selects when we are away from nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, whilst it diminishes others, and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.

Let me add a protest against the common methods of curing what are called treacherous memories. They are generally founded upon the association of ideas, which is so far rational ; but then the sort of association which they have recourse to is unnatural, and produces precisely the sort of disorder which would be produced in dress if a man were insane enough to tie, let us say, a frying-pan to one of his coat-tails and a child's kite to the other. The true discipline of the mind is to be effected only by associating those things together, which have a real relation of some kind ; and the profounder the relation, the more it is based upon the natural constitution of things, and the less it concerns trifling external details, the better will be the order of the intellect. The mnemotechnic art wholly disregards this, and is therefore unsuited for intellectual persons, though it may be of some practical use in ordinary life. A little book on memory, of which many editions have been sold, suggests to men who forget their umbrellas that they ought always to associate the image of an umbrella with that of an open door, so that they could never leave any house without thinking of one. But would it not be preferable to lose two or three guineas annually rather than see a spectral umbrella in every doorway?

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The same writer suggests an idea which appears even more objectionable. Because we are apt to lose time, we ought, he says, to imagine a skeleton clock-face on the visage of every man we talk with; that is to say, we ought systematically to set about producing in our brains an absurd association of ideas, which is quite closely allied to one of the most common forms of insanity. It is better to forget umbrellas and lose hours than fill our minds with associations of a kind which every disciplined intellect does all it can to get rid of. The rational art of memory is that used in natural science. We remember anatomy and botany because, although the facts they teach are infinitely numerous, they are arranged according to the constructive order of nature. Unless there were a clear relation between the anatomy of one animal and that of others, the memory would refuse to burden itself with the details of their structure. So in the study of languages we learn several languages by perceiving their true structural relations, and remembering them. Association of this kind, and the maintenance of order in the mind are the only arts of memory compatible with the right government of the intellect. Incongruous, and even superficial association ought to be systematically discouraged, and we ought to value the negative or rejecting power of the memory. The finest intellects are as remarkable for the ease with which they resist and throw off what does not concern them as for the permanence with which their own truths engrave themselves. They are like clear glass, which fluoric acid etches indelibly, but which comes out of vitriol intact.—*The Intellectual Life.*



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER, an American statesman, born on the island of St. Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died at New York, July 12, 1804. His father emigrated from Scotland, and became a merchant at St. Cristopher's, but failed in business, and was reduced to poverty. His mother, who was of French Huguenot descent, died while her son was a child; but relatives of hers took charge of the boy, and sent him to New York to be educated. He entered King's (now Columbia) College just before the breaking out of the American Revolution. At a public meeting in July, 1774, he delivered a speech which brought him into notice, and he wrote several able political pamphlets. He joined a volunteer military company, and at the age of nineteen was commissioned as captain of a company raised by the State of New York. The city itself was abandoned by Washington, who took up a position on the upper part of Manhattan Island. Hamilton attracted the notice of Washington, by whom, in March, 1777, he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he took a prominent part in the military operations which ensued, commanding a battalion at the siege of Yorktown. In 1780 he married a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, who survived him more than half a century; dying in 1854, at the age of ninety-seven.

Near the close of the war Hamilton studied law, and was licensed to practice in 1782; and a few days after he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He took an active part in the polit-

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ical movements of the day, especially in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. It was very doubtful whether the Constitution would be adopted by the requisite number of States. To bring about the adoption, Hamilton, in conjunction with Jay and Madison, undertook the writing of a series of essays, known as *The Federalist*. These essays reached the number of 85; and there is some question as to the authorship of a portion of them. The most probable statement is that five were by Jay, fourteen by Madison, three by Madison and Hamilton jointly, and the remainder by Hamilton. (See *FEDERALIST*.)

When the new government went into operation in 1789, Hamilton was selected by Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, and he bore a leading part in establishing the financial system of the country. In 1795 he resigned the secretaryship, and resumed the practice of law at New York; but he remained an earnest supporter of the administration of Washington, by whom he was consulted in the preparation of his "Farewell Address," and other important state papers. In 1798 there was a strong probability of a war with France, and Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief, with the title of Lieutenant-General. He accepted the appointment upon condition that he should not be called into active service unless actual hostilities should arise, and that Hamilton should be created a major-general, and be in charge of the details of the organization of the army. The war was, however, averted, and Hamilton continued the prac-

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tice of his profession, taking also an earnest part in the stormy politics of the day. This led to a personal quarrel with Aaron Burr, who was a candidate for the office of Governor of New York. Burr was defeated, owing, as he alleged, to the hostility of Hamilton, whom he challenged to a duel. Hamilton was conscientiously opposed to dueling; but, as he himself wrote, "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular." The meeting took place July 11, 1804, at Weehawken, N. J., just across the Hudson River from New York. Burr was uninjured, but Hamilton received a wound from which he died the next day.

The *Works of Alexander Hamilton* have been edited by his son, John C. Hamilton (7 vols., 1851,) who also wrote a *Life* of his father (2 vols., 1834, 1840,) and a voluminous *History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries* (1850.) One volume of the *Works* contains *The Federalist*, including the papers by Jay and Madison. One of the most important of these essays of Hamilton has been given in this Cyclopædia in the article "The Federalist." The following extracts are from other writings of Hamilton.

THE NECESSITY OF A NATIONAL BANK.

I am aware of all the objections that have been made to public banks, and that they are not without enlightened and respectable opponents. But all that has been said against them

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only tends to prove that, like all other good things, they are subject to abuse, and when abused become pernicious. The precious metals, by similar arguments, may be proved to be injurious. It is certain that the moneys of South America have had great influence in banishing industry from Spain, and sinking it in real wealth and importance. Great powers, commerce, and riches—or, in other words, great national prosperity—may, in like manner, be denominated evils; for they lead to insolence and inordinate ambition, a vicious luxury, licentiousness of morals, and all those vices which corrupt a government, enslave the state, and precipitate the ruin of a nation. But no wise statesmen will reject the good from an apprehension of the ill. The truth is, in all human affairs there is no good pure and unmixed. Every advantage has two sides; and wisdom consists in availing ourselves of the good, and guarding as much as possible against the bad. The tendency of a National Bank is to increase public and private credit. The former gives power to the state for the protection of its rights and interests; and the latter facilitates and extends the operations of commerce among individuals. Industry is increased, commodities are multiplied, agriculture and manufactures flourish: and herein consists the true wealth and prosperity of a state. Most commercial nations have found it necessary to institute banks; and they have proved to be the happiest engines that ever were invented for advancing trade. Venice, Genoa, Hamburg, Holland, and England, are examples of their utility. They owe their riches, commerce, and the figure they have made at different periods, in a great degree to this source. Great Britain is indebted for the immense efforts she has been enabled to make in so many illustrious and successful wars, essentially to that vast fabric of credit, raised on this foundation.—*Letter to Robert Morris, April 30, 1781*

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NATHANAEL GREENE.

As a man, the virtues of Nathanael Greene are admitted; as a patriot he holds a place in the foremost rank; as a statesman he is praised; as a soldier he is admired. But in the two last characters—especially in the last but one—his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit in full day the vast—I had almost said the enormous powers of his mind. The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. . . .

General Greene, descended from respectable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must in all probability have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen—or at most with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind—had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more complete theatre. Happily for America he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by an enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magni-

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tude—in a cause which was worthy of the toils and the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington, as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision. He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence. His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the counsels of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the chequered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawns of that bright day which afterwards broke with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity; in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantages of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty

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taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.—

HAMILTON, ELIZABETH, a British author, born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1758; died at Harrowgate, England, in 1816. She became governess in the family of a Scottish nobleman, and most of her writings are either educational or relate to Scottish life and character. Among her works are: *Letters of a Hindoo Rajah* (1796), *Memoirs of Modern Philosophers* (1800), *Letters on Education* (1802), *Life of Agrippina* (1804), *Letters on the Moral and Religious Principle* (1806), *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, a Scottish tale (1808), *Exercises in Religious Knowledge* (1809), *Popular Essays* (1813), and *Hints to the Patrons and Directors of Schools* (1815.)

A PICTURE OF SCOTTISH RURAL LIFE.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and delight to them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it.

“How little trouble would it cost,” said he, “to throw the smaller of these loose stones into

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these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is no one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbors as much as himself."

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took its guidance upon himself. At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth. At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming:

"Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!"

As the last words were uttered, a little fello

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of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

"You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart; "how did all this happen?"

"You may see how it happened plain enough," returned the boy; "the brig brak, and the cart coupet."

"And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr. Stewart.

"O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back."

"And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?"

"Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamsan's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance. He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace.

"Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think" (pointing to where it had given way); "if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired."

"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen."

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“But you must now mend it for your own sake,” said Mr. Stewart, “even though a’ the folk in the glen should be better for it.”

“Ay, sir,” said one of the men, “that’s spoken like yoursel ! Would everybody follow your example there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighborhood.”—
The Cottagers of Glenburnie.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha’s
Mang lords and fine ladies a’ covered wi’ braws,
At feasts made for princes wi’ princes I’ve been,
When the grand shine o’ splendour has dazzled
my een;

But a sight sae delightfu’ I trow I ne’er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o’ my ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside ;

O cheery’s the blink o’ my ain fireside ;

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,

O there’s nought to compare wi’ ane’s ain
fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain
heartsome ingle,

Wi’ the friends o’ my youth I cordially mingle ;

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,

I may laugh when I ’m merry, and sigh when
I ’m sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,

But truth to delight me. and friendship to
cheer ;

Of a’ roads to happiness ever were tried,

There’s nane half so sure as ane’s ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside ;

O there’s nought to compare wi’ ane’s ain
fireside.

JAMES HAMILTON.—

HAMILTON, JAMES, a Scottish clergyman and author, born in 1814; died in 1867. In his fourteenth year he entered the University of Glasgow. After the death of his father he accompanied his mother to Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh. About this time he began his literary work with contributions to the *Presbyterian Review*. He was licensed to preach in 1838. After a brief ministry in Abernyte and Edinburgh, he was called in 1841 to the National Scotch Church of Regent Square, London, where he remained until his death. He continued to contribute to the *Presbyterian Magazine*, the *Free Church Magazine*, and the *Presbyterian Messenger*, and for three years, beginning with 1854, edited *Excelsior; or, Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature*. He also published several volumes of lectures and sermons. Among them are *The Church in the House, and other Tracts* (1842), *Life in Earnest* (1844), *The Mount of Olives* (1845), *Emblems from Eden* (1847), *The Happy Home* (1848), *The Royal Preacher* (1850), *The Lamp and the Lantern*, afterwards issued under the title of *The Light to the Path* (1853), *Memoir of Richard Williams* (1854), and *The Prodigal Son* (1866.)

AN ALL-POWERFUL MOTIVE.

Love to Christ is a motive equal to all emergencies. There is a ruling passion in every mind; and when every other consideration has lost its power this ruling passion retains its influence. When they were probing among his shattered ribs for the fatal bullet, the French veteran exclaimed. "A little deeper and you will find the Emperor." The deepest affection

in a believing soul is the love of its Saviour. Deeper than the love of home, deeper than the love of kindred, deeper than the love of rest and recreation, deeper than the love of life, is the love of Jesus. And so, when no name of old endearment, no voice of onwaiting tenderness, can disperse the lethargy of dissolution, the name that is above every name, pronounced by one who knows it, will kindle its last animation in the eye of death. And when other persuasives have lost their power; when other loves no longer constrain the Christian; when the love of country no longer constrains his patriotism, nor the love of his brethren his philanthropy, nor the love of home his fatherly affection, the love of Christ will still constrain his loyalty. There is a love to Jesus which nothing can destroy. There is a leal-heartedness which refuses to let a much-loved Saviour go, even when the palsied arm of affection is no longer conscious of the benignant form it embraces. There is a love, which amidst the old and weary feelings of waning years renews its youth, and amidst outward misery and inward desolation preserves its immortal root; which, even when the glassy eye of hunger has forgot to sparkle, and the joy at the heart can no longer mantle on the withered cheek, still holds on, faithful to Jesus, although the flesh be faint. This was the love which made Paul and Silas, fatigued and famished as they were, and sleepless with pain, sing praise so loud that their fellow-prisoners heard and wondered. This was the love which burned in the Apostle's breast, even when buffeting the Adriatic's wintry brine, and made the work which at Rome awaited him, beam like a star of hope through the drowning darkness of that dismal night. This was the love which thawed his pen, when the moan of autumn winds made him miss the cloak he left at Troas, and impelled him to write to Timothy a testamentary entreaty to "hold fast" the truths which were hastening

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himself to martyrdom. Devotedness to Christ is a principle which never dies, and neither does the diligence which springs from it.—*Life in Earnest.*

UNBROKEN CORDS.

Of all God's cords, the finest, and perhaps the strongest, is the cord of love. Quitting his native chimney, among the canals and grassy fields of Holland, the stork pursues the retiring Summer, and soon overtakes it in Nubia or Morocco. There, quite unconscious of the fetter beneath his wing, he revels on the snakes of Taurus or the frogs of Nile; till, at last, on a brilliant May morning, there is a sharp tug, and then a long steady pull, and high overhead float the broad pinions, and presently in the streets of Haarlem the boys look up, and shout their welcome, as, with eager haste and noisy outcry, an old acquaintance drops down upon the gable, and, drawn back to the old anchorage, by a hawser of a thousand miles, the feathery sails are once more furled.

Like instinct, over a generation's interval, brings back the exile to his Highland glen. It matters not that in the soft Bermudas life is luxury; it is of no avail that in his Canadian clearing a rosy household has sprung up and in proud affection clings around him; towards the haunts of his childhood there is a strange deep, hidden yearning, which often sends absent looks towards northern stars, and ends at last in actual pilgrimage. And although by the time of his return he finds that no money can buy back the ancestral abode; although, as he crosses the familiar hill and opens the sunny strath, strange solitude meets him; although when he comes up, the hamlet is roofless and silent, and the bonny bield, the nest of his boyhood, a ruin; although behind the cold hearth rank nettles wave, and from the cairn covering the spot where in the mornings of another world he waked up so cosily, young weasels peep

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forth; although the plane is cut down, or the bour-tree, under whose sabbatic shadow his father used at evening to meditate; although when the vision dissolves, a pang must remain, there is no need that he should go back, bleak and embittered, as to a disenchanted world. This glut of reality was wanted to quench a long fever; but, even here, if his own heart is true, he will find that God's cord is not broken. Cottages dissolve and family circles scatter, but piety and love cannot perish. The cord is not broken; it is only the mooring-post which a friendly hand has moved farther inland, and fixed sure and steadfast within the soil; and as the strain which used to pull along the level is now drawing upward the home which memory used to picture in the Highlands, faith learns to seek in Heaven.—*The Prodigal Son.*

WILLIAM HAMILTON.—

HAMILTON, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born in Ayrshire in 1704; died at Lyons, France, in 1754. He was a gentleman of an ancient family and of good fortune, and was early noted for his social accomplishments and poetical talent. In 1745 he embraced the cause of the “Young Pretender.” After the discomfiture of the Jacobites at Culloden he made his escape to France, but he soon received a full pardon from the British Government, and the restoration of his paternal estates. His health being delicate, he took up his residence in Southern France, where the later years of his life were passed. He wrote a serious poem entitled *Contemplation*, and one in blank verse upon *The Thistle*, the national flower of Scotland, of which the following is a specimen :

THE THISTLE.

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valor fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their
breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied, and superior deed
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Most of Hamilton's poems are of a lyrical character. A surreptitious collection of many of them was put forth in 1648. In 1760, after his death, his friends published a fuller collection, from his own manuscripts. A complete edition of the poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850. His best poem, the ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow*, sug-

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gested to Wordsworth the poems “Yarrow Unvisited,” “Yarrow Visited,” and “Yarrow Revisited.”

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”—

“Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?”—

“I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu’ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu’ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”—

“Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pu’ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”—

“Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu’ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

“For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e’er pu’d birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,
red?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny Birks of Yarrow?

“What ’s yonder floats on the rueful, rueful
flude?

What ’s yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!
’Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

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“Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
tears,

His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow.

And weep around in waeful wise.
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield.

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
That fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Did I not warn thee not to lo’e,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O’er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met’st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow’s bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin’.

“Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

“Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;

Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lo’ed thee better.

“Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yar
row.”—

“How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,

How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo’e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

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“O Yarrow fields ! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

“The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, ’twas my ain sewing.
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little ken’d
He was in these to meet his ruin.

“The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

“What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover’s blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me.

“My happy sisters, may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin’,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

“My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me
My lover’s blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

“Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

“But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre’s yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

“Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;

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Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

“Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best be-
loved,

O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

“Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.”—

“Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.”

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.—

HAMILTON, SIR WILLIAM, a Scottish metaphysician, born in 1788 ; died in 1856. He was educated at Glasgow and at Oxford, and distinguished himself in both universities. In 1813 he was admitted to the bar of Edinburgh, and began practice in the law, but continued to devote much time to the study of philosophy. In 1821, he delivered in the University of Edinburgh, a course of lectures on the *Classic Nations of Antiquity*. Two papers on *Phrenology*, embodying the results of his investigations in the comparative anatomy of the brain, were read by him in 1826 before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In these he combated the theories of phrenologists. A critique of Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie*, contributed by him to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1829, attracted great attention both in Great Britain and on the Continent. It was followed by other philosophical papers, among which are : *On the Philosophy of Perception*, and *On Recent Publications in Logical Science*. These articles, with notes, were published collectively in 1852 under the title *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform*. In 1836 he became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. This position he retained during the remainder of his life. His lectures to the students were collected and published. Between 1836 and 1846 he edited Reid's works, and later the works of Dugald Stewart, with notes and dissertations.

PREPARATION FOR THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY.

"To attain a knowledge of ourselves," says Socrates, "we must banish prejudice, passion,

and sloth ; ” and no one who neglects this precept can hope to make any progress in the philosophy of the human mind, which is only another term for the knowledge of ourselves.

In the first place, then, all prejudices,—that is, all opinions formed on irrational grounds—ought to be removed. A preliminary doubt is thus the fundamental condition of philosophy ; and the necessity of such a doubt is no less apparent than is its difficulty. We do not approach the study of philosophy ignorant, but perverted. There is no one who has not grown up under a load of beliefs—beliefs which he owes to the accidents of country and family, to the books he has read, to the society he has frequented, to the education he has received, and, in general, to the circumstances which have concurred in the formation of his intellectual and moral habits. These beliefs may be true, or they may be false, or, what is more probable, they may be a medley of truths and errors. It is, however, under their influence that he studies, and through them, as through a prism, that he views and judges the objects of knowledge. Everything is therefore seen by him in false colors, and in distorted relations. And this is the reason why philosophy, as the science of truth, requires a renunciation of prejudices—(*præ-judicia, opinionones præ-judicatæ*)—that is, conclusions formed without a previous examination of their grounds.

In this, if I may without irreverence compare things human with things divine, Christianity and Philosophy coincide—for truth is equally the end of both. What is the primary condition which our Saviour requires of his disciples ? That they throw off their old prejudices, and come with hearts willing to receive knowledge, and understandings open to conviction. “ Unless,” He says, “ ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” Such is true religion ; such also is true philosophy. Philosophy requires an eman-

cipation from the yoke of foreign authority, a renunciation of all blind adhesion to the opinions of our age and country, and a purification of the intellect from all assumptive beliefs. Unless we can cast off the prejudices of the man, and become as children, docile and unperturbed, we need never hope to enter the temple of philosophy. It is the neglect of this primary condition which has mainly occasioned men to wander from the unity of truth, and caused the endless variety of religious and philosophical sects. Men would not submit to approach the word of God in order to receive from that alone their doctrine and their faith; but they come in general with preconceived opinions, and, accordingly, each found in revelation only what he was predetermined to find. So, in like manner, is it in philosophy. Consciousness is to the philosopher what the Bible is to the theologian. Both are revelations of the truth—and both afford the truth to those who are content to receive it, as it ought to be received, with reverence and submission. But as it has too frequently fared with one revelation, so has it with the other. Men turned, indeed, to consciousness, and professed to regard its authority as paramount, but they were not content humbly to accept the facts which consciousness revealed, and to establish these, without retrenchment or distortion, as the only principles of their philosophy; on the contrary, they came with opinions already formed, with systems already constructed, and while they eagerly appealed to consciousness when its data supported their conclusions, they made no scruple to overlook, or to misinterpret, its facts when these were not in harmony with their speculations. Thus religion and philosophy, as they both terminate in the same end, so they both depart from the same fundamental condition. . . .

In the second place, in obedience to the

precept of Socrates, the passions, under which we shall include sloth, ought to be subjugated. These ruffle the tranquillity of the mind, and consequently deprive it of the power of carefully considering all that the solution of a question requires should be examined. A man under the agitation of any lively emotion, is hardly aware of aught but what has immediate relation to the passion which agitates and engrosses him. Among the affections which influence the will, and induce it to adhere to skepticism or error, there is none more dangerous than sloth. The greater proportion of mankind are inclined to spare themselves the trouble of a long and laborious inquiry; or they fancy that a superficial examination is enough; and the slightest agreement between a few objects in a few petty points, they at once assume as evincing the correspondence of the whole throughout. Others apply themselves exclusively to the matters which it is absolutely necessary for them to know, and take no account of any opinion but that which they have stumbled on—for no other reason than that they have embraced it, and are unwilling to recommence the labor of learning. They receive their opinion on the authority of those who have had suggested to them their own; and they are always facile scholars; for the slightest probability is for them all the evidence that they require.

Pride is a powerful impediment to a progress in knowledge. Under the influence of this passion, men seek honor but not truth. They do not cultivate what is most valuable in reality, but what is most valuable in opinion. They disdain, perhaps, what can be easily accomplished, and apply themselves to the obscure and recondite; but as the vulgar and easy is the foundation on which the rare and arduous is built, they fail even in attaining the object of their ambition, and remain with only a farago of confused and ill-assorted notions. In

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all its phases, self-love is an enemy to philosophical progress; and the history of philosophy is filled with the illusions of which it has been the source. On the one side, it has led men to close their eyes against the most evident truths which were not in harmony with their adopted opinions. It is said that there was not a physician in Europe, above the age of forty, who would admit Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. On the other hand, it is finely observed by Bacon, that "the eye of human intellect is not dry, but receives a suffusion from the will and from the affections, so that it may almost be said to engender any sciences it pleases. For what a man wishes to be true, that he prefers believing." And in another place, "If the human intellect hath once taken a liking to any doctrine, either because received and credited, or because otherwise pleasing—it draws everything else into harmony with that doctrine, and to its support; and albeit there may be found a more powerful army of contradictory instances, these, however, it either does not observe, or it contemns, or by distinction extenuates and rejects."—*Lectures on Metaphysics.*

WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.—

HAMILTON, SIR WILLIAM ROWAN, an Irish astronomer, born in Dublin in 1805; died there in 1865. He gave evidence of extraordinary intellectual powers at an early age. At thirteen he was in a measure acquainted with more than a dozen languages, among which were French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hindostanee, Malay, Persian, Sanskrit, and Syriac. He also, while yet a mere boy, was far advanced in the higher mathematics. In 1823 he entered the University of Dublin, where at every quarterly examination he obtained the chief honors in science and the classics. In 1827, while yet an undergraduate, he was appointed Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University, and Astronomer Royal of Ireland. In 1835, at the meeting of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, he received the honor of knighthood; and in 1837 he was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy. His researches extended to almost every department of human knowledge in anyway connected with mathematics and physics, and the results were embodied in numerous Memoirs in the Transactions of learned societies, and in scientific periodicals. His most elaborate book was the *Methods or Calculus of Quaternions* (1853.) His *Elements of Quaternions* was published shortly after his death. Although devoted to the investigation of the most abstruse philosophical subjects, Sir William R. Hamilton possessed poetical genius of a very high order. Wordsworth said of him:—“I have known many that might be called very *clever* men, and a good many of real and vigorous *abilities*, but few of *genius*; and only one whom I should call *wonderful*,

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That one was Coleridge. The only man like Coleridge whom I have known is Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Dublin." George Ticknor speaks of the following sonnet of Hamilton as "one of the finest in the English language."

A PRAYER.

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread;
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
Mine own steps on that thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees;
Yet with an equal joy let me behold.
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolle.

TO THE DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE.

When Vulcan cleft the laboring brain of Jove
With his keen axe, and set Minerva free
The unimprisoned maid, exultingly
Bounded aloft, and to the Heaven above
Turned her dear eyes, while the grim workman
 strove
To claim the virgin Wisdom for his fee
His private wealth, his property to be,
And hide in Lemnian cave her light of love.
If some new truth, O friend, thy toil discover,
If thine eyes first by some fair form be blest,
Love it for what it is, and as a lover
Gaze, or with joy receive thine honored guest:
The new-found Thought, set free, awhile
 may hover
Gratefully near thee, but it cannot rest.

EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY.—

HAMLEY, EDWARD BRUCE (1824-1893), an English soldier and author. He received his education at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, and entered the army in 1843. He served in the Crimean campaign, taking part in the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and in the siege and overthrow of Sebastopol. He was the British Commissioner in the delimitation of the Russo-Turkish boundary in Armenia, in 1880, and in the evacuation by the Turkish troops of Thessaly and Epirus, and their occupation by Greek troops, in 1881. After many promotions he was made a Lieutenant-General in 1882, and commander of a division in the Egyptian war of that year. He is the author of *Ensign Faunce*, a novel (1848), *Lady Lee's Widowhood* (1854), *The Story of a Campaign: a Narrative of the War in Southern Russia* (1855), *The Operations of War, Our Poor Relations: a Philozoic Essay* (1870), *Voltaire* (1877), *Thomas Carlyle* (1881), *Shakespeare's Funeral*, and other essays contributed to periodicals.

COMING TO THE POINT.

Mr. Dubbley came in rubbing his forehead, and very nervous. He had started for the Heronry in a state of great elevation; exhilarated by punch, and the letter he had in his pocket, proposing seemed to him the easiest thing in the world; he laughed as he thought of his previous failures. But his spirits had gradually evaporated as he approached the house—they went off more and more rapidly as he followed Kitty up stairs—and when he entered Lady Lee's presence, not even the dregs remained. . . .

"Pray, take this chair, Mr. Dubbley," said

Lady Lee; "you will be more comfortable than in that"—for Mr. Dubbley, having put his hat in a low chair usually appropriated to Rosa as a lounging chair, had, in his confusion, sat down on the top of it, and, it being a pretty stiff and solid beaver, remained unconsciously perched thereon till it suddenly gave way, and the Squire's knees came rather violently in contact with his nose, as he leant forward in a courteous posture.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Dubbley, starting up and looking ruefully at the crushed hat; "there's quite a fate about my hats; this is the second I've sat upon this year. However, that's of no consequence," said the Squire, recollecting himself; "lots more hats to be bought. 'Twould have been worse if it had been my head." . . .

"Do you find Monkstone solitary?" asked Lady Lee.

"Monstrous solitary, 'pon my life," said Mr. Dubbley; "it gets worse every day." (Now why should she ask that, he thought, if she didn't mean something by it?) "If there was somebody else there," he added, "it wouldn't be half so solitary."

"And will nobody come to see you then, Mr. Dubbley?"

"Yes, yes," said the Squire: "a good many might like to come if I asked 'em; but it isn't every one I would ask. If some people that I know would come for better for worse," and the Squire looked wonderfully arch as he repeated, "for better for worse, you know, I'd rather than a thousand pounds."

"Dear me," thought Lady Lee, Mr. Dubbley has certainly fallen in love with somebody; who can it be? "Then why don't you ask them?" said she smiling, "and ascertain their wishes on the subject?"

"Why, so I will," said the delighted Squire, who, feeling certain that he had made his meaning perfectly obvious, and that he was

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meeting with the most charming encouragement, began to fumble in his pocket for the letter. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he muttered to himself. "Take time by the fetlock, you know."

"I wish you all success in your wooing, Mr. Dubbley," said Lady Lee, "and hope shortly to congratulate you on the result."

"Now what can she mean by that?" thought the Squire, letting the letter slip back into his pocket. "I mustn't be rash—hang it, no; I must feel my way." And the Squire's warm feelings, suddenly condensed by the chill, broke out over his forehead in little beads like morning dew.

"Delightful thing the married state," said the Squire presently, remembering Mr. Randy's instructions. "Charming state of things when two hearts that have long beat together as one are joined together in holy matrimony, and nothing to cut their love in two."

Mr. Dubbley paused, rather breathless after this eloquent flight, in which he had mingled the form of publishing the banns of marriage with his recollections of a valentine he had once written to a bricklayer's daughter.

"Why, you speak like one inspired by the subject," said her ladyship. "But take care. Mr. Dubbley! If you indulge such bright visions before marrying, you may be disappointed afterward."

"Not the least afraid of that," said the Squire; "we understand one another too well for that. What should prevent me and—and her that I'm talking of, from being as happy as the day's long?"

"Nothing that I know of," returned her ladyship, "provided there is no striking disparity of any kind."

"Ah, she's thinking about my income now," thought the Squire; "I'm all right there. I ought to have mentioned something about it in my letter." And again the Squire dived up to his elbow in his breast pocket. "No objec-

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tion on that score," said he; "no mistake about my property; all safe and sure, and rents regularly paid."

"Tiresome, absurd man!" thought Lady Lee; "what does he suppose I care about his property, or his rents, or his love-affairs? But there are other disparities," she said, "more fatal to nuptial felicity than that of an income: disposition, for instance—age—tastes—pursuits—intellect."

At the mention of this last item, the Squire once more let the letter fall back into his pocket.

"She's got cleverness enough for both," said the Squire. "Perhaps she's a very accomplished person, and perhaps I may be the same too in time—who knows? I dare say you don't know that I've been getting up a good deal of general information lately?"

Lady Lee had not heard of his process of mental culture, she said.

"Wait a bit!" said the Squire, with a knowing look; "perhaps I may disappoint those who think me a fool yet. I'm rubbing up my learning—all for your—I mean her sake, too. She's the only person in the world I'd take the trouble for."

"What a devoted attachment yours appears to be!" said her ladyship. "It certainly merits success."

And she smiled so pleasantly and encouragingly that the Squire dived once more into his pocket, and this time brought the letter fairly out, and put it in the crown of his hat, ready for delivery at the next favorable moment. He was several times on the point of going down on his knees and presenting it, and as often baffled by some chilling remark from the unconscious object of his admiration, and by his increasing sense of her unapproachableness. The quick alternations of hot and cold fits that he experienced were so trying, that he made up his mind to yield next time to the impulse, and

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declare himself like a man. But the impulse came, and was nipt like its predecessors ; and the poor despairing Squire felt a load taken off his mind when the door opened, and Rosa and Orelia entered, full of conversation for Lady Lee. So he rose, and muttering to himself that his chance was over for that day, took his leave with the impression that he had left his intentions as profound a secret as ever.—*Lady Lee's Widowhood.*

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.—

HAMMOND, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an American surgeon and author, born at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1828. He graduated at the University of New York in 1848, and entered the army as assistant-surgeon. In 1860 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Maryland, but the next year re-entered the army, and in 1862 was appointed Surgeon-General. Alleged irregularities in the award of contracts led to his dismissal in 1864. In the same year he was appointed a Professor in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York, and Physician-in-chief to the New York Hospital for diseases of the nervous system. In 1878 his sentence was reversed, and he was restored to his full rank. He is the author of valuable medical works, and has written several novels. Among his works are : *A Treatise on Hygiene, with Special Reference to Military Science* (1863), *Sleep and its Derangements* (1869), *Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism* (1870), *A Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System* (1871), *Insanity in its Relations to Crime* (1873), *Over-Mental Work, and Emotional Disturbances* (1878), and *Certain Conditions of Mental Derangement* (1881.) His novels are *Lal*, and *Dr. Grattan* (1884), *Mr. Oldmixon*, and *A Strong-Minded Woman* (1885), *Tales of Eccentric Life*, written in conjunction with his daughter (1886) and *On the Susquehanna* (1887.)

A PRINCESS IN DISGUISE.

Before the words were out of the woman's mouth the singing ceased, and an untidy and scantily clad girl came out into the passage. Her hair was hanging in long, black, frowsy

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masses over her naked shoulders, and her face did not exhibit any obvious indications of a recent acquaintance with soap and water. A single garment, much the worse for dirt and wear, and rather shorter at both ends than was altogether proper, covered a portion of her body; her feet were bare. Still, she was not a bad-looking girl, in spite of the disadvantages in the way of cleanliness and adornment under which she labored. Her black eyes, with their intelligent and thoughtful though good-natured expression, her well-formed and white teeth which she liberally displayed when she laughed, and her shapely mouth—ample but not over-large—made altogether an *ensemble* that was capable of exciting both admiration and interest in most of those who might take the trouble to study her face. In some respects she resembled her mother, but she had not a single feature of her father's in her whole physical organization. To look at the two, no one would have supposed that they bore even the most distant relationship to each other, much less that they were father and daughter.

She was rather above than below the medium height, was well and strongly put together, was muscular without being bony, and graceful in her movements, without perhaps possessing that suppleness of motion resulting from slenderness. Her hands and feet, though giving evidence of hard usage, were nevertheless small and well made. Clearly, she was rough and uncouth in mind and body. She had grown up like a garden-weed, untutored and uncared for. Yes, even worse; for the good points that Nature had put into her had not even been allowed to develop after their own way, but had been dwarfed and twisted and deformed, and crowded out of place, by the circumstances under which she had lived as a child and expanded into womanhood.—*Lal*.



JOHN HANCOCK.

JOHN HANCOCK.—

HANCOCK, JOHN, an American patriot, born at Quincy, Mass., January 12, 1737; died there October 8, 1793. He graduated at Harvard in 1754, then entered the counting-house of an uncle, upon whose death in 1764 he received a large fortune, and soon became a prominent merchant in Boston. In 1766 he was chosen a member of the Legislature. In 1770 occurred the affray known as the Boston massacre. At the funeral of the victims Hancock delivered an oration in which the conduct of the British authorities was so severely censured that the Governor endeavored to arrest him and Samuel Adams, who had also become obnoxious. In 1775, after the action at Concord, Governor Gage offered a free pardon to all rebels except Adams and Hancock, "whose offenses were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment." In 1775 Hancock was chosen President of the Continental Congress, and his name stands first on the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Leaving Congress in 1777, on account of infirm health, he returned to Massachusetts, where he was a member of the Convention for framing a Constitution for the State. Under that Constitution he was elected the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts; and was annually re-elected to that post (with one interval of two years) until his death.

ORATION ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

The attentive gravity, the venerable appearance of this crowded audience, the dignity which I behold in the countenances of so many in this great assembly—the solemnity of the occasion

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upon which we have met together—joined to a consideration of the part I am to take in the important business of the day, fill me with an awe hitherto unknown, and heighten the sense which I have ever had of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk. But allured by the call of some of my respected fellow-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest pleasure to comply, I almost forget my want of ability to perform what they required. . . .

I have ever considered it the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and, having detected, strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot which its enemies may devise for its destruction. Security to the persons and property of the governed is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof of it would be like burning tapers at noonday to assist the sun in enlightening the world; and it cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government which manifestly tends to render insecure the persons and properties of the governed.

Some boast of being friends of government; I am a friend to righteous government, founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the colonies a righteous government? or is it tyranny? What tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shown, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of the inhabitants of the colonies? or rather, what have they omitted

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doing to destroy that security? They have declared that they have—ever had—and of right ought to have—full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. They have exercised this pretended right by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to enforce her mad pretensions. The town of Boston—ever faithful to the British Crown—has been invested by a British fleet. The troops of George the Third have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and which as a king he is bound to defend, even at the risk of his own life. . . .

Surely you will never tamely suffer this country to be a den of thieves. Remember from whom you sprang. Let not a meanness of spirit, unknown to those of whom you boast as your fathers, excite a thought to the dishonor of your mothers. I conjure you by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray, but that ye act—that, if necessary, ye fight, and even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. Break in sunder, with noble disdain, the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminacy into the pit digged for your destruction. Despise the glare of wealth. That people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved; they plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is in their esteem to be preferred to virtue.

But I thank God that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country; who are once its ornament and its safeguard. From them let us

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take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm, and feel, each for himself, the god-like pleasure of diffusing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny; of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal which all the suffering an enraged tyrant can inflict will never take away; which the ingratitude of those whom we have saved from ruin cannot rob us of. The virtuous asserter of the rights of mankind merits a reward which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country—the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot—cannot entirely prevent him from receiving.

I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God. While we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the Universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us leave our concerns in the hands of him who raiseth up and casteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as He pleases; and, with cheerful submission to His sovereign will, devoutly say: “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no m
the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation.”

JAMES HANNAY.—

HANNAY, JAMES, a British novelist and critic, born at Dumfries, Scotland, in 1827; died in 1873. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Navy, served five years, and then resigned, and devoted himself to literary work. He contributed largely to the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, the *Athenæum*, *Punch*, and other periodicals. In 1848 he published *Biscuits and Grog*, *The Claret Cup*, and *Hearts are Trumps*; in 1849, *King Dobbs*; and in 1850 *Singleton Fontenoy*, a novel of sea-life, which gave him a brilliant reputation. Others of his works are *Sketches in Ultramarine* and *Satire and Satirists* (1853), *Sand and Shells* (1854), *Eustace Conyers*, a novel (1855), *Characters and Criticisms*, a collection of essays first published in periodicals, *A Course of English Literature* (1866), and *Three Hundred Years of a Norman House* (1867.) From 1860 to 1864 he was the editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*. In 1868 he was appointed consul at Barcelona, Spain, where he died.

DEATH IN THE SHIP.

This, then, was the dead man's avenger! This was the revenge which he had taken for the ruin brought upon him by the English Crusade. He had left a curse as a legacy, and death for an executor. The Plague was on board the brig. Death lurked in the charmed air. No man could be sure that the Skeleton was not hovering at his elbow. It was an atmosphere of terror and mystery! In the morning, they saw the ghastly emblem of the dread disease—a yellow flag with a black ball in the centre—flying from the fort. Already two men were seized on board. Nausea, faintness, delirium—death—were the steps, in regular succession. Some died raving violently, some

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in a muttering torpor. Of some the death-bed was attended by beautiful visions. Some floated away to the Dark River to the sound of soft music.

Like a wounded bird, that flies away, endeavoring to escape from the agony which it bears within itself, the *Viper* left Tripoli next day, and carried her agony into the loneliness of the sea. All the night before, they had heard from the shore the howl of the jackal. As she moved away in the forenoon, they saw two dark specks approaching. The specks increased in size—they were vultures, lured from their distant homes in Lebanon, by the unerring instinct which tells them when there is death. At noon, two sharks were seen sailing about four hundred yards off, with their fins just above the water. They had seen no sharks before! Yet, there they were, drawn from some secret haunt by the promise of a feast.

Commander Tinsley assembled the officers in his cabin to deliberate, and to give his general instructions in the crisis. Everybody was present. There was a solemnity about the commander's manner that contrasted strangely with his usual language and appearance. But the elements of tragedy are simple enough. Once bring in Death, and your other *dramatis personæ* soon suit themselves to the play. When fair Ophelia's body enters, the gravedigger's jesting is forgotten. Tinsley consulted Flibb and Brunt. The surgeon was nervous, uncertain, and embarrassed. Brunt was cool and grand—confident and courageous—for Brunt had a theory, and very often a theory is as supporting as a religion. . . .

The officers were dismissed to their duties. Part of the ship was turned into a kind of hospital. The clothes of every seaman who died were burnt, together with his hammock. Several things were done in the efficacy of which Brunt did not privately believe; but it

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was necessary to keep up as well as possible the courage of the crew. It was beautiful to see how, when the disease was at its worst, discipline maintained itself. There was philosophy to be learned by studying that. Even men whom the spectacle of death—coming apparently capriciously, and leaving no one safe—impelled to a brutal levity of language and conduct—who laughed at the destroyer—in whom a familiarity with death had bred a terrible contempt of it! the worst of these never broke through a regulation of the ship. They respected law more than they feared the grave.

The brig was sailing under very easy sail in a light wind, near the coast of Asia Minor. It was a beautiful morning, and no one who looked from a distance at the brig, and saw her white sails tapering away to the sky, her beautiful hull bounded by the brilliant line of copper which joined the water in a golden kiss, would have thought what havoc was going on within. The midshipmen's mess were all sitting inside the berth, with the doors shut to hear a report of the state of the vessel, which Brunt used to give them. One more morning, and here they all were, still alive! Singleton used to say that every morning seemed in itself a resurrection! They were all four sitting in silence. Brunt was looking over the notes which he daily made: perhaps it is not too much to say, that the calamity had lost half its horrors for him—it acquired such an intense and beautifying, light from Thought.

"It is odd," muttered Brunt, at last, turning over paper after paper; "scarcely one case with symptoms of recovering! But I tell you what is odd: none of the officers have had it yet. Now, their number being in proportion to that of the whole crew in the ratio of—"

"Hush, doctor!" interrupted little Simms, turning pale and glancing round, as if he thought Death was listening; "don't give us such calculations. I declare there is no hope

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anywhere." So saying, he pulled out a Bible which his mother had given him, and opening it in the Psalms, he read aloud, "How excellent is thy loving-kindness O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

"Disturb yourself as little as you can, my good boy," said Brunt, kindly, moving to close the book gently, which Simms resisted. "Look at me: I am in the thick of it all day," he added; "I move where fly thickest the arrows from the silver bow. If I should get it, by-the-by," he added coolly, "one of you fellows send my notes to Dr. Forbes for the *Medical Quarterly*. If all get well, I will throw such light on the disorder as shall astonish the profession throughout Europe." And the doctor rose and walked forward to inspect his patients, cool, courageous, and indomitable, and moving through the atmosphere of sickness like a refreshing and healthy breeze. . . .

Another morning! Once more the little band met in their berth, sound and well. Still the plague was going on. Still Brunt was active and hopeful; and still the awful notes of phenomena swelled. Whatever that theory might be which sustained the doctor's soul, death seemed the practical part of the affair! Simms read his Bible, and looked forward with timid hope. Welwyn was wrapped up in his serene philosophy; but poor Fontenoy was wretched—disturbed—miserable. *He had no theory!*

Oh! skeptical philosophers, who destroy and cannot build!—oh! fair poets, who dream, and do not teach!—oh! brilliant essayists, who suggest, and cannot satisfy!—behold your pupil here! Pleasant Lalage, whose face beamed dimmer through the past; fair Adela, star of the Morning-land, ye could bring him no consoling thoughts now. Better to have been spawned on the banks of the Nile in the olden time, and behind, if it were only in a brute,

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than to live amidst the wonders of civilization, and have no Faith!—*Singleton Fontenoy.*

HORACE AND JUVENAL.

I may have partially succeeded in showing to you the points of distinction between these famous men:—between the man of the world, who is philosophical and moderate, and the fiery reformer, whose laughter is equally healthy, and whose indignation, however it expresses itself, is a genuine utterance of emotion. Both of them were of simple tastes and habits, as they have described themselves. Horace, in spite of his great associates, loved at times to trot out on his cropped mule; to chat with the country-folk, and ask the price of oil and grain; to wander out and see how the busy hum of men was going on in the Forum or the Circus; to attend at the religious rites in their turn, too, as part of actual life. Home he went after such duties as these, in the soft Italian afternoon, to the simple meal prepared for him—a salad and macaroni not forgotten—with his little goblets, one of wine and one of water, on a table covered, we may be sure, with a snow-white, though not a splendid cloth; then came his sleep; and he rose early—wandered out, reading and meditating; and so the day again went by. Let us think of him, when we do think of him, as such a man as this—as a wise, genial, calm spirit; yes, and worthy too of something better than the admiration of Augustus, and a tomb by the side of his splendid patron. The world cannot often have heard more cheerful and more charming talk than must have been that of a Horatian party, when the men of genius met by themselves, and Virgil's mild and pure spirit brought with it an atmosphere of healthy peace; and the tender and amorous Tibullus told them how Delia should gather apples for them, if they would come and put themselves under the protection of his long-descended Penates.

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I doubt not that the calm and moderate spirit, which was the basis of Horace, increased in strength, as a characteristic, as he drew near to the fifty-seventh year of his age, which ended him. What is called his *nil admirari* doctrine was the expression of that temperament. Not to wonder! To look up at the heaven, with its revolving, starry glories, and feel that no vulgar fear should be inspired by that spectacle in the wise man; to have no foolish love of applause or wealth, no contempt of common life, yet no servility to pleasure; to occupy the firm medium, and defy the blasts of Fortune or the threats of Fate: this is the position of the Horatian philosopher. He does not dread, and he does not waver; but neither is he, however, too much given to enthusiasm, to reverence, or to love. It is as lofty a philosophy as a man of the world can get, perhaps, out of life; it was undoubtedly the most natural one to Horace; and there seems some strong affinity between it and particular stages of national civilization. For at this hour a version of it has hordes of disciples in England; and the Horatian tone of thinking is more consonant to the average mind than the tone which prevailed among our own ancestors in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Juvenal also appeals to our sympathies, not only as a satirist, but in his private personality, as a quiet and wise old Roman spirit, who knew the beauty of a simple and genial communion of hospitality, quite different from the "suppers of Nero," and the dinners of Crispinus. His eleventh *Satire*, in which he asks Persicus to a modest entertainment, promising him a kid innocent still of grass and the willow—a plump kid—but with more milk than blood in him—with no lack of rural delicacies, and a modicum of simple wine—comes in with a strange effect, with a fresh genial influence, like a breath from the old hills of Italy. "You shall hear the verses of the *Iliad*, and of Virgil," says the

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old satirist. And why shall we not think of him, too, as a manly, healthy, and lovable man? He is by no means as polite as Horace; but his mental vigor is equal to anybody's; and, after all, he had deeper laughter than Horace's, too—something, with its virtues and its vices, more like what we understand by the genuine Roman character. Coarse laughter, fierce jests, he has; but with them, quite startling moral aphorisms; while at times there comes from him a kind of prophetic wail, that touches the heart more than any laughter; a cry as of the old blood, shed in the cause of the Republic, “crying from the ground!” The presence of such an element as this stamps the satirist with a moral superiority. From the heart it comes (however the speaker's other inferiorities may qualify it), and all else is comparatively commonplace beside it.

But, after all, whom Time has joined, let not Criticism too eagerly “put asunder.” In the world's history, these men's spirits have worked together in union, each in its own way. We meet them again and again in the world's history, making their separate protests. Whenever a base system is falling, the handwriting of both is seen on the wall. Their office was to appeal to the human mind and heart against the evils which time and corruption bring in their train. As long as any human society shall have impostors and rogues triumphant, the shades of these dead old Romans will be found stirring, like *banchees*, near them, and prognosticating doom!—*Satire and Satirists.*

HARDENBERG FRIEDRICH VON. See
NOVALIS.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.--

HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE, an American author, born in Andover, Mass., in 1847. He was educated at Amherst College and at the West Point Military Academy, and in 1871 was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in Iowa College. From 1874 to 1878 he taught civil engineering in the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College. He was then appointed Professor of Mathematics in the same College. He is the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, a poem (1878), *Elements of Quaternions and Imaginary Quantities* (1881), *But yet a Woman*, a novel (1883), *Topographical Surveying: New Methods in Surveying* (1884), *The Wind of Destiny*, a novel (1886), *Passe Rose* (1889), and *Life and Letters of Joseph H. Neesima* (1891).

A BENEDICTION.

The convent church was crowded. In the tragic play of human destiny there are always the spectators. They climbed the steps and poured down the aisles, an eager, curious throng, filling the chairs while yet the sacristan was lighting the lamps in the great gallery along the nave. From that lofty place, where his taper moved like a wandering star, and above which the arches rose into a gloom the lamps could not dissipate, they appeared so many pygmies whose bustle and murmur the vast spaces overhead swallowed up and silenced. The choir alone was brilliant with light. It shone in the faces of those nearest the railing, and reached up to the white statue of the Holy Mother high above the altar. . . .

The silence had now become complete. Those who came late, and endeavored in vain on the outskirts of the throng to reach a better position, could scarce be heard by those who, near the chancel, watched the glass doors of the choir whence the procession would issue. Suddenly, without warning, the organ sounded, the cantors

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burst into song, "*O gloriosa Virginum, sublimis inter sidera*," and the procession entered the choir doors. How exultant the voices as they rose and echoed overhead like the tide of a sea on the shore. "Thou art the gate of the Supernal King; thou the refulgent palace of light."

As Rénée saw the long files of the Religious, habited in their black church-cloaks and bearing their tapers, follow the cross-bearer to their places this triumphant song buoyed up her heart; and often again the hymns of the cantors and the peal of the organ gave her courage, as the martial strains inspire the soldier in the long day of battle. She had seen the figure, between the Mother Superior and assistant, whom she knew by its secular dress to be Stephanie; but she had not dared to look in its face, and, as the procession approached the sanctuary steps, she had shut her eyes, struggling with a sob that rose from her heart to her throat. All through the sermon she sat motionless. Sometimes the voice of the preacher reached her, but he could not chain her thoughts. They went backwards to the days that were over; and when she lifted her eyes, it was not to the preacher's face, but to that figure sitting alone in the great choir, on whose hair the lights shone and on whom the Mother above looked down. . . .

Would Stephanie not look at her? She was hungry now for a blessing from those eyes. She saw the cincture girded about her, and the veil placed on her head. She watched her as she received the black church-cloak, and took her taper in her hand. She heard again the clear voice rising like the morning star above the mists of earth and fading in the celestial day:—

"The empires of the world, and all the grandeur of this earth, I have despised for love of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and towards whom my heart inclineth." The choir caught up the words:—"Whom I have

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seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and towards whom my heart inclineth."

Rénée watched her with an eagerness of hope and desire. Would she not look upon her now before she received, prostrate at the steps of the altar, the last benediction, and passed forever beyond earthly eyes? Yes, as she turned to the vast audience, her gaze rested for the first time upon the little group near the chancel-rail. Father Le Blanc crossed himself and sighed. Did he think of the part he had played in this human life? Was he thinking of the woman at whose white throat he had so often seen the flash of the Czar's diamonds? Whose heart he, better than any other, had known and gauged, and whose eyes said to him now, "It does not hurt, O Pætus!"

It would be difficult to tell whether the good father's sigh was one of anguish or exultation. It was only for a moment—but for that moment all the light of the choir seemed to radiate from that single face. Then the veil fell over it, the Religious rose from their knees, the acolytes took their places, the procession moved again to the song of the cantors, and disappeared file by file, through the choir doors. In the great throng of the porch, Renée, clinging to her husband's side, whispered, "Did you see her face at the last? It was a prayer." And Roger, who in the compass of that last look had seen the past, from its first unknown pain to its final peace, answered, "It was more than a prayer; it was a benediction."—*But yet a Woman.*

THOMAS HARDY.—

HARDY, THOMAS, an English novelist, born in Dorsetshire, in 1840. In his seventeenth year he was articled to an architect, and about the same time formed an acquaintance with a classical scholar with whom he read for the ensuing four years. In 1871 he published his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, which was followed by *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), and numerous minor tales. *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), was a great success. Among his later works are *The Hand of Ethelberta*, a Comedy in Chapters (1876), *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Trumpet Major*, (1880), *A Laodicean* (1881), *Two on a Tower* (1882), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1882), *The Woodlanders* (1886), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1892), *The Three Wayfarers* (1893) a drama, *Life's Little Ironies* (1894), *Jude the Obscure* (1895).

A THUNDER STORM.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing, and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide. The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and

soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind. Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the color of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line-engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink-stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labor could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at

one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lighting-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it; can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything!" she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third

ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every straw visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

“How terrible!” she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aerial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw, as it were, a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

“Hold on!” said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, rac-

ing around, and mingling all together in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand—a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge ribbon of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air; then all was silent and black as a cave in Hinnom. "We had a narrow escape!" said Gabriel.—*Far from the Madding Crowd.*

EGDON HEATH.

A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract

of uninclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment after moment. Overhead, the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen, the earth with the swarthiest of vegetation, their closing line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an installment of night, which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come; darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upward, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down he would have decided to finish his fagot and go home. The meeting rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to eve; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the forming of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this point of its transitional roll into darkness, the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath, who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen. Its completed effect and explanation lay in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn: then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was indeed a close relation of night; and when the night was beginning to draw near, a certain tendency to gravitate together could be perceived between its shades and the scene. The sombre stretches of round and hollow seemed to rise to meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy; nay, they anticipated its livery, putting on the obscurity of night while the upper night of the sky was still in

the far distance. First, the heath exhaled darkness; next the heavens precipitated it. The obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land then closed together in a black fraternization toward which each advanced half-way.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now. When other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed thus to await something.

What it awaited none could say. It had waited unmoved during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many other things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champagnes of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issue than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for their attractions were utterly wanting. Gay prospects wed happily with gay times; but, alas, if times be not gay! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming. . . .

The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon: he was keeping within the line of legit-

imate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were at least the birth-right of all. Only in summer days of the highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists.

Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity. The storm was its lover; the wind was its friend. Then it became the lair of strange phantoms; it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present an environment perfectly accordant with man's nature—a scene neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted, enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have lived long apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure tract of land, this superseded country, this obsolete thing, figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briery wilderness—"Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. "Tubaria Bruaria"—the right of cutting heath turf—occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heath and moss," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

THOMAS HARDY.—

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscapes—far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untamable Ishmaelish thing that Egdon now is, it always had been. Civilization was its enemy. Ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress—the natural and invariable garment of the formation. In its monomorphous costume lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. For this reason a person on a heath, in raiment of modern cut and colors, wears more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as nowhere the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heath-land which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from pre-historic times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harrassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers changed, the villages changed, the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victim of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow, presently to be referred to, themselves almost crystallized to cosmic products by long continuance—even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

THOMAS HARDY.—

The above mentioned highway traversed in a straight line the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana, or Ikenild street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.—
The Return of the Native.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—

HARE, AUGUSTUS JOHN CUTHBERT, an English author, the nephew of Julius C. and A. W. Hare, born at Rome, in 1834. His father died early, and he was adopted by his uncle Augustus William. He was educated at Harrow School, and at University College, Oxford. His first publication was *Epitaphs for Country Churchyards* (1856.) Among his other publications are *A Winter in Mentone* (1861), *Walks in Rome* (1870), *Wanderings in Spain* and *Memorials of a Quiet Life* (1872), *Days near Rome* (1874), *Cities of Northern and Central Italy* (1875), *The Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen* (1879), *Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily* (1882), *Sketches of Holland and Scandinavia* and *Studies in Russia* (1885), *Paris* and *Days near Paris* (1887), *North-eastern France*, *Southeastern France*, *South-western France* (1890), *Two Noble Lives* (1893), *Sussex* (1894), *The Gurneys of Earham*, *Northwestern France* (1895).

THE RUINS OF POBLET.

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where

the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguet IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it, not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Aragon were brought to be buried. As the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time a conventual life. . . .

The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquesses and counts, less honored, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the

friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell, had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumors began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighboring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection. Nothing was taken away. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. . . .

The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the

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figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs.

The monuments remain, but, so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain. . . .

Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction.—

Wanderings in Spain.

JULIUS C. HARE.—

HARE, JULIUS CHARLES, an English clergyman and author, born in 1796; died in 1855. He was the grandson of Bishop Francis Hare. His father was rector of Herstmonceaux, Sussex. He was educated at the Charterhouse school, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became fellow in 1818. In 1822 he was appointed a tutor in the college, and retained the position for ten years, at the end of which he became rector of Herstmonceaux. At Cambridge he applied himself to the classics, to philology, and a special study of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In 1827 he and his brother, Augustus William Hare, published *Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers*, a collection of essays chiefly critical and philological, and of short paragraphs on various subjects. In 1848 he published a second series containing additions. He was made archdeacon of Lewis in 1840, prebendary of Chichester in 1851, and chaplain to the Queen in 1853. Among his works are several volumes of sermons, *The Duty of the Church in Times of Trial* (1848), *The True Remedy for the Evils of the Age* (1850), *A Vindication of Luther Against some of His Recent English Assailants* (1854), and an edition of *Essays and Tales of John Stirling, with a Memoir* (1848.) He also assisted Thirlwall in the translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828-32.)

AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE, the brother of J. C. Hare, also a clergyman, born in 1792; died in 1834. He was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and in 1829 became rector of Alton Barnes. He was joint author with his brother of *Guesses at Truth*,

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and of two volumes of *Sermons to a Country Congregation*.

A LESSON FOR GENIUS.

It is a lesson which Genius too, and Wisdom of every kind must learn, that its kingdom is not of this world. It must learn to know this, and to be content that this should be so, to be content with the thought of a kingdom in a higher, less transitory region. Then, peradventure may the saying be fulfilled with regard to it, that he who is ready to lose his life shall save it. The wisdom which aims at something nobler and more lasting than the kingdom of this world will also fall into its lap. How much longer and more widely has Aristotle reigned than Alexander! with how much more power and glory Luther than Charles the Fifth! His breath still works miracles at this day.—*Guesses at Truth*.

THE WORK OF TRUE LOVE.

A loving spirit finds it hard to recognize the duty of preferring truth to love—or rather of rising above human love, with its shortsighted dread of causing present suffering, and looking at things in God's light, who sees the end from the beginning, and allows His children to suffer, when it is to work out their final good. Above all is the mind that has been renewed with the spirit of self-sacrifice, tempted to overlook the truth, when, by giving up its own ease, it can for the moment lessen the sufferings of another. Yet, for our friend's sake, self ought to be renounced, in its denials as well as its indulgences. It should be altogether forgotten; and in thinking what we are to do for our friend, we are not to look merely, or mainly, at the manner in which his feelings will be affected at the moment, but to consider what will, on the whole and ultimately, be best for him, so far as our judgment can ascertain it.—*Guesses at Truth*.

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THE TRUE IDEAL.

The common notion of the Ideal, as exemplified more especially in the Painting of the last century, degrades it into a mere abstraction. It was assumed that, to raise an object into an ideal, you must get rid of everything individual about it. Whereas the true ideal is the individual, purified and potentiated, the individual freed from everything that is not individual in it, with all its parts pervaded and animated and harmonized by the spirit of life which flows from the centre.

This blunder, however, ran cheek by jowl with another, much like a pair of mules dragging the mind of man to the palace of the Omnipotent Nonentity. For the purport of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, like that of its unacknowledged parent, and that of the numerous fry which sprang from it, was just the same—to maintain that we have no ideas; or, what amounts to the same thing, that our ideas are nothing more than abstractions, deificated by divers processes of the Understanding. Thus flame, for instance, is an abstraction from coal, a rose from a clod of earth, life from food, thought from sense, God from the world, which itself is only a prior abstraction from Chaos.

There is no hope of arriving at Truth, until we have learnt to acknowledge that the creatures of Space and Time are, as it were, so many chambers of the prison house, in which the timeless, spaceless Ideals of the Eternal Mind are shut up, and that the utmost reach of Abstraction is, not to create, but to liberate, to give freedom and consciousness to that which existed potentially and in embryo before.—*Guesses at Truth.*

WASTEFULNESS OF MORAL GIFTS.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvelous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intel-

lectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men gifted with thoughts "which wander through eternity," and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acres that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion, when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it forever.

JULIUS C. HARE.—

SELF-CONVICTED.

When you see an action in itself noble, to suspect the soundness of its motive is like supposing everything high, mountains among the rest, to be hollow. Yet how many unbelieving believers pride themselves on this uncharitable folly! These are your silly vulgar-wise, your shallow men of penetration, who measure all things by their own littleness, and who, by professing to know nothing else, seem to fancy they earn an exclusive right to know human nature. Let none such be trusted in their judgments upon any one, not even on themselves always.—*Guesses at Truth.*

DISCIPLINE.

Discipline, like the bridle in the hand of a good rider, should exercise its influence without appearing to do so, should be ever active, both as a support, and as a restraint, yet seem to lie easily in hand. It must always be ready to check or to pull up, as occasion may require; and only when the horse is a runaway, should the action of the curb be perceptible.—*Guesses at Truth.*

SIR JOHN HARINGTON.—

HARINGTON, SIR JOHN, an English poet, born in 1561; died in 1612. His mother was an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth stood as his godmother. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. In 1599 he accompanied the Earl of Essex to Ireland, and was by him knighted on the field of battle, to the great displeasure of Queen Elizabeth; but her successor, James I., made him a Knight of the Bath. As early as 1591 he published a translation of Aricsto's *Orlando Furioso*, the first ever made into English. In 1596 he wrote a satirical poem *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*. License to print it was refused; but he published it notwithstanding, and was in consequence excluded from court. He wrote several other satirical poems, among which is *The Englishman's Doctor* (1608.) Twenty years after his death a collection of his *Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams* was appended to a new edition of his *Orlando Furioso*. An edition of his works, with a *Memoir*, was published in 1804. Among his *Epigrams* are the following:

AGAINST CRITICS.

The Readers and the Hearers like my books,
But yet some Writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the
cook.

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, though a man of upright dealing;
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful man-
ner,
Of sundry colored silks displayed a banner,

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Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did
tell,

That he might find it all one day in hell.

The man, affrighted with this apparition,

Upon recovery grew a great precisian ;

He bought a Bible of the best translation,

And in his life he shewed great reformation •

He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,

He heard three lectures and two sermons
weekly ;

He vowed to shun all company unruly,

And in his speech he used no oath but
“ Truly ; ”

And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,

His meat for that day on the eve was drest :

And lest the custom which he had to steal

Might cause him sometimes to forget his
zeal,

He gives his journeyman a special charge,

That if the stuff—allowance being large—

He found his fingers were to filch inclined.

Bid him to have the banner in his mind.

This done—I scant can tell the rest for laugh-
ter—

A captain of a ship came three days after,

And bought three yards of velvet and three-
quarters,

To make Venetians down below the garters

He, that precisely knew what was enough,

Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff.

His man, espying it, said in derision ;

“ Master, remember how you saw the vision ! ”

“ Peace, knave ! ” quoth he ; “ I did not see one
rag

Of such a colored silk in all the flag.”

OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, they say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper. What's the rea-
son ?

For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

HENRY HARLAND.—

HARLAND, HENRY, an American novelist, known by his pen-name of SIDNEY LUSKA, was born in New York City in 1861, and was educated in his native city and at Harvard. In 1883 he was employed in the surrogate's office in New York; but in 1886 devoted himself to literature and later became the editor of the *The Yellow Book*. His novels are: *As it was Written* (1885); *Mrs. Peixada* (1886); *Yoke of the Thorah* (1887); *Land of Love* (1887); *My Uncle Florimond* (1888); *Grandison Mather* (1889); *Latin-Quarter Courtship and other Stories* (1889); *Two Voices* (1890); *Two Women or One* (1890); *Mea Culpa* (1891); *Mademoiselle Miss* (1893); *Gray Roses* (1895).

SCHLEMIEL'S GRATITUDE.

Mr. Sparks and I climbed upstairs to Mr. Sonnenschein's tenement.

"Vail, my kracious, Saimmy, fat brings you baick again so soon?" was the old man's greeting.

As briefly and as clearly as I could I explained what had happened since my former visit.

"*Mein Gott!* You don't mean it!" he cried, when I had done. "Go 'vay. You don't really mean it! Mr. Levinson, he set fire to dot establishment, and you got baick de money? Vail, if I aifer? Vail, dot beats de record; it does, and no mistake. Talk about brains! Fy, Saimmy, smartness ain't no vord for it. You got vun of de graindest haits on your shoulders de Lord aifer mait. And Mr. Levinson, he aictually set fire to dot establishment, so as to get my money! Vail, dat *vas* outracheous, dere ain't no use in talking. Vail, Saimmy, I cain't hardly belief it; I cain't, honor bright."

The marshal was busy with pen and ink at



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a table hard by, drawing up an affidavit and a receipt for Mr. Sonnenschein to sign and swear to. After the old man had laboriously traced his name and vouched for the truth of what was written above it, the marshal handed him the bundle containing his inheritance, and, covered with thanks from both of us, went away.

"Vail, now, Saimmy," said Mr. Sonnenschein, "now I tell you fat you do. You cairry dot poontle down-town mit you, and you go to your popper's office, and you gif it to him, and you tell him to make all de investments of dot money fih he likes. Dere's no two vays about it, Saimmy, I vas a raikular Schlemiel; and I guess maybe de best ting I can do is to let your popper mainage dot money shust exaictly as if it vas his own. No maither fat investments he makes of it, Saimmy, I tell you vun ting, I bet a hat dot vun vay or anudder dot money gets lost inside six monts. Vail, Saimmy, as I told you a great mainy times before already, dis is a fearful funny vorld; and I guess maybe now, aifter dis fire and aiferydings, I guess maybe you'll belief me."

My father made such investments of "dot money" as would yield Mr. Sonnenschein an annual income of fifteen hundred dollars, which the old gentleman, still hale and hearty, is enjoying to this day. Though a Jew by birth and faith, he is as good a Christian as most of the professing ones; for after he learned of Levinson's imprisonment he insisted upon making a liberal provision for Mrs. Levinson and her children. Nor is ingratitude a vice that could justly be attributed to our Schlemiel. When my parents celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding, a few months ago, they received by express a large and luminous worsted-work picture; enclosed by a massive gilt frame, which represented in the primary colors the nuptial ceremonies of Jacob and Rachel. A card attached informed them that

HENRY HARLAND.—

it came with compliments and best wishes from Mr. Sonnenschein and Nettie, and on the obverse of the card, in Mr. Sonnenschein's chirography, we read, "Nettie dun it ole herself."

But his continued prosperity has undermined the old man's philosophy and upset all his established views of life. He calls at my father's office to receive his allowance on the first day of every month. "Vail, ainydings haippened yet?" is the inquiry with which he invariably begins. And when my father replies that nothing has happened, and proceeds to count out his money, "Vail, *Gott in Himmel*, fat kind of a vorld is dis, ainyhow!" he cries. "I gif it oop. I cain't make haitis or tails of it. Here I been a Schlemiel aifer since I vas born already, and now all of a sudden I change ofer, and I ain't no Schlemiel no more. Vail, dot beats me,—it beats me all holler, and no mistake about it. But de Lord done it, and I guess maybe he's got some reason for it. Blessed be de name of de Lord."—*A Latin-Quarter Courtship, and other Stories.*

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.—

HARNEY, WILLIAM WALLACE, an American journalist and poet, born at Bloomington, Indiana, in 1831. He was educated at Louisville College, Ky., studied law, and in 1859 became assistant editor, and in 1869 editor-in-chief, of the *Louisville Democrat*. He subsequently removed to Florida, where he planted an orange-grove, and has published several essays on orange culture. He has written numerous fugitive poems, and sketches of Southern life. He edited *The Bitter Sweet* at Kissimmee, Fla., from 1883 to 1885.

JIMMY'S WOONG.

The wind came blowing out of the west
 And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The wind came blowing out of the west,
It stirred the green leaves out of the rest.
And rocked the blue bird up in his nest,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound
Like children babbling all around,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot so trim and sly,
With sunburnt cheek and laughing eye ;
 And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown ;
He watched her soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down,
 Whenever he looked that way.

Oh ! Milly's heart was good as gold ;
 And Jimmy mowed the hay ;

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.—

Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly—a cunning twain—
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
And then I'll swear she looked her best,
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout;
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER.—

HARPER, WILLIAM RAINEY, educator and author, was born at New Concord, O., July 26, 1856. He was educated at Muskingum College and at Yale University, graduating from the latter in 1875. From 1875 to 1876 he was principal of Masonic College, Macon, Tenn., tutor in Denison University, Granville, O., 1876 to 1879, principal of Denison University from 1879 to 1880, Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages, Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Ill., 1880 to 1886, principal of Chautauqua System, 1891, Professor of the Semitic Languages, Yale University, 1886 to 1891, and Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature, Yale University 1889 to 1891. At the opening of the Chicago University in 1892, he became its president and head Professor of the Semitic Languages and Literatures. He has edited the *Old and New Testament Student and Hebraica*. He teaches by the inductive system and the text-books he has published have been written upon that principle. Among his publications are *Elements of Hebrew Syntax by an Inductive Method* (1888); with R. F. Weidner, *An Introductory New Testament Greek Method* (1889); with I. B. Burgess, *Inductive Latin Primer* (1891); with C. F. Castle, *Exercises in Greek Prose Composition* (1893), and with I. B. Burgess, *Inductive Studies in English Grammar* (1894).

JAMES HARRIS.—

HARRIS, JAMES, an English statesman and philologist, born in 1709; died in 1780. He was educated at Oxford, and entered himself as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn. But when he was twenty-four his father died, leaving him a large fortune, and he abandoned the law, betaking himself to more congenial pursuits. In 1761 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Christ Church, and retained his seat until his death. At different periods he was a Lord of the Admiralty, a Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary and Comptroller to the Queen. He published treatises upon Art, upon Music, Painting, and Poetry, and upon Happiness. His most important work, published in 1751, was *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry Concerning Universal Grammar*. He also published, in 1775, *Philosophical Arrangements*, being a part of a projected work upon the *Logic* of Aristotle. A volume of *Philological Inquiries* appeared after his death.

OF PRONOUNS.

All conversation passes between individuals, who will often happen to be till that instant unacquainted with each other. What, then, is to be done? How shall the speaker address the other when he knows not his name? or how explain himself by his own name, of which the other is wholly ignorant? Nouns, as they have been described, cannot answer this purpose. The first expedient upon this occasion seems to have been pointing, or indicating by the finger or hand; some traces of which are still to be observed, as a part of that action which naturally attends our speaking. But the authors of language were not content with this. They invented a race of words to supply this pointing; which words, as they always stood for substan-

tives or nouns, were characterized by the name of *pronouns*. These also they distinguished into three several sorts, calling them pronouns of the first, the second, and the third person, with a view to certain distinctions, which may be explained as follows: Suppose the parties conversing to be wholly unacquainted, neither name nor countenance on either side known, and the subject of the conversation to be the speaker himself. Here, to supply the place of pointing by a word of equal power, the inventors of language furnished the speaker with the pronoun *I*. *I* write, *I* say, *I* desire, etc; and as the speaker is always principal with respect to his own discourse, this they called, for that reason, the pronoun of the first person. Again, suppose the subject of the conversation to be the party addressed. Here, for similar reasons, they invented the pronoun *thou*; *thou* writest, *thou* walkest, etc. And as the party addressed is next in dignity to the speaker, or at least comes next with reference to the discourse, this pronoun they therefore called the pronoun of the second person. Lastly, suppose the subject of conversation neither the speaker nor the party addressed, but some third object different from both. Here they provided another pronoun, *he*, *she*, or *it*; which, in distinction to the two former, was called the pronoun of the third person. And thus it was that pronouns came to be distinguished by their respective persons.—*Hermes*.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, an American author, born at Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848. In 1862 he answered an advertisement for an apprentice in the office of a small weekly paper, *The Countryman*, published on a plantation nine miles from any post-office. He soon began to contribute to the paper while setting type, and the proprietor, discovering this, encouraged him by lending him books from his library. While in this place he heard the negro folk-lore which he has since given to the world. In 1877 he became connected with the *Atlanta Constitution*; editor-in-chief, 1890. He has published *Uncle Remus* (1880), *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883), *Mingo and Other Sketches* (1884). A novel, *Azalia*, appeared in the *Century* in 1887. His first works embody the negro stories and songs learned on the plantation.

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY.

"Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you baun—Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby, en he set 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news waz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin, down de road—lippity clippity, clippity lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox he lay low.

"'Mawnin' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—' nice wedder dis mawnin,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.—

“‘How duz yo’ sym’tums seem ter segas huate’ says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“Brer Fox, he wink he eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin.’ ‘How you come on, den? Is you deaf?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,’ sezee.

“Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. ‘You’re stuck up, dat’s w’at you is,’ says Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘en I’m gwineter kyore you, dat’s w’at I’m a gwineter do,’ sezee.

“Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stum-muck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain’t sayin’ nothin’.

“‘I’m gwineter larn you howter talk’ ’spect-tubble fokes ef hit’s de las’ ack,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘Ef you don’t take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I’m gwineter bus’ you wide open,’ sezee.

“Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit keep on axin’ ’im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin’ nuthin’, twel present’y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis’, he did, en blip he tuck’er side er de head. Right dar’s whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis’ stuck, en he can’t pull loose. De tar hilt ’im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. “‘Tu’n me loose, fo’ I kick de natral stuffin’ outen you,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don’t tu’n ’im loose, he butt’er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa’ntered fort’; lookin’ dez ez innercent ez wunner yo’ mammy’s mockin’ birds. ‘Howdy, Brer Rabbit,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee. ‘You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin’, sezee, en den he rolled on the groun’, en he laft en laft twel he couldn’t laff no mo’, ‘I speck you’ll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain’t gwineter take no skuse,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee”

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Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im — some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."—*Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings.*

His more recent works include: *Free Joe* (1887), *Daddy Jake the Runaway* (1889), *Life of Henry W. Grady*, former editor of the *Constitution* (1890), *Balaam and His Master*, short stories (1891), *Or the Plantation* (1892), *Uncle Remus and His Friends* (1892), *Little Mr. Thimblefinger*, folk-lore (1894), *Mr. Rabbit at Home* (1895).

JOHN HARRIS.—

HARRIS, JOHN, an English clergyman and author, born in 1802; died in 1856. When fifteen years of age he joined the Independent Church, and began preaching. He afterward studied divinity at the Hoxton Independent College, and became pastor of a church in Epsom. In 1836 he wrote a prize essay, *Mammon, or Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church*. In 1850, on the consolidation of the Independent colleges at Highbury, Homerton, and Conard, he was elected Principal of the new college. Besides *Mammon*, he wrote several other essays, *The Great Teacher* (1835), *Britannia* (1837), *The Great Commission* (1842), and *Contributions to Theological Science*.

ALL SIN SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness is the universal form of human depravity; every sin that can be named is only a modification of it. What is avarice, but selfishness grasping and hoarding? What is prodigality, but selfishness decorating and indulging itself—a man sacrificing to himself as his own god? What is sloth, but that god asleep, and refusing to attend to the loud calls of duty? And what is idolatry, but that god enshrined—man, worshiping the reflection of his own image? Sensuality, and, indeed, all the sins of the flesh, are only selfishness setting itself above law, and gratifying itself at the expense of all restraint. And all the sins of the spirit are only the same principle impatient of contradiction, and refusing to acknowledge superiority, or to bend to any will but its own. What is egotism, but selfishness *speaking*? Or crime, but selfishness without its mask, in earnest, and *acting*? Or offensive war, but selfishness confederated, armed, and bent on aggrandizing itself by violence and blood? An offensive army is the selfishness of a nation embodied, and moving to the attainment of its

object over the wrecks of human happiness and life. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, *even of your lusts?*" And what are all these irregular and passionate desires but that inordinate self-love which acknowledges no law, and will be confined by no rules—that selfishness which is the heart of depravity?—and what but this has set the world at variance and filled it with strife? The first presumed sin of the angels that kept not their first estate, as well as the first sin of man—what was it but selfishness insane? an irrational and mad attempt to pass the limits proper to the creature, to invade the throne, and to seize the rights of the Deity? And were we to analyze the very last sin of which we are conscious, we should discover that selfishness, in one or other of its thousand forms, was its parent. Thus, if love was the pervading principle of the unfallen creation, it is equally certain that selfishness is the reigning law of the world, ravaged and disorganized by sin.

It must be obvious, then, that the *great want* of fallen humanity, is a specific against selfishness, the epidemic disease of our nature. The expedient which should profess to remedy our condition, and yet leave this want unprovided for, whatever its other recommendations might be, would be leaving the seat and core of the disease untouched. And it would be easy to show that in this radical defect consists the impotence of every system of false religion, and of every heterodox modification of the true religion, to restore our disordered nature to happiness and God. And equally easy is it to show that the gospel, evangelically interpreted, not only takes cognizance of this peculiar feature of our malady, but actually treats it as the very root of our depravity, and addresses itself directly to the task of its destruction—that, as the first effect of sin was to produce selfishness, so the first effect of the gospel remedy is to destroy the evil, and to replace it with benevolence.—*Mammon.*

MIRIAM HARRIS.—

HARRIS, MIRIAM (COLES), an American novelist, born in 1834. In 1864 she married Mr. Sidney L. Harris of New York. Her first novel, *Rutledge*, published in 1860, was very popular. She has since written several other novels, and some books for the young. Among these are *The Sutherlands*, *Frank Warrington*, *Saint Philips*, *Happy-go-Lucky*, *Roundhearts*, *Richard Vandermark*, *A Perfect Adonis*, *Missy*, *Phæbe*, *An Utter Failure* (1891), and *A Chit at Sixteen* (1892).

MRS. HAZARD SMATTER.

About this time, Mrs. Varian had a friend to stay with her. Mrs. Varian was always rather shy of her sister's friends: they were apt to be strange cattle. This one, however, Mrs. Varian remembered in her youth, and had no doubt would be of an unobjectionable kind. Mrs. Hazard Smatter had been an inoffensive New York girl, not considered to carry very heavy guns, but good-looking and good-natured. That was the last Mrs. Varian knew of her. In the revolution of years she turned up again, now a middle-aged woman, with feeble gray hair, and misgivings about revealed religion. She had married a Bostonian, and that had been too much for her. She despised her former condition so much as not to desire to allude to it. She was filled with lofty aspirations, and cultivated herself. There was nothing that she did not look into, though it was doubtful whether she saw very much when she did look. Having begun rather late, she had to hurry a good deal to know all that was to be known about History, Science, Art, Theology, and Literature; and as these rivers of human thought are continually flowing on, and occasionally altering their channels, it was perhaps excusable that while she kept up, she sometimes lost her breath, and was a little unintelligible. If it had only been one river,

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but there was such a lot of them, and of course a person of culture can't ignore even a little boiling spring that has just burst out. There's no knowing what it may develop into; one must watch its course, and not let it get ahead of one. Taking notes on the universe is hard work, and Mrs. Hazard Smatter felt that her gray hair was to be accounted for.

Mrs. Varian was quite frightened the first evening; Miss Harriet was delighted. She had always liked the dangerous edge of things, and had felt herself defrauded in being forced to live among such conventional people as her sister's friends. Mrs. Smatter was so unexpectedly changed from the commonplace companion of her youth, that she could not be thankful enough that she had sent for her. The first evening they only got through *Inherited Traits*, the *History of Modern Thought*, the *Subjection of Women*, and a few other light and airy themes, which were treated, of course, exhaustively. To Miss Varian, it was a foretaste of rich treats in store.

"Mamma," cried Missy, when she was alone with Mrs. Varian, "what kind of creature have we got hold of?"

"I can't classify her," said her mother. "But I am afraid it will be very hard to use hospitality without grudging towards a woman who talks so much about the sacerdotal systems of the pre-historic races."

"I'd much rather she'd talk of things I don't understand, than of things I do. Don't you think she might be persuaded to take Aunt Harriet home to Boston with her, to live? Fancy, a few minds to tea two or three times a week, and on the alternate nights, lectures, and clubs and classes. It is just what Aunt Harriet needs, indeed it is. See if you can't lead up to it, mamma."—*Missy*.

• SAMUEL HARRIS.-

HARRIS, SAMUEL, an American clergyman and author, born at East Machias, Maine, in 1814. He was educated at Bowdoin College, studied theology at Andover, and in 1841 became a Congregational minister. From 1855 to 1867 he was Professor of Theology in the school at Bangor, Maine; from 1867 to 1871 President of Bowdoin College, and in 1871 became Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale College. He has published *Zaccheus, or the Scriptural Plan of Benevolence*, *Christ's Prayer for the Death of His Redeemed*, *The Christian Doctrine and Human Progress*, *The Kingdom of Christ on Earth*, *The Philosophical Basis of Theisms*, and *The Self-Revelation of God*.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Theology is not one-sided in excluding either the physical or the spiritual. It does not exclude the physical world, but reveals it in its true reality and its higher significance. It does not exclude the spiritual world, but reveals it as the deeper reality which is manifested in nature, and to whose highest ends nature is subordinate; in which man, knowing himself as spirit, finds himself at home and lives in intimacy with God. And his knowledge of God is not vacant in empty thought, but is knowledge of concrete reality in its fullest and richest significance, the knowledge of God and of spiritual realities given in the experience of life. This knowledge does not lie in the mind as gold coins lie in a purse, the purse unchanged and not benefited by its contents, and the coins having no vital connection with the purse; but the mind has taken it up in the processes of its own life and growth, as a living plant takes up the soil and water and transfers them into its own living organization.

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We see then that knowledge is not an empty, subjective act, but is the subjective intelligence, acting on a presented or revealed object which gives body and illuminating power to its otherwise thin and uneffulgent flame. If the mind can pass beyond all that is immediately before the senses and explore the universe, it is because it apprehends planets and suns, molecules and masses, motions and forces, bodies and spirits, and, supported on their substantial reality, advances to the knowledge of all that is. So the knowledge of God presupposes a revelation of God. It is a revelation found by the seeker after him in nature, in the history of mankind, and in Christ, but first of all in the soul of the seeker himself. We have seen that God reveals Himself in the religious sentiments common to all men. A Christian has the clearer and larger revelation of God in his purer and more powerful experience of God's presence and grace in the Spirit, which testifies of Christ and brings the great motives of God's revelation in him to bear upon the soul. Thus the idea of God and the belief in Him is not at the end, but at the beginning of the so-called proof of his existence." We ascertain the elements which enter into the idea, and the reasons why we believe that he exists; we bring the grounds of the belief into the light of reason, and judge whether they are reasonable; and we find it reasonable to believe that God reveals Himself in our experience; that we know Him as present and acting within the compass of our own consciousness. We find him within ourselves. No man climbs to the throne of God by the pathway of the stars who has not first faced him in the inner sanctuary of his own soul.—*The Self-Revelation of God.*

WILLIAM TORREY HARRIS.—

HARRIS, WILLIAM TORREY, an American philosophical writer, born at North Killingly, Connecticut, in 1835. He was educated at the Woodstock, Worcester, and Phillips Academies, and at Yale College, which he entered in 1854. At the close of his junior year he removed to St. Louis, Missouri, where he became the principal of a public school. He was one of the founders of the St. Louis Philosophical Society, in 1866, and in 1867 began the publication of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, of which he has ever since been the editor. In 1868 he became Superintendent of Schools in St. Louis. In 1880 he removed to Concord, Massachusetts. He has delivered numerous lectures and addresses upon art, social science, and education; edited the department of philosophy in *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, for which he wrote many articles; and in 1874 wrote a *Statement of the Theory of Education in the United States*, for the Vienna Exposition. In 1877 he was appointed University Professor of the Philosophy of Education in Washington University, St. Louis. He was one of the founders of the Summer School of Philosophy, at Concord, Massachusetts. In 1890, he published *The Logic of Hegel*, and in 1891 *Spiritual Sense of the Divine Commedia*.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Michel Angelo passes by all subordinate scenes and seizes at once the supreme moment of all History—of the very world itself and all it contains. This is the vastest attempt that the artist can make, and is the same that Dante has ventured upon in the *Divina Commedia*. In Religion we seize the absolute truth

WILLIAM TORREY HARRIS.—

as a process going on in Time : the deeds of humanity are judged "after the end of the world." After death Dives goes to torments, and Lazarus to the realm of the blest. In this supreme moment all worldly distinctions fall away, and the naked soul stands before Eternity with naught save the pure essence of its deeds to rely upon. All souls are equal before God, so far as mere worldly eminence is concerned. Their inequality rests solely upon the degree that they have realized the Eternal will by their own choice.

But this dogma, as it is held in the Christian Religion, is not merely a dogma ; it is the deepest of speculative truths. As such it is seized by Dante and Michel Angelo, and in this universal form every one must recognize it if he would free it from all narrowness and sectarianism. The point of view is this :—The whole world is seized at once under the form of Eternity ; all things are reduced to their lowest terms. Every deed is seen through the perspective of its own consequences. Hence every human being under the influence of any one of the deadly sins—Anger, Lust, Avarice, Intemperance, Pride, Envy, and Indolence—is being dragged down into the Inferno just as Michel Angelo has depicted. On the other hand, any one who practices the cardinal virtues—Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude—is elevating himself towards celestial clearness.

If any one will study Dante carefully, he will find that the punishments of the Inferno are emblematical of the very states of the mind one experiences when under the influence of the passion there punished. To find the punishment for any given sin, Dante looks at the state of mind which it causes in the sinner, and gives it its appropriate emblem. . . .

So Michel Angelo in this picture has seized things in their essential nature ; he has pierced

through the shadows of time, and exhibited to us at one view the world of humanity as it is in the sight of God, or as it is in its ultimate analysis. Mortals are there, not as they seem to themselves or to their companions, but as they are when measured by the absolute standard—the final destiny of spirit. This must recommend the work to all men of all times, whether one holds to this or that theological creed; for it is the Last Judgment in the sense that it is the ultimate or absolute estimate to be pronounced upon each deed, and the question of the eternal punishment of any individual is not necessarily brought into account. Everlasting punishment is the true state of all who persist in the commission of those sins. The sins are indissolubly bound up in pain. Through all times anger shall bring with it the “putrid mud” condition of the soul; the indulgence of lustful passions, the stormy tempest and spiritual night; intemperance, the pitiless rain of hail and snow and foul water. The wicked sinner—so far forth and so long as he is a sinner—shall be tormented forever; for we are now and always in Eternity. Just as we strive in our human laws to establish justice by turning back upon the criminal the effects of his deeds, so *in fact* when placed “under the form of Eternity” all deeds do return to the doer; and this is the final adjustment, the “end of all things”—it is *the Last Judgment*. And this judgment is now and is always the only actual Fact in the world.

FREDERIC HARRISON.—

HARRISON, FREDERIC, an English author, born in London, in 1841. He was educated at Oxford, and was called to the bar in 1858. From 1867 to 1869 he was a member of the Royal Commission upon Trades Unions, and in 1869-70 Secretary to the Royal Commission for the Digest of the Law. In 1877 he was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law. He has contributed numerous articles to the *Westminster, Fortnightly, Nineteenth Century*, and *Contemporary Reviews*, and has published the following works: *The Meaning of History* (1862), *Order and Progress* (1875), *The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces* (1886), *Oliver Cromwell* (1888), and an English translation of *Social Statics, or the Abstract Theory of Social Order*, the second volume of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (1875). He was one of the founders of the Positivist School in 1870, and of Newton Hall in 1881.

THE REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT.

Better than all attack on monarchy is the cultivation of the true republican sentiment. That sentiment in its integrity is the noblest and the strongest that has ever animated communities. It is nothing but the most exalted force of that which all society implies; for it is the utmost distribution of function with the greatest social co-operation. In simple words, it is the idea that the common good permeates and inspires every public act. Government becomes the embodiment of the common good; to accomplish which is its only title. The one qualification of office, the sole right to power, is capacity to effect this common good. He who commands with this title in the State, ordains not merely with the whole force of a superior nature, but with the majesty of that

FREDERIC HARRISON.—

multitude of wills which are incarnate in his. From the humblest official up to the first magistrate of the State, all who have public duties feel behind them the might of the united community. Every public act of every citizen, and in the republic life is but one long public act, is in itself an act of patriotism, has its bearing on the welfare of the State. The barren claim of rights, the coarse notion of property in power, the sense of being born to privilege, dies out of the social conscience, and from one end of the body politic to the other there rises up the supreme instinct that no function is legitimate save that which is truly fulfilled. This was the idea which lit in the mind of the Roman the thought of the City, as that from which all that gave him dignity was drawn, as that to which his life and powers were continually and entirely owed. This too, throughout the Middle Ages, was the spirit which inspired the municipal bodies to whose energy civilization owes the seeds of its progress. It was, in fact, but this spirit which in a crude and personal form was the real spring of that loyalty and liege-trust which are the boast of the feudalisms and royalties of Europe. And it is simply this which in the scramble of our modern society makes any government possible, or gives any dignity to our national life.—*Order and Progress.*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.—

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, an American poet and novelist, born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839. In 1854 he went to California, and after working successively as miner, school-teacher and express-messenger, he entered the office of *The Golden Era*, as compositor. He contributed numerous articles to the paper, and was at length transferred to the editorial room. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. Upon the establishment of the *Overland Monthly*, in 1868, he became its editor. From 1878 to 1885 he was consul successively at Creffield and Glasgow. Several of his books are collections of tales and sketches originally contributed to periodicals. His works include *Condensed Novels* (1867), *Poems* (1870), *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches* (1870), *East and West Poems* (1871), *Poetical Works* (1871), *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands* (1872), *Echoes of the Foot-Hills* (1874), *Tales of the Argonauts* (1875), *Gabriel Conroy* (1876), *Two Men of Sandy Bar* (1876), *Thankful Blossom* (1877), *Story of a Mine and Drift from Two Shores* (1878), *The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories* (1879), *In the Carquinez Woods* (1883), *On the Frontier* (1884), *By Shore and Ledge* (1885), *Snow-bound at Eagle's* (1886), *The Crusade of the Excelsior* (1887), *A Phyllis of the Sierras* (1888.)

TAKING THE LUCK WITH HIM.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain-creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-



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course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once, and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner: but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.—*The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.—

SNOW IN THE SIERRAS.

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak—filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still falling. It had been snowing for ten days, snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes ; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently ! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it—it had so permeated, filled, and possessed earth and sky ; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sign or complaint from the snow-packed rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbush ; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete. — *Gabriel Conroy.*

THE BULLS OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

The absolute freedom of illimitable space, the exhilaration of the sparkling sunlight and the excitement of the opposing wind, which was strong enough to oblige him to exert a certain degree of physical strength to overcome it, so wrought upon Arthur that in a few moments

he had thrown off the mysterious spell which the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity appeared to have cast over his spirits, and had placed a material distance between himself and its gloomy towers.

The landscape which had hitherto seemed monotonous and uninspiring, now became suggestive; in the low dome-shaped hills beyond, that were huddled together like half-blown earth-bubbles raised by the fiery breath of some long-dead volcano, he fancied he saw the origin of the Mission architecture. In the long sweep of the level plain, he recognized the calm uneventful life that had left its expression in the patient gravity of the people. In the fierce restless wind that blew over it, a wind so persistent and perpetual that all umbrage—except a narrow fringe of dwarfed willows defining the line of an extinct water-course—was hidden in sheltered cañons and the leeward slopes of the hills, he recognized something of his own restless race, and no longer wondered at the barrenness of the life that was turned toward the invader.

“I dare say,” he muttered to himself, “somewhere in the leeward of these people’s natures may exist a luxurious growth that we shall never know. I wonder if the Doña has not—” but here he stopped, angry; and, if the truth must be told, a little frightened at the persistency with which Doña Dolores obtruded herself into his abstract philosophy and sentiment.

Possibly something else caused him for the moment to dismiss her from his mind. During his rapid walk he had noticed, as an accidental and by no means an essential feature of the bleak landscape, the vast herds of crawling, purposeless cattle. An entirely new and distinct impression was now forming itself in his consciousness: namely, that they no longer were purposeless, vagrant, and wandering, but were actually obeying a certain definite

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law of attraction, and were moving deliberately toward an equally definite object. And that object was himself!

Look where he would; before, behind, on either side—north, east, south, west, on the bleak hill-tops, on the slope of the *falda*, across the dried up *arroyo*, there were the same converging lines of slowly moving objects towards a single focus—himself! Although walking briskly and with a certain definiteness of purpose, he was apparently the only unchanging, fixed, and limited point in the now active landscape. Everything that rose above the dead, barren level was now moving slowly, irresistibly, instinctively, but unmistakably, towards one common centre—himself! Alone and unsupported he was the helpless unconscious nucleus of a slowly gathering force, almost immeasurable in its immensity and power.

At first the idea was amusing and grotesque. Then it became picturesque. Then it became something for practical consideration. And then—but no!—with the quick and unerring instincts of a powerful will he choked down the next consideration before it had time to fasten upon or paralyze his strength. He stopped and turned. The Rancho of the Blessed Trinity was gone! Had it suddenly sunk in the earth or had he diverged from his path? Neither; he had simply walked over the little elevation in the plain beside the *arroyo* and *corral*, and had already left the rancho two miles behind him.

It was not the only surprise that came upon him suddenly like a blow between the eyes. The same mysterious attraction had been operating in his rear and when he turned to retrace his steps towards the Mission, he faced the staring eyes of a hundred bulls not fifty yards away. As he faced them the nearest turned, the next followed their example, the next the same, and the next, until in the dis-

tance he could see the movement repeated with military precision and sequence.

With a sense of relief that he put aside as quickly as he had the sense of fear, he quickened his pace, until the nearest bull ahead broke into a gentle trot, which was communicated line by line to the cattle beyond, until the whole herd before him undulated like a vast monotonous sea.

He continued on across the *arroyo* and past the *corral*, until the blinding and penetrating cloud of dust raised by the plunging hoofs of the moving mass before him caused him to stop. A dull reverberation of the plain—a sound that at first might have been attributed to a passing earthquake—now became so distinct that he turned. Not twenty yards behind him rose the advance wall of another vast tumultuous sea of tossing horns and undulating backs that had been slowly following his retreat! He had forgotten that he was surrounded.

The nearest were now so close upon him that he could observe them separately. They were neither large, powerful, vindictive, nor ferocious. On the contrary, they were thin, wasted, haggard, anxious beasts—economically equipped and gotten up, the better to wrestle with a six months' drought, occasional famine, and the incessant buffeting of the wind; wild and untamable, but their staring eyes and nervous limbs expressed only wonder and curiosity. And when he ran towards them with a shout, they turned as had the others, file by file, and rank by rank, and in a moment were like the others in full retreat. Rather, let me say, retreated as the others *had* retreated, for when he faced about again to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he fronted the bossy bucklers and inextricable horns of those he had driven only a few moments ago before him. They had availed themselves of his diversion with the rear-guard to return.

With the rapidity of a quick intellect and swift perceptions Arthur saw at once the resistless logic and utter hopelessness of his situation. The inevitable culmination of all this was only a question of time—and a very brief period. Would it be sufficient to enable him to reach the *casa*? No! could he regain the *corral*? Perhaps. Between it and himself already were a thousand cattle. Would they continue to retreat as he advanced? Possibly. But would he be overtaken meanwhile by those in his rear?

He answered the question for himself by drawing from his waistcoat pocket his only weapon, a small "Derringer," and taking aim at the foremost bull. The shot took effect in the animal's shoulder and he fell upon his knees. As Arthur had expected, his nearest comrades stopped and sniffed at their helpless companion. But, as Arthur had not expected, the eager crowd pressing behind overbore them and their wounded brother, and in another instant the unfortunate animal was prostrate and his life beaten out by the trampling hoofs of the resistless, blind, and eager crowd that followed. With a terrible intuition that it was a foreshadowing of his own fate, Arthur turned in the direction of the corral and ran for his very life.

As he ran he was conscious that the act precipitated the inevitable catastrophe—but he could think of nothing better. As he ran, he felt from the shaking of the earth beneath his feet that the act had once more put the whole herd in equally active motion behind him. As he ran he noticed that the cattle before him retreated with something of his own precipitation. But as he ran he thought of nothing but the awful Fate that was following him, and the thought spurred him to an almost frantic effort.

I have tried to make the reader understand that Arthur was quite inaccessible to any of

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those weaknesses which mankind regard as physical cowardice. In the defense of what he believed to be an intellectual truth, in the interests of his pride or his self-love, or in a moment of passion he would have faced death with unbroken fortitude and calmness. But to be the victim of an accident; to be the lamentable sequel of a logical succession of chances, without motive or purpose; to be sacrificed for nothing, without proving or disproving anything; to be trampled to death by idiotic beasts, who had not even the instincts of passion or revenge to justify them; to die the death of an ignorant tramp or any negligent clown—a death that had a ghastly ludicrousness in its method, a death that would leave his body a shapeless, indistinguishable, unrecognizable clod which affection could not idealize nor friendship reverence—all this brought a horror with it so keen, so exquisite, so excruciating, that the fastidious, proud, intellectual being, fleeing from it, might have been the veriest dastard that ever turned his back on danger. And superadded to it was a superstitious thought that for its very horror, perhaps it was a retribution for something that he dared not contemplate!

And it was then that his strength suddenly flagged. His senses began to reel. His breath, which had kept pace with the quick beating of his heart, intermitted, hesitated—was lost! Above the advancing thunder of hoofs behind him, he thought he heard a woman's voice. He knew now that he was going crazy!—he shouted and fell—he rose again and staggered forward a few steps and fell again. It was over now! A sudden sense of some strange, subtle perfume beating up through the acrid, smarting dust of the plain that choked his mouth and blinded his eyes—came swooning over him. And then the blessed interposition of unconsciousness and peace!

He struggled back to life again with the word "Philip" in his ears, a throbbing brow,

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and the sensation of an effort to do something that was required of him. Of all experience of the last few moments only the perfume remained. He was lying alone in the dry bed of the *arroyo*, on the bank a horse was standing and above him bent the dark face and darker eyes of Doña Dolores.—*Gabriel Conroy*.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.*

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre: The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

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But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor—"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

DICKENS IN CAMP.*

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face, and form that drooped and
fainted
In the fierce race for wealth ;

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Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure

A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless
leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered
faster,

And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English
meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire!
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

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THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.*

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shining,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought that cannot find expression
For ruder speech too fair,
That like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home-face his foolish thought sur-
prises
And passes in a tear.

Some boyish vision of an Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept by bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfil,
For in the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still.

A GRAYPORT LEGEND.*

(1797).

They ran through the streets of the seaport
town,
They peered from the decks of the ships that
lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down

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Was never as cold or white as they.

“Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden”

Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats in the lower bay.

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear—

Drifted clear beyond the reach or call—

Thirteen children they were in all—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper: “God help us all!
She will not float till the turning-tide!”

Said his wife: “My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide.”

And she lifted a quivering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird’s cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew
And the lap of water and creak of oar;

And they felt the breath of the downs fresh
blown

O’er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel-fishers shorten sail:

For the signal they know will bring relief:

For the voices of children still at play

In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman’s tale,

A theme for a poet’s idle page;

But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,

We hear from the misty troubled shore

The voice of children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.—

Bret Harte is a voluminous writer, and in the past few years has written many interesting stories, including: *A Ward of the Golden Gate* (1890), *A Waif of the Plains* (1890), *Sally Dows* (1892), *A Sappho of Green Springs* (1892), *Susy* (1893), *A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's* (1894), *The Bell-ringer of Angel's* (1894), *Clarence* (1895).

DAVID HARTLEY.—

HARTLEY, DAVID, an English philosopher, born in 1705; died in 1757. He was designed for the Church, and was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he became a fellow; but having scruples about subscribing to some of the "Thirty-nine Articles," he studied medicine, which he successfully practiced at London, and at Bath, where he died. At the age of twenty-five he began the composition of his principal work, *Observations on Man, His Frame, His Duty, and His Expectations*, published in 1748, which acquired for him the reputation of being one of the most acute metaphysicians of his day.—His son, also DAVID HARTLEY (1729–1813), was a member of Parliament, and steadily opposed the war waged by Great Britain against the American colonies. He was a frequent correspondent of Benjamin Franklin, and was one of the plenipotentiaries sent to treat at Paris with Franklin. Hartley's theory of sensation is perhaps the earliest attempt to explain psychological phenomena on physiological principles. The following is a condensed statement of his general theory:

THEORY OF SENSATION.

The white medullary substance of the brain, spinal marrow, and the nerves proceeding from them, is the immediate instrument of sensation and motion. External objects excite vibration in the medullary cord, which are connected by a certain elastic ether. When a sensation has been frequently experienced, the vibratory movement from which it arises acquires a tendency to repeat itself spontaneously. Ideas are but these repetitions or relics of sensation, and in their turn recall other ideas. By the development of the law of association, and

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chiefly by the law of transference, we may account for all the phenomena of the mental constitution. In many cases the idea which is the link of association between two other ideas comes to be disregarded, though the association still remains, thus the idea of money is connected with that of pleasure by the conveniences which wealth may supply; but the miser takes delight in money without thinking of these conveniences. In a similar way we may account for almost all the human emotions and passions.

Sir James Mackintosh, however, criticises sharply Hartley's theory of sensation. He says: "His capital fault is that of a rash generalization, which may prove imperfect, and which is at least premature. All attempts to explain or instruct by this principle have hitherto been unavailing. Many of the most important processes of reasoning have not hitherto been accounted for by it."

WILLIAM HOPE HARVEY.—

HARVEY, WILLIAM HOPE, lawyer and writer on political economy, was born in Buffalo, Putnam County, W. Va., August 16, 1851. His father is a Virginian, his mother a native of Kentucky. The son's early life was spent on a farm near his birthplace. He was educated in a country school, at the Buffalo Academy, and at Marshall College, in Cabell County, W. Va. At Marshall College he spent but three months. After leaving the college he taught for a number of terms, then began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1870. For a number of years he practised in Cabell County, W. Va. In 1875 he removed to Cleveland, O., and in 1878 to Chicago. He resided in Chicago for two years, when he went to Gallipolis, O., having become the special attorney of some large wholesale houses in Ohio. In 1884 he removed to Colorado, gave up the practice of law, and from this time until 1893 was engaged in making investments in Western property in Colorado, Utah, and California. In May, 1893, he returned to Chicago and began writing on financial subjects. His book, *Coin's Financial School*, which attracted a good deal of attention throughout the United States, was published June, 1894. It advocated the free coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1. Soon after its publication, the author was invited by a committee of business men of Chicago to meet Hon. Roswell G. Horr of New York in joint debate, the discussion to be based upon the principles or propositions laid down in *Coin's Financial School*. This debate began in the hall of the Illinois Club

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in Chicago on July 16, 1895, and continued through nine days, closing July 29, 1895. It was reported by official stenographers only, verbatim reports being furnished to the press, and at its close an official report, bound in book form, was published, indorsed by both disputants. Mr. Harvey has published *Coin's Financial School* (1894); *A Tale of Two Nations* (1894); *Coin's Financial School Up to Date* (1895); *Coin's Financial Series* (1895); and *The Great Debate* (1895), the last named being the Horr-Harvey debate.

THE OPTION OF THE DEBTOR.

Now I proceed with the argument of what is scientific bimetallism. An important branch of it is the option that we have of paying in either metal. So important is the question of the impartial treatment of the two metals in respect to legal-tender that it has always been regarded as one of the most important essentials in bimetallism. The option of the debtor to pay in either metal is a vital principle. Unlimited free coinage at the mints guarantees substantial parity. But if, by reason of short supply, a corner on one of the metals, or from any other reason, one of the metals is enhanced in value, the debtor exercises his option to pay in the other metal, and this transfers the demand from the dearer metal to the cheaper metal. A break in the commercial parity causes the cheaper metal to be used. This increases the demand for the cheaper metal. This increased demand restores the value of the metal that has thus fallen below a parity and brings it back to parity. To give the option to the creditor causes the dearer metal to be demanded, and it thus grows dearer and dearer, and a parity is permanently broken, and the gap grows

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wider and wider. When the debtor has the option the two metals will oscillate close to a parity and substantially at a parity. This oscillation is the elasticity that bimetallism gives to primary money. If one becomes scarce the other is used. If one is cornered the other takes its place. Either answers for money. This option in the debtor regulates the demand.—*The Great Debate.*

INDEPENDENT ACTION.

I am in favor of independent action of this country because it rights a great wrong. If it be said that some one will be injured, the answer is that more have been injured by the wrong. And again that more will be injured by the continuation of the crime. Again the answer is, to continue it is to sacrifice the life and happiness of millions, and to invite the destruction of our national existence. Where there is a necessity there is a remedy. Another reason for independent action is that we should be free from all European influences. When our forefathers declared their independence they intended that this government be free from all class legislation of Europe. To admit that international action in this matter is necessary is to admit that the parliaments of the monarchies of Europe can make laws for us affecting this nation in its most vital interests. We would repel by a declaration of war an attempt to lay a tax upon us to support their governments, and yet with the assistance of Tories in our midst we allow them, by financial law, to deplete us of hundreds of millions of dollars. And now this tribute-laying has so injured and crippled us as to make us seemingly unconscious of the humiliation of our national finances being in the hands of a London banking house.

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And what reason do they give you for all this? They say that we must have an international money, as if trade with them were worth the price of our liberties. When you are dealing with nations whose commerce bears the relation that ours does to theirs, we can exert a more powerful influence in fixing their financial policy than they can in fixing ours. They need our trade more than we need theirs. We had no international money between 1861 and 1879. We did not need it then, and we do not need it now. International balances with Europe are now settled by weight and not by the stamp upon the coins. Balances are settled in bullion by weight, and passing as merchandise and not as money. There is no such thing as international money.—*The Great Debate.*

BIMETALLISM DEFINED.

What we are contending for is the opening of the mints to the free coinage of silver (they are now open to the free and unlimited coinage of gold and have never been closed to that metal) and the establishment of bimetallism on those simple and fixed principles that were adopted by those statesmen who had in view the interest of no class, but of all the people. What we want is bimetallism. And scientific bimetallism is this:

First—Free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver; these two metals to constitute the primary or redemption money of the government.

Second—The silver dollar of $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of pure silver to be the unit of value, and gold to be coined into money at a ratio to be changed if necessary from time to time if the commercial parity to the legal ratio shall be affected by the action of foreign countries.

Third—The money coined from both metals to be legal tender in the payment of all debts.

WILLIAM HOPE HARVEY.—

Fourth—The option as to which of the two moneys is to be paid in the liquidation of a debt to rest with the debtor, and the government also to exercise that option when desirable when paying out redemption money.

The mints are now open to the unlimited coinage of gold. Such portion of the product of that metal as does not find an immediate demand to be used in the arts and manufactures is taken to the mints and coined into money—into money—and becomes at once the object for which all other products seek the market. It thus has an unlimited market, as the mints are open to all of it that comes.

This was true also as to silver prior to 1873, but by operation of Sec. 21 of the act of that year the mints were closed to the unlimited coinage of that metal. Hence, when silver now seeks the market and exhausts the demand supplied by the arts and manufactures, and the small purchases of the government to coin it into token money, the demand for it ceases. Gold has an unlimited demand. Silver has a limited demand. Silver is now a commodity to be measured in gold. It is an object to be gored and kicked by bulls and bears. It is shut out from the United States mint.

It is token money. It has been deprived of that unlimited demand it enjoyed prior to 1873. We would restore to it that unlimited demand. We would open the mints to it again. We would leave the mints open to gold as they are now. We would give silver the same privileges as gold. Restoring to it this unlimited demand would cause the value of silver to rise as compared with gold. This is what we want. This is what we would do. — *Coin's Financial Series No. 7: The Harvey-Laughlin Debate.*

ALICE B. HAVEN.—

HAVEN, ALICE (EMILY BRADLEY), an American author, born at Hudson, N. Y., in 1828; died at Mamaroneck, N. Y., in 1863. Her father died on her third birthday, and she was adopted by an uncle, but returned to her home after her mother's second marriage. A disease of the eyes which threatened to result in total blindness interfered with her early studies, but her vigorous mind overcame what might have been a serious obstacle to improvement. She was educated at a girl's school in New Hampshire. While very young she began to contribute to newspapers and magazines. A story, *The First Declaration*, published by her under the signature of Alice G. Lee, in the *Saturday Gazette* of Philadelphia, led to her acquaintance with the editor, Joseph C. Neal, and to her marriage with him in 1846. At his request she dropped her own name, Emily, and assumed that of Alice, which she always retained. After her husband's death in 1847, she assumed charge of the *Gazette*, which she conducted successfully for several years, editing the Children's Department under the name of "Cousin Alice." In 1853 she married Mr. Samuel G. Haven. In 1850 she published *The Gossips of Rivertown, with Sketches in Prose and Verse*, and a book for children entitled *No Such Word as Fail*, one of a series of tales which made her name a household word among the young. She had previously published *Helen Morton*, a story founded on her own childish sufferings and dread of blindness. After *No Such Word as Fail* she wrote *Out of Debt Out of Danger*, *Contentment better than Wealth*, *Nothing Venture Nothing*

ALICE B. HAVEN.—

Have, A Place for Everything, Patient Waiting no Loss, All's not Gold that Glitters, Where there's a Will there's a Way, The Coopers and other stories. Portions of her Diary were published in 1835, under the title of *Cousin Alice: A Memoir of Alice B. Haven.*

THE BEGINNING OF A SLANDER.

But to return to Mrs. Harden's parlor, which was so unceremoniously deserted. Mrs. Utley is by this time quite at home there—Bobby's mother is nicely warmed, and Bobby himself has gone tranquilly to sleep. Misses Susan and Sarah Ann are charitably furnishing employment for the man who tunes Miss Harriet's piano. Henry Utley is devoted to the kitten, and his baby brother sits on his mother's lap, resisting all Miss Harriet's entreaties to "Come, there's a darling" with slight kicks, and the exclamations "No, I won't—keep away!"

The ladies' knitting-work saw the light, and their tongues found motion, as a kind of running accompaniment to the sharp click which rose industriously above the dim of the children. Mrs. Folger thought it was a very open winter, and she "should'nt be surprised if the river broke up next week." Mrs. Utley was afraid not; her husband had said, at dinner, that they crossed with teams in the morning; the ice must be pretty sound yet. Harriet gave brother John's opinion that the channel would not be clear of ice before the first of April. Miss Harriet, be it observed, was one of those people who—perhaps it is that their words are often doubted—always give the best of references; Pa, Ma, or John being made responsible for innumerable bits of gossip, that would doubtless have astonished these good people, had they reached their ears. Innumerable were the topics that received similar treat-

ment—not to be hinted at—the many important secrets communicated with the preface of “Don’t mention it for the world, from me!” and interrupted by exclamations of “Do tell!” “No?” and the like. At length there was silence—comparative silence, that is—for the children were as industrious as ever. Mrs. Harden stepped out a minute to tell Hannah for the fortieth time, to be careful of the china; and as the door closed behind her, a bright face passed the window—and lo, another theme:

“If there isn’t Mary Butler again!” said one of the ladies, as the three looked after her retreating form.

“That girl’s always in the street!”

“So John says!”

But horror for the moment suspended speech, and raised six hands simultaneously.

“Did you ever see the like?”

“She called him back, did n’t she?”

“Yes, he had got to Stone’s store.”

“Well, I don’t wonder he looks strange—just to see her shaking her finger at him, just as if she’d known him all her life, and to my certain knowledge she never saw him before Mrs. Jackson’s party; but when girls are in the street all the time, what can be expected?” Mrs. Folger drew a long sigh, and shook her head ominously.

Here Mrs. Harden returned, and was made acquainted with the important fact—all the witnesses speaking at once—that Mary Butler was going up street (for the third time this week, and it’s only Wednesday)—and met Mr. Jorden just by the bank. He bowed very coldly (did n’t he?) and was going on, when Mary Butler called him back, and they stood laughing and talking for as much as five minutes before she let him go. Miss Harriet, who had known him so long—a bowing acquaintance of a year’s standing—wouldn’t have dreamed of doing such a thing. Her

mother hoped not—no, certainly, such an *imprudent* thing.

The gentlemen came in before the wonder had fairly subsided, and the interesting intelligence was duly reported. How provoking Mr. Folger was! He could not see anything at all remarkable in the affair; perhaps they were old friends! and Mr. Harden would insist that Mary Butler had an undoubted right to go up street as often as she chose. But men are always so queer—they never suspect! There was more going on than some people thought for; the ladies all agreed they should hear from that quarter again.

And so they did; for just as Hannah called them to tea, Harriet directed their attention to the window, with many a silent sign toward that corner of the room in which the gentlemen were discussing the projected river road; and there in the uncertain twilight of early spring, they saw—just as sure as you are reading this page—they saw Mary Butler going down street, and Mr. Jorden walking with her! Miss Harriet declared it was very hard to see why some people were so much in the street, in a manner that said as plainly as possible, that she thought it extremely lucid; and added that “she’d like to have brother John see *her* walking that way with Mr. Jorden,” intimating that if he did, it would be the last time she’d get out *that* winter!—*The Gossips of Rivertown.*

GILBERT HAVEN.—

HAVEN, GILBERT, an American clergyman and author, born at Malden, Mass., in 1821; died in 1880. He was graduated in the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1846. He was engaged in teaching until 1851, when he became a Methodist preacher. During the first year of the civil war he was an army chaplain. After the war he was appointed to look after the interests of destitute freedmen in Mississippi. In 1867 he became the editor of *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, and in 1872 was made a bishop in the Methodist Church. Among his writings are *The Pilgrim's Wallet*, a record of his travels in Europe in 1862, *National Sermons* (1869), a *Life of Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher* (1871), and *Our Next-Door Neighbor; or a Winter in Mexico* (1875.)

STIRLING CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

No castellated height in Britain equals Stirling for majesty and beauty combined. Imagine a rock some three miles in circumference at its base, and a mile and a half at its top, shot up from the centre of a plain. Place around its base, and partly up its steep sides, an old, compact, and lively town. Put on its rough but broad top a huge fortress, rising hundreds of feet sheer, and towering with sullen pride and confidence over the subjacent town and region. Fill the courts with soldiers, the reminders of the ancient guards of the palace. Wander round the deserted rooms, with their regal names and bloody history. Stand on the esplanade outside the gate where titled traitors, some the purest of patriots, felt the axe. Or, escaping from this choking memory, cast your eyes downward. To the south and west, the valley of the Clyde lies low and level, and covered with the richest verdure.

Scotland is supposed to be a land of oatmeal

GILBERT HAVEN.—

and heather, rude in climate, soil, and appearance. But it is as rich as England, and its mountains give it a stronger and less monotonous aspect. You will see no lovelier landscape in Europe than that which is beneath you. At this southeastern corner, close up to the castle-walls, is a meadow, with a raised circular mound in its centre, a hundred feet in circumference, and hexagonal mounds surrounding it. This is the round table of chivalric times, and the spot is called the King's Garden. There Knights used to tilt in armor and think themselves the greatest men in the world. . . .

Turn north and west, and the high hills of Ben Lomond and his kindred lift up your vision and your soul. They give the majesty that other royal palaces profess but possess not. Right before you, to the east, not a mile away, across a meadow, springs up a wooded hill. It is not as high as the royal one, nor as some untitled ones behind it, but it is more historic. Upon it stood Wallace, with his men partly below him, partly behind. Ten thousand against fifty thousand Englishmen—an easy prey, the Southrons thought. But they fought for liberty, and God fought with them. The English were routed, and the youngest son of a poor laird became the great man of Scotland.
—*The Pilgrim's Wallet.*



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—

HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY, an English poet, born in 1836; died in 1879. She was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, an English clergyman and musician, the author of a *Psalmody*, from whom she inherited a fine talent for music. She was the author of many religious and devotional poems, published at various times under the titles of *Bells across the Snow*, *Compensation*, and *other Devotional Poems*, *Loyal Responses*, *Songs for the Master*, *Alpine Poems*, etc. She also published several volumes of prose, principally for young people. Since her death her poems have all been collected and published in two volumes, and the story of her life has been told by her sister, Margaret V. Havergal, in *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal*.

THE ONE REALITY.

Fog-wreaths of doubt in blinding eddies drifted,
Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of
thought.
Shadowless shadows where warm lives were
sought,
Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, up-
lifted
On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-sifted !
What marvel that the whole world's life
should seem
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream
From which the real and restful is out sifted ?
Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing
Dove
Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows
flee,
The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrolled tree,
And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,
The Son of God who gave Himself for me.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—

CHRIST'S RECALL. .

Return,
O wanderer from my side !
Soon drops each blossom of the darkening wild,
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return ! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
Thy footsteps yet may tread in the accepted day.

Return,
O erring, yet beloved !
I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been ;
I wait to give thee pardon, love and rest.
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest ?
Return ! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return,
O fallen, yet not lost !
Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown ?
When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,
And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy weakening heart within thee burn !
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return ?

Return,
O chosen of my love !
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view ;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou wouldst deal ;
Now have I seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
Return ! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me ?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemed thee.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

What know we of God's thoughts ? One word
of gold

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—

A volume doth enfold.
They are—"not ours!"
Ours? what are they? their value and their
powers?
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet
Across thy busy brain,
Only a few remain
To set their seal on memory's strange consist-
ence
Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,
That we would fain forget;
And very few are rich and great and sweet;
And fewer still are lasting gain,
And these most often born of pain,
Or sprung from strong concussion into strong
existence. . . .

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
From dissonance to pure and full accord!
"My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith
the Lord,
Nor are your ways as My ways. As the
height
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
My thoughts, to yours;—out of your sight,
Above your praise."
O oracle most grand!
Thus teaching by sublimest negative
What by a positive we could not understand,
Or understanding, live!
And now, search fearlessly
The imperfections and obscurity,
The weakness and impurity,
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery
Write, "*Not* as ours!" Then in every line
Behold God's glory shine
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, In-
finite, and True. . . .

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might
dwell

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL:-

Unharm'd and unconsum'd, as in a luminous
shell;

Which the bright walls of fire inclose
In breathless splendor, barrier that no foes
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty
whirl,

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory—fire—
As we fall overaw'd

Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeem'd angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand—

Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change;
That never fail, or falter, or forget.

O pity infinite!

O royal mercy free!

O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonder-
ful, most strange!

“For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me.*”

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise:

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

7
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and “beautiful” for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, *all* for Thee.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do

What He will;

Just to know that He is true,

And be still.

Just to follow hour by hour

As He leadeth;

Just to draw the moment's power

As it needeth.

Just to trust Him, this is all!

Then the day will surely be

Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,

Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to trust, and yet to ask

Guidance still;

Take the training or the task

As He will.

Just to take the loss or gain,

As He sends it;

Just to take the joy or pain.

As He lends it.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—

He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.
Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

He who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.
He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say;
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

HAWEIS, HUGH REGINALD, an English clergyman and author, born in 1838. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving the degree of M. A. in 1864. After filling two curacies, he was appointed rector of St. James's Church, Marylebone, and afterwards of St. James's, Westminster street. In 1868 he became editor of *Cassell's Magazine*. He is the author of *Music and Morals*, *Thoughts for the Times*, *Speech in Season*, *Current Coin*, *Arrows in the Air*, *American Humorists*, *Poets in the Pulpit*, *Picture of Paul the Disciple*, *The Conquering Cross*, and other works. In 1867 he married Miss Mary Eliza Joy, the daughter of the artist, Thomas Musgrave Joy, and herself an artist. She is also the author of *Chances for Children* (1877), *The Art of Beauty* (1878), a collection of papers published some years previously in *St. Paul's Magazine*, *The Art of Dress* (1879), *The Art of Decoration* (1881), *Beautiful Houses* (1882), and *Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie* (1893).

MUSICAL PERTURBATIONS.

The laws which regulate the effect of music upon the listener are subject to many strange perturbations. Unless we admit this to be the case, and try and detect the operation of certain irregular influences, we shall be at a loss to understand why, if music really has its own planes as well as progressions of emotion, gay music should make us sad, and solemn music should sometimes provoke a smile. Musical perturbations are sometimes due to the singer, player, or conductor—sometimes to the listener. A magical prolongation of single notes here and there, until the vulgarity of the rhythm be broken—a pause, a little *appoggiatura*, even a smile—and the original melody, such as we may know it to be, is changed and sublimated into the high expression of a high

individuality. But the perturbations in the natural effect of the music which come from the listener are even more numerous and perplexing. They proceed chiefly from association and memory. . . .

Memory is the great perturber of musical meaning. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights to memory, to be the patient, stern, and terrible exponent of that recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano-forte piece—*Murmures du Rhone*, or *Pluie des Perles*. The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing on the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of lilac blossoms. Then the ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall, the girl at the piano stops, the door opens, and one is lifted in, dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing through the streets, a bar or two of the *Murmures du Rhone* brings the whole scene before the girl, now no longer a girl, but a middle-aged woman, looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned out in force whenever poor Madame Grisi was advertised to sing in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard—no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled, also, the scenes of youth forever faded out, and the lights of youth quenched in the gray mists of the dull declining years. It was worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back, if only for a moment, the “tender grace of a day that was dead.”—*Music and morals*.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

The fact is, the organ question, like all other great questions, has two sides to it, although we seldom hear but one. Let not those



THE ORGAN GRINDER.

HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS.—

who write abusive letters to the newspapers, and bring in bills to abolish street-music, think they will be able to loosen the firm hold which the barrel-organist has over the British public. Your cook is his friend; your housemaid is his admirer; the policeman and the baker's young man look on him in the light of a formidable rival.

But, for one, let us speak a good word for him. We know all that can be said against him: let us now plead his cause a little. His sphere is large; he conquers more worlds than one; his popularity is not only wide, but varied: he enters many clean and spacious squares, and little chubby faces, well-born and rosy, look out from high-railed nursery windows, and as they look out, he looks up, and baby is danced at the bars, and stops crying directly, and Tommy forgets his quarrel with Johnny, and runs to the window too, and tears are wiped, and harmony is restored in many and many a nursery, and nurse herself finds the penny and smiles, and "organ-man" pockets the penny and smiles, and plays five more tunes in for the money, and lifts his hat, and waves "ta-ta," in Italian, and walks off to "fresh fields and pastures new,"—and isn't it worth the penny?

I meet him in the dingy alleys of the great city—I meet him in the regions of garbage and filth, where the atmosphere inhaled seems to be an impartial mixture of smoke and decomposition, and where the diet of the people seems to consist of fried herrings and potato-parings; there is our organ-man—and there, at last, we may bless him—grinding away to the miserable, sunken, and degraded denizens of Pigmire Lane, or Fish Alley. Let him stay always there—let him grind ever thus. I confess it does my heart good to see those slatternly women come to their doors, and stand and listen, and the heavy, frowning, coal-besmeared men lean out of the windows with their pipes, and, for-

HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS.—

getting hunger and grinding poverty, hushing also the loud oath and blasphemy for a little season, smile with the pleasure of the sweet sounds. Through that little black window with the cracked panes you can see the lame shoemaker look up for a moment, and, as he resumes the long-drawn-out stitches with both hands, it is with countenance relapsed, and almost pleasurable energy. The pale-faced tailor looks out from the top-story (yes; like a beam of sunshine the music has struck through him); he forgets the rent, and the work, and the wages, and the wretchedness of life. It is the end of the day; it is lawful to rest for a moment and listen, and they do listen—the men and women clustering in groups on their door-steps, and leaning from the windows above, and the children—oh! the children! I look down the alley, and suddenly it is flooded with the light of the low sun; it smites the murky atmosphere into purple shades, and broad, warm, yellow light upon the pathway, and glitters like gold-leaf upon the window-panes; and the children—the children are dancing all down the alley, dancing in long vistas far down into the sunny mist, two and two, three and three, but all dancing, and dancing in time; and their faces—many poor, pale faces, and some rosy ones too—their faces are so happy, and the whole alley is hushed, save only for the music and the dancing of the children.

I bless that organ-man—a very Orpheus in hell! I bless his music. I stand in that foul street where the blessed sun shines, and where the music is playing. I give the man a penny to prolong the happiness of those poor people, of those hungry, pale and ragged children, and as I retire, I am saluted as a public benefactor; and was ever pleasure bought so cheap and so pure.—*Music and Morals.*

STEPHEN HAWES.--

HAWES, STEPHEN, an English poet of whom personally little is recorded except that he was educated at Oxford, traveled in France, became Groom of the Privy Chamber to Henry VII. and died between 1520 and 1530. His principal work, *The Pastime of Pleasure*, is an allegorical poem setting forth the life and adventures of one, Grande Amoure, who masters all those accomplishments which constitute a perfect knight, worthy of a perfect lady-love—La Belle Pucel. The poem was a sort of precursor of *The Fairy Queen* of Spenser, who seems to have been indebted to Hawes for many a useful hint and many a pleasing effect of rhyme and cadence. Critical authorities generally speak slightly of Hawes. Hallam says: "Those who require the ardent words or the harmonious grace of poetical diction will not frequently be content with Hawes. He is rude, obscure, full of pedantic Latinisms, but learned and philosophical, reminding us frequently of the school of James I." Mr. J. Churton Collins estimates him more highly. He says: "Hawes, with all his faults, is a true poet. He has a sweet simplicity, a pensive, gentle air, a subdued cheerfulness about him, which have a strange charm at this distance of dissimilar time. Though the hand of the artist is not firm, and the coloring sometimes too sober, his verse often breathes a plaintive music, and has a wierdly beautiful rhythm, which seems to transport us back to the dense cloister of some old mediæval abbey."

FROM THE "PASTIME OF PLEASURE."

The way was troublous and ey nothyng playne,
Tyll at the last I came into a dale,

STEPHEN HAWES.—

Beholdyng Phœbus declinyng lowe and pale.
With my grey houndes, in the fayre twylight
I sate me downe.

O mortall folke, you may beholde and see
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight,
The end of joye and all prosperite
Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte,
After the daye there cometh the darke nighte,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong.

Drive despaire away,
And live in hopé which shall do you good.
Joy cometh after when the payne is past,
Be ye pacient and sober in mode:
So wepe and waile, all is for you in waste.
Was never payne, but it had joy at last
In the fayre morrowe.

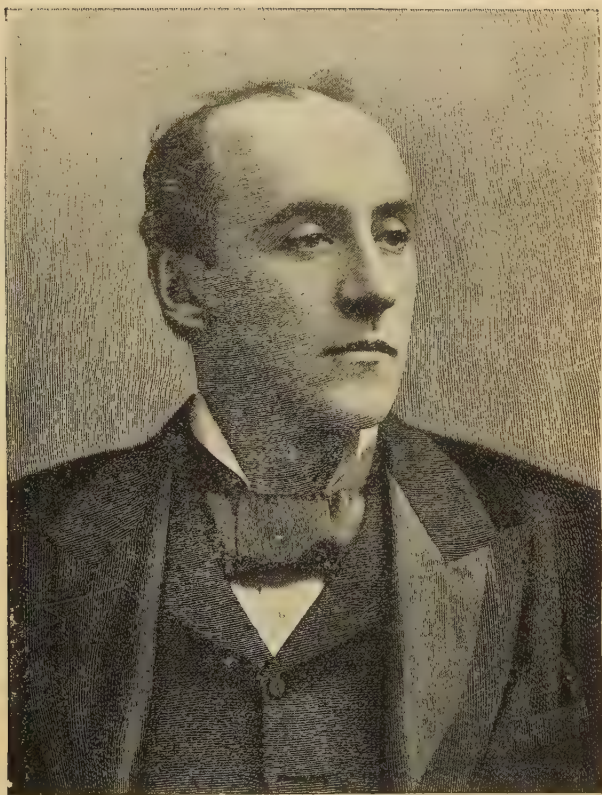
DESCRIPTION OF LA BELLE PUCEL.

Her foreheade stepe with fayre browes ybent,
Her eyen gray, her nose straight and fayre;
In her white chekes the fayre blonde it went
As among the wite the redde to repayre.
Her mouthe right small, her breathe sweet of
ayre;

Her lippes soft and ruddy as a rose;
No hart alive but it would him appose.
With a little pitte in her well favoured chynne;
Her necke long, as white as any lillye,
With vaynes blewe in which the bloude ranne
in;

Her pappes rounde, and thereto right pretye;
Her armes slender, and of goodly bodye;
Her fingers small and thereto right long,
White as the milke, with blewe vaynes among.
Her fete proper, she gartred well her hose.

I never sawe so fayre a creature;
Nothing she lacketh, as I do suppose,
That is longying to fayre dame Nature.



ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

HAWKINS, ANTHONY HOPE, an English writer of fiction, known by his pen-name of "Anthony Hope," was born in Hackney in 1863. He studied law and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-four. At first he only wrote for his own amusement, and his first two ventures in *Men of Mark* (1889), and *Father Stafford* (1890), were unsuccessful. He then wrote a number of short stories for the "St. James Gazette," some of which were republished in a volume entitled *Sport Royal* (1893). His first success was *Mr. Witts' Widow* (1892). This was followed by *A Change of Air* (1893); *The Dolly Dialogues* (1894); *Half a Hero* (1894); *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894); *The God in the Car* (1894); *The Indiscretion of the Duchess* (1894); *Secret of Wardale Court* (1894); and *Chronicles of Count Antonio* (1895); *A Little Wizard* (1896).

THE GOD IN THE CAR.

Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in the making, swift in the working; slow to the summit, swift down the other slope; it is the way of nature, and the way of the human mind. What seemed yesterday unborn and impossible, is to-day incipient and a great way off, to-morrow complete, present and accomplished. After long labor a thing springs forth full grown; to deny it, or refuse it, or fight against it, seems now as vain as a few hours ago it was to hope for it, or to fear, or to imagine or conceive it. In like manner, the slow, crawling, upward journey can be followed by every eye; its turns, its twists, its checks, its zigzags may be recorded on a chart. Then is the brief pause—on the summit—and the tottering incline towards the declivity. But how describe what comes after? The dazzling rush that beats

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.—

the eye, that in its fury of advance, its paroxysm of speed, is void of halts or turns and darting from point to point, covers and blurs the landscape till there seems nothing but the moving thing ; and that again, while the watcher still tries vainly to catch its whirl, has sprung and reached, and ceased ; and, save that there it was and here it is he would not know that its fierce stir had been.

Such a race runs passion to its goal, when the reins hang loose. Hours may do what years have not done, and minutes sum more changes than long days could stretch to hold. The world narrows until there would seem to be nothing else existent in it—nothing of all that once held out the promise (sure as it then claimed to be) of escape, of help or warning. The very promise is forgotten, the cravings for its fulfilment dies away. “Let me alone,” is the only cry: and the appeal makes its own answer, the entreaty its own concession.

HAWKS, FRANCIS LISTER, an American clergyman and author, born in North Carolina in 1798; died at New York in 1866. He graduated at the University of North Carolina, and became a lawyer in Hillsboro in that State. Though successful in his profession, he abandoned it for the ministry, entered the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1829 became Dr. Croswell's assistant in Trinity Church, New Haven. After several changes during the next two years, he became rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York, where he remained until 1843. During this time he had been nominated Missionary Bishop of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, but declined the nomination, and had been appointed Historiographer of the Church, and Conservator of Documents. He had published two volumes in relation to Church History, but had not completed the work. He had assisted to found the *New York Review* in 1837, and had established a school for boys at Flushing, L. I. Its financial failure, and his consequent embarrassments, led to his withdrawal from St. Thomas's, and was made the ground of opposition to his appointment to the bishopric of Mississippi in 1844. His vindication of himself was complete, but he then declined the bishopric. He was rector of Christ Church, New Orleans for several years, returned to New York as rector of Calvary Church in 1849; went to Baltimore in 1862; returned to New York after the war, and in 1866 laid the corner-stone of the chapel of the Holy Saviour, of which he was to be pastor. He died soon afterwards.

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS.—

Among his works are *Reports of Cases adjudged in the Supreme Court of North Carolina* (1823-28), *Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of New York* (1836-41), *Commentary on the Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States* (1841), *Egypt and its Monuments* (1849), *Auricular Confession in the Protestant Episcopal Church* (1856), *History of North Carolina* (1857.) Under the name of "Uncle Philip" he published numerous books for the young: *The American Forest, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Virginia, The Whale Fishery*, etc. These were in the form of conversations. He translated Rivero and Tschudi's *Antiquities of Peru* (1854), and edited *State Papers of General Alexander Hamilton* (1842), *Perry's Expedition to the China Seas and Japan* (1852-54), *Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography* (1856), and the *Romance of Biography*. He also assisted in the preparation of two volumes of the *Documentary History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States* (1863-64.)

EGYPTIAN ART.

In inspecting the specimens of sculpture and painting presented in the remains of ancient Egypt, one is forcibly struck with the manifold defects to be found generally alike in the design and execution, and these are the more surprising, when occasionally some specimen is met with confessedly of high merit, as exhibiting practiced artistic skill. It is observable also that these better specimens are delineations of some things other than the human figure. Perhaps a reason for this may, to a certain extent, be found in the consideration of the purpose to which the Egyptians

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applied the arts of design. The effort was not with them, as with the Greeks (from whom modern art is derived), to speak through the eye to the imagination; theirs was the more matter-of-fact business of addressing the understanding. They were not seeking the beautiful, but the useful merely. Clement of Alexandria says truly that an Egyptian temple was "a writing," and grace was not the prime object of the manuscript.

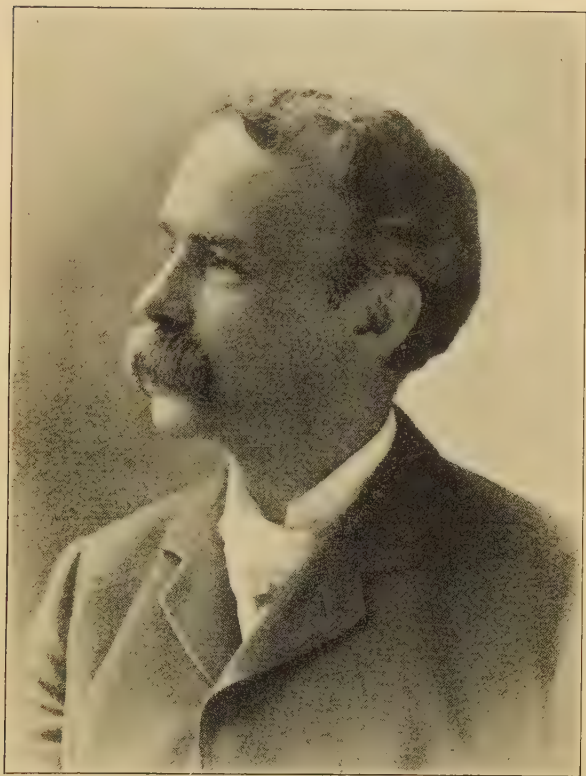
The painting and sculpture of Egypt were meant, then, simply to convey facts, or what it was intended should be considered facts. The characters by which they sought to do it were but visible and often rude imitations of sensible objects; the heavenly bodies, men, brutes, birds, fishes, dress, furniture, etc. In fulfilling their design, therefore, it was more important to convey the idea correctly and avoid mistakes, than it was to produce a finished work of art. Hence the representation of the human figure seldom affords proof of elaboration in its execution; a very rude sketch was sufficient to show that nothing but man could be meant by it; commonly the face and lower limbs are in profile, while the body is presented with its full front; proportion also is sometimes utterly neglected. In fact the rough drawing served but to spell the word *man*, while the hieroglyphics above it informed him who could read them, who or what the man was. But in the very same picture, perhaps, containing a rough sketch of the human figure, birds, or other objects would be represented, drawn with great spirit, and colored with a minute attention to nature. Accuracy of delineation was resorted to when such accuracy was necessary to guard against mistakes, and it was therefore required to show the species of the bird so represented. All that the artist sought was to convey an idea with precision, and in doing this he could call in the aid of hieroglyphics, both symbolic and phonetic. It was perhaps

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strange that he did not think of using either painting or hieroglyphics separately, to accomplish his object; but so it was that, using both, he could effect his purpose, and he consequently made no effort at improvement.

It must not, however, be supposed that there was an entire absence of artistic skill in the Egyptians, when they found an occasion for its exercise. There are not wanting statues executed by them, in which the anatomical proportions of the human figure are carefully represented; they unquestionably, also, were sufficiently minute and accurate in their work to produce portraits when necessary. It was, therefore, not want of capacity entirely that caused the productions of Egyptian art to fall so far short of the polished works of the Grecian chisel; their defects were purposed.

There was, however, one department of drawing, in which all the specimens yet seen, would justify the conclusion that they were entirely ignorant. They knew nothing of perspective, and some of their devices to remedy defects arising from this cause, are clumsy in the extreme. Thus, if it became necessary to depict three sides of an apartment (as may be seen in the pictures of some of the granaries), a separate elevation of each wall was made, and the distant end of the room was placed in the drawing, *above* the elevation of the sides, as an entirely separate feature. From these and other causes, it requires some little practice and familiarity with the representations in Egyptian paintings and reliefs, to understand them.—*Egypt and its Monuments.*



JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.—

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN, an American novelist, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in Boston, in 1846. After four years in Harvard University, he entered the Scientific School of Harvard in 1867, and the next year went to Dresden to continue the study of civil engineering in the Polytechnic School of that city. On his return to America in 1870 he joined the staff of hydrographic engineers in the New York Dock Department. About this time he contributed several short stories to several magazines. Their success led him to adopt literature as a profession. His first novel, *Bressant*, appeared in 1873, and was followed by *Idolatry* (1874). His next publication was a collection entitled *Saxon Studies* (1875), contributed first to the *Contemporary Review*. *Garth*, begun in 1875 in *Harper's Magazine*, was published in book form in 1877. At this time Mr. Hawthorne was living in England. To this time belong *Archibald Malmaison*, *Prince Saroni's Wife*, *Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds*, and numerous short tales. *Sebastian Strome* was published in 1880, *Fortune's Fool* and *Dust* between 1880 and 1883. In 1882 the author returned to America. Since that time he has written *Beatrice Randolph*, *Noble Blood*, *Love—or a Name*, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife* (1883), *Confessions and Criticisms*, *John Parmelee's Curse* (1886), *A Tragic Mystery*, and *The Great Bank Robbery* (1887), the last two founded on facts furnished by a New York detective.

SAXON VILLAGES.

Many of these little flocks of houses here settled down from their flight in the realm of

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thought along the banks of a stream which trickles through a narrow gorge, between low hills. The brook is an important element in the village economy, fulfilling the rather discordant offices of public drain, swill-pail, and wash-tub; and moreover, serving as a perennial plaything for quantities of white-headed children and geese. It is walled in with stone; narrow flights of steps lead down at intervals to the water's edge, and here and there miniature bridges span the flood. The water bubbles over a pebbly bottom, varied with bits of broken pottery and cast-away odds-and-ends of the household; once in a while the stream gathers up its strength to turn a saw-mill, and anon spreads out to form a shallow basin. Stiff-necked, plaster-faced, the cottages stand in lines on either bank, winking lazily at one another with their old glass eyes, across the narrow intervening space. Above their red-tiled roofs rise the steep hill-ridges, built up in irregular terraces, overgrown with vines or fruit-trees. Nobody seems to stay at home except the geese and the babies.

Such little settlements hide in country depths, whither only grassy lanes and footpaths find their way. Others there are, mere episodes of the high-road, dusty, bare, and exposed, with flat views over surrounding plains; with a naked inn—"Gasthaus"—in their midst, where thirsty teamsters halt for beer, and to stare with slow-moving eyes at the pygmy common with its muddy goose-pond, and to pump up unintelligible gutturals at one another. Others, again, are ranged abreast beneath the bluffs on the river bank; a straggling foot-path dodges crookedly through them, scrambling here over a front door-step, there crossing a back-yard. Women, bare of foot and head, peer curiously forth from low doorways and cramped windows; soiled children stare, a-suck at muddy fingers; there are glimpses of internal economies, rustic meals, withered grand-

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.—

parents who seldom get farther than the door-step; visions of infants nursed and spanked. A strip of grass intervenes between the houses and the Elbe river; through trees we see the down-slipping current, bearing with it interminable rafts and ponderous canal-boats, and sometimes a puffing steamer with noisy paddle-wheels. At times we skirt long stretches of blind walls, from the chinks of which sprout grass and flowers; and which convey to us an obscure impression of there being grape-vines on the other side of them.

Or, once more, and not least picturesquely, our village alights on a low hill-top, where trees and houses crowd one another in agreeable contention. The main approach winds snake-like upwards from the grass and brush of the valley, but on reaching the summit splits into hydra heads, each one of which pokes itself into somebody's barnyard or garden, leaving a stranger in some embarrassment as to how to get through the town without unauthorized intrusion on its inhabitants. Besides the main approach, there are clever short-cuts down steep places, sometimes forming into a rude flight of stone steps, anon taking a sudden leap down a high terrace, and finally creeping out through a hole in the hedge at the bottom. The houses look pretty from below; but after climbing the hill their best charm vanishes, like that of clouds seen at too close quarters. In Saxony, as well as elsewhere, there is a penalty for opening Pandora's box.—*Saxon Studies.*

FREE-WILL.

Strength of the beautiful day, green and blue
and white;

Voice of leaf and of bird;

Low voice of mellow surf far down the curving
shore;

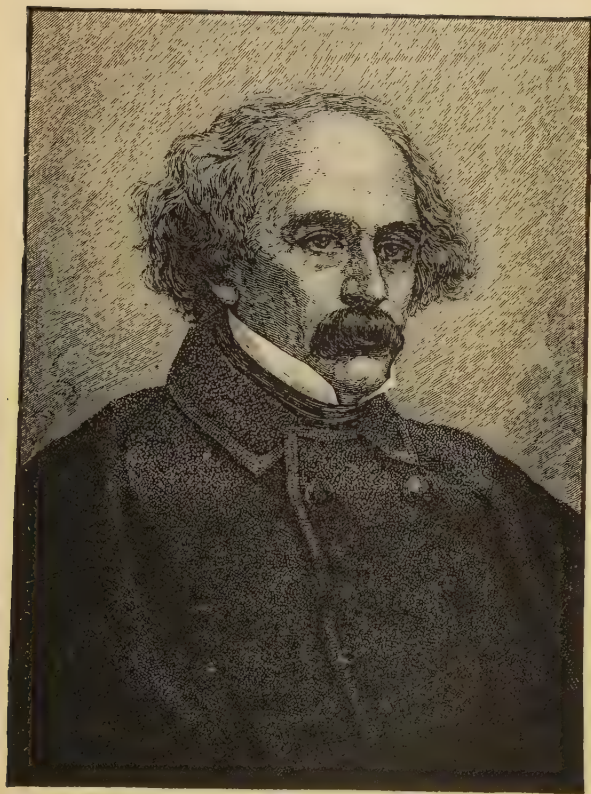
Strong white clouds and gray, slow and calm
in your flight,

Aimless, majestic, unheard :—

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.—

You walk in air, and dissolve and vanish for-
evermore!
Lying here 'midst poppies and maize, tired of
the loss and the gain,
Dreaming of rest, ah! fain
Would I, like ye, transmute the terror of fate
into praise.
Yet thou, O earth! art a slave, orderly, with
out care,
Perfect thou knowest not why;
For He whose word is thy life has spared thee
the gift of will,
We men are not so brave, our lives are not so
fair,
Our law is an eye for an eye;
And the light that shines for our good we
use to our ill.
Fails boyhood's hope ere long, for the deed still
mocks the plan,
And the knave is the honest man,
And thus we grow weak in a world created
to make us strong.
But woe to the man who quails before that
which makes him man!
Though heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet—freedom to side
with hell!
In man succeeds or fails this great creative
plan;
Man's liberty to sin
Makes worth God's winning the love even
God may not compel.
Shall I then murmur and be wroth at Nature's
peace?
Though I be ill at ease
I hold one link of the chain of his happiness
in my hand.

In 1888 Mr. Hawthorne published *The Professor's Sister*, in 1893 *Six Cent Sam's* and in December, 1895 was awarded the N. Y. *Herald* prize of \$10,000 for his novel *A Fool of Nature*. In 1889 he visited Europe with a delegation of fifty working-men to examine the condition of European industries.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, an American author, born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow; Franklin Pierce, afterwards President, was a college friend, though not in the same class. After leaving college he led for several years an almost recluse life at Salem, writing much, but publishing little. In 1836 he went to Boston to become editor of the *American Magazine*, a periodical which proved unsuccessful. In 1837 he put forth, under the title of *Twice-told Tales*, a number of pieces which had appeared in various periodicals. A second series of these was issued in 1845. In 1838 he received the appointment of weigher and guager in the custom-house at Boston; but the Democratic party going out of power in 1841, he was displaced. He was then for a few months a member of the Brook Farm Association at West Roxbury, Mass. In 1843 he married Sophia Peabody (1810-1871), a clever artist, and subsequently author of a volume of *Notes in England and Italy*. After his marriage he took up his residence at Concord, Mass., in the "Old Manse," which had been the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by whose grandfather it was built. Here were written the collection of tales and sketches entitled *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846.) In 1845 Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of the port of his native town, but was removed in 1849, when the Whig party came again into power. *The Scarlet Letter*, published in 1850, was planned and partly written during this collectorship. He then

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took up his residence at Lenox, Mass. Here were written *The House of the Seven Gables*, the scene of which is laid in Salem, and *The Blithedale Romance*, for which the Brook Farm Association furnished a shadowy background.

In 1852 Franklin Pierce was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and Hawthorne wrote, as a campaign document, the life of his old college friend, who, upon his election, appointed him to the lucrative post of U. S. Consul at Liverpool. Hawthorne held this position until 1857, when he resigned, and for two years traveled with his family upon the Continent, residing for a while at Rome. Going back for a short time to England, he completed *The Marble Faun*, which was published in 1860. In this year he returned to America, again taking up his residence at Concord. His health began to decline in the spring of 1864, and he set out, in company with ex-President Pierce, upon a trip in New Hampshire. They reached a hotel in the village of Plymouth, where they were to stop for the night, and in the morning Hawthorne was found dead in his bed.

A complete edition of Hawthorne's Works has been published. Besides those already referred to, it contains: *True Stories from History and Biography* (1851), *The Wonder Book for Girls and Boys* (1851), *The Snow Image, etc.* (1852), *Tanglewood Tales* (1853), *Our Old Home*, a series of English sketches (1863). After his death a selection from his diaries was edited by his wife under the title of *Note Books*; among his papers was also found *Septimus*

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Felton, or the Elixir of Life, some chapters of an unfinished book, *The Dolliver Romance*, and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*. The *Life of Hawthorne* has been written by his son, Julian Hawthorne; by his son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop; and by Henry James, in the "English Men of Letters."

EMERSON AND THE EMERSONITES.

There were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew which should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems at—first air—had finally imprisoned them in a fiery framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted upon a new thought—or thought that they fancied new—came to Emerson as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning upon a hill-top, and climbing the difficult as-

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cent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before:—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos: but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put; and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many a man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine.

Never was a poor little country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of the first water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of

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novelty is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers.—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

THE ROMANCE AND THE NOVEL.

When a writer calls his work a Romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume had he professed to be writing a Novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity not merely to the possible but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former—while as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart—has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances to a great extent of the writer's own choosing or creation. If he think fit, also, he may so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights and deepen or enrich the shadows of the picture. He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and especially to mingle the Marvelous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime even if he disregard this caution.

In the present work the author has proposed to himself—but with what success, fortunately, it is not for him to judge—to keep undeviatingly within his immunities. The point of view in which this tale comes under the Romantic definition lies in the attempt to connect a

bygone time with the very present that is flitting away from us. It is a legend prolonging itself from an epoch now grown gray in the distance, down to our own broad daylight, and bringing along with it some of its own legendary mist, which the reader, according to his pleasure, may either disregard, or allow it to float almost imperceptibly about the characters and events for the sake of a picturesque effect. The narrative, it may be, is woven of so humble a texture as to require this advantage, and at the same time to render it the more difficult of attainment.

Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral:—the truth, namely, that the wrongdoing of one generation lives into successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief; and he would feel it a singular gratification if this Romance might effectually convince mankind—or indeed any one man—of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real-estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms. In good faith, however, he is not sufficiently imaginative to flatter himself with the slightest hope of this kind. When Romances do really teach anything, so as to produce any effective operation, it is usually thought a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral, as with an iron mask—or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly, thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the

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final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first.

The reader may perhaps assign an actual locality to the imaginary events of this narrative. If permitted by the historical connection—which, though slight, was essential to his plan—the author would very willingly have avoided anything of this nature. Not to speak of other objections, it exposes the Romance to an inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism, by bringing his fancy-pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment. It has been no part of his object, however, to describe local manners, nor in any way to meddle with the characteristics of a community for whom he cherishes a proper respect and a natural regard. He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air. The personages of the tale—though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence—are really of the author's own making, or, at all events, of his own mixing; their virtues can shed no lustre, nor their defects redound in the remotest degree to the discredit of the venerable town of which they profess to be inhabitants. He would be glad, therefore, if—especially in the quarter to which he alludes—the book may be read strictly as a Romance, having a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex.—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

THE FIRST EVENING AT BLITHEDALE.

And now we were seated by the brisk fire-

side of the old farm-house. There we sat, with the snow melting out of our hair and beards, and our faces all ablaze with the past inclemency and present warmth. It was indeed a right good fire that we found awaiting us. A family of the old Pilgrims might have swung their kettle over precisely such a fire as this; and contrasting it with my coal-grate, I felt so much the more that we had transported ourselves a world-wide distance from the system of society that shackled us at breakfast-table.

Good, comfortable Mrs. Foster (the wife of stout Silas Foster, who was to manage the farm, at a fair stipend, and be our tutor in the art of husbandry), bade us a hearty welcome. At her back appeared two young women, smiling most hospitably, but looking rather awkward withal, as not well knowing what was to be their position in our new arrangement of the world. We shook hands affectionately all round, and congratulated ourselves that the blessed state of brotherhood and sisterhood at which we aimed, might fairly be dated from that moment, for greetings were hardly concluded when the door opened, and Zenobia, whom I had never before seen, entered the parlor.

This was not her real name. She had assumed it in the first instance as her Magazine signature; and as it accorded well with something imperial which her friends attributed to this lady's figure and deportment, they half-laughingly adopted it in their familiar intercourse with her. She took the appellation in good part, and even encouraged its common use; which, in fact, was thus far appropriate, that our Zenobia, however humble looked her new philosophy, had as much native pride as any queen would have known what to do with. Zenobia bade us welcome in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave each of us her hand, which was very soft and warm. She had something appropriate to say to every individual. . . .

"I am the first comer," Zenobia went on to say, while her smile beamed warmth upon us all; "so I take the part of hostess for to-day, and welcome you as if to my own fireside. You shall be my guests, too, at supper. To-morrow, if you please, we will be brethren and sisters, and begin our new life from day-break."

"Have we our various parts assigned?" asked some one.

"Oh, we of the softer sex," responded Zenobia, with her mellow, almost broad laugh, "we women (there are four of us here already), will take the domestic and indoor part of the business, as a matter of course. To bake, to boil, to roast, to fry, to stew; to wash, and iron, and scrub, and sweep, and at our idle intervals, to repose ourselves on knitting and sewing—these, I suppose, must be feminine occupations for the present. By-and-by, perhaps, when our individual adaptations begin to develop themselves, it may be that some of us who wear the petticoat will go a-field, and leave the weaker brethren to take our place in the kitchen."

"What a pity," I remarked, "that the kitchen, and the house-work generally, cannot be left out of our system altogether! Eve had no dinner-pot, and no clothes to mend, and no washing-day."

"I am afraid," said Zenobia, with mirth gleaming out of her eyes, "we shall find some difficulty in adopting the Paradisaical system for at least a month to come. Look at that snow-drift sweeping past the window! Are there any figs ripe, do you think? Have the pine-apples been gathered to-day? Would you like a bread-fruit, or a cocoanut? Shall I run out and pluck you some roses? No, no, Mr. Coverdale; the only flower hereabouts is the one in my hair, which I got out of a greenhouse this morning. And as for the garb of

Eden," added she, shivering playfully, "I shall not assume it till after May-day!" . . .

"And now," continued Zenobia, "I must go and help get supper. Do you think you can be content, instead of figs, pineapples, and all the delicacies of Adam's supper-table, with tea and toast, and a certain modest supply of ham and tongue which, with the instinct of a housewife, I brought hither in a basket? And there shall be bread and milk, too, if the innocence of your taste demands it."

The whole sisterhood now went about their domestic avocations, utterly declining our offers to assist, further than by bringing wood for the kitchen fire from a huge pile in the back yard. Soon with a tremendous stamping in the entry, appeared Silas Foster, lanky, stalwart, uncouth, and grisly-bearded. He came from foddering the cattle in the barn, and from the field where he had been ploughing until the depth of snow rendered it impossible to draw a furrow. He greeted us in pretty much the same tone as if he were speaking to his oxen, took a quid from his iron tobacco-box, pulled off his wet cowhide boots, and sat down before the fire in his stocking feet. The steam arose from his soaked garments, so that the stout yeoman looked vaporous and spectre-like.

"Well, folks," remarked Silas, "You'll be wishing yourselves back to town again, if this weather holds."

And true enough, there was a look of gloom as the twilight fell silently and sadly out of the sky, its gray or sable flakes intermingling themselves with the fast-descending snow. But our courage did not quail. We would not allow ourselves to be depressed by the snow-drift trailing past the window, any more than if it had been the sigh of a summer wind among rustling boughs. We had left the rusty iron framework of society behind us; we had broken through many hindrances that are powerful enough to keep most people on the weary tread-

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mill of established system, even while they feel its irksomeness almost as intolerable as we did. We had stepped down from the pulpit; we had flung aside the pen, we had shut up the ledger; we had thrown off that sweet, bewitching, enervating indolence which is better, after all, than most of the enjoyments within mortal grasp. It was our purpose to give up whatever we had heretofore attained, for the sake of showing mankind the example of a life governed by other than the false and cruel principles on which human society has all along been based.

And, first of all, we had divorced ourselves from pride, and were striving to supply its place by familiar love. We meant to lessen the laboring man's great burthen of toil, by performing our due share of it at the cost of our own thews and sinews. We sought our profit by mutual aid, instead of wresting it by the strong hand from an enemy, or filching it craftily from those less shrewd than ourselves (if indeed, there were any such in New England), or winning it by selfish competition with a neighbor; in one or another of which fashions every son of woman both perpetrates and suffers his share of the common evil, whether he chooses it or no. And, as the basis of our institution, we proposed to offer up the earnest toil of our bodies, as a prayer no less than an effort for the advancement of our race. Therefore if we built splendid castles (phalansteries perhaps they might be more fitly called), and pictured beautiful scenes among the fervid coals of the hearth around which we were clustering, and if all went to wrack with the crumbling embers, and have never since arisen out of the ashes, let us take to ourselves no shame. In my own behalf, I rejoice that I once could think better of the world's improbability than it deserved. It is a mistake into which men seldom fall twice in a lifetime; or, if so, the rarer and higher is the nature that can thus magnanimously persist in error.

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Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation ; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance :—

“Which man among you,” quoth he, “is the best judge of swine ? Some of us must go to the next Brighton Fair, and buy half-a-dozen pigs.”

Pigs ! Good heavens ! had we come out from the swinish multitude for this ? And again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market :—

“We shall never make any hand at market-gardening,” said Silas Foster ; “unless the women-folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven’t team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city-folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no ; I tell you, we should have to get up a little too early in the morning to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston.”

It struck me as rather odd that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labor. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves.

This dawning idea, however, was driven back into my inner consciousness by the entrance of Zenobia. She came with the welcome intelligence that supper was on the table. Looking at herself in the glass, and perceiving that her one magnificent flower had grown rather lan-

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guid (probably by being exposed to the fervency of the kitchen fire,) she flung it on the floor as unconcernedly as a village girl would throw away a faded violet. The action seemed proper to her character, although, methought, it would still more have befitted the bounteous nature of this beautiful woman to scatter fresh flowers from her hand, and to revive faded ones by her touch. Nevertheless, it was a singular, but irresistible effect: the presence of Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in. I tried to analyze this impression, but not with much success. . . .

The evening wore on, and the outer solitude looked in upon us through the windows, gloomy, wild, and vague, like another stage of existence close beside the little sphere of warmth and light in which we were the prattlers and bustlers of a moment. By-and-by the door was opened by Silas Foster, with a cotton handkerchief about his head, and a tallow candle in his hand.

"Take my advice, brother farmers," said he, with a great bottomless yawn, "and get to bed as soon as you can. I shall sound the horn at daybreak; and we've got to get the cattle to fodder, and nine cows to milk, and a dozen other things to do before breakfast."

Thus ended the first evening at Blithedale. I went shivering to my fireless chamber, with the miserable consciousness (which had been growing upon me for several hours past) that I had caught a tremendous cold, and should probably awaken, at the blast of the horn, a fit subject for a hospital. How cold an Arcadia was this.—*The Blithedale Romance.*

THE REVEREND ARTHUR DIMMESDALE.

In order to free his mind from this indistinctness and duplicity of impression, which

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vexed it with a strange disquietude, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale recalled and more and more thoroughly defined the plans which Hester Prynne and himself had sketched for their departure. It had been determined between them that the Old World, with its crowds and cities, offered them a more eligible shelter and concealment than the wilds of New England, or all America, with its alternatives of an Indian wigwam or the few settlements of Europeans, scattered thinly along the seaboard. Hester could take it upon herself to secure the passage of two individuals and a child, with all the secrecy which circumstances rendered more than desirable.

The minister had inquired of Hester, with no little interest, the precise time at which the vessel might be expected to depart. It would be on the fourth day from the present. "That is most fortunate," he had said to himself. The reason why the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale considered it so very fortunate was because on the third day from the present he was to preach the Election Sermon; and as such an occasion formed an honorable epoch in the life of a New England clergyman, he could not have chanced upon a more suitable mode and time of terminating his official career. "At least, they shall say of me," thought this exemplary man, "that I leave no public duty unperformed nor ill performed!" Sad indeed that introspection so profound and acute as this poor minister's should be so miserably deceived! We have had, and still may have worse things to tell of him; but none, we apprehend, so pitifully weak; no evidence at once so slight and irrefragible of a subtle disease that had long since begun to eat into the real substance of his character. No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.

The excitement of Mr. Dimmesdale's feelings,

as he returned from his interview with Hester, lent him unaccustomed physical energy, and hurried him townward at a rapid pace. As he drew near the town he took an impression of change from the series of familiar objects that presented themselves. It seemed not yesterday, not one, not two, but many days or even years ago, since he had quitted them. There was indeed each former trace of the street, as he remembered it, and all the peculiarities of the houses, with the due multitude of gables, peaks, and a weathercock at every point where his memory suggested one. Not the less, however, came this importunately recurring sense of change. The same was true as regarded the acquaintances whom he met, and all the well-known shapes of human life about the little town. They looked neither older nor younger now; the beards of the aged were no whiter, nor could the creeping babe of yesterday walk on his feet to-day. It was impossible to describe in what respect they differed from the individuals on whom he had so recently bestowed a parting glance; and yet the minister's deepest sense seemed to inform him of their mutability. A similar impression struck him most remarkably as he passed under the walls of his own church. The edifice had so very strange and yet so familiar an aspect, that Mr. Dimmesdale's mind vibrated between two ideas: either that he had seen it only in a dream hitherto, or that he was merely dreaming about it now.

This phenomenon, in the various shapes which it assumed, indicated no external change, but so sudden and important change in the spectator of the familiar scene, that the intervening space of a single day had operated upon his consciousness like the lapse of years. The minister's own will, and Hester's will, and the fate that grew between them, had wrought this transformation. It was the same town as heretofore; but the same minister returned not from the forest. He might have said to

the friends who greeted him, "I am not the man for whom you take me! I left him yonder in the forest, withdrawn into a secret dell, by a mossy tree-trunk, and near a melancholy brook! Go seek your minister, and see if his emaciated figure, his thin cheek, his white, heavy, pain-wrinkled brow, be not flung down there, like a cast-off garment!" His friends, no doubt, would still have insisted with him, "Thou art thyself the man!"—but the error would have been their own, not his.

Before Mr. Dimmesdale reached home, his inner man gave him other evidences of a revolution in the sphere of thought and feeling. In truth, nothing short of a total change of dynasty and moral code in that interior kingdom, was adequate to account for the impulses now communicated to the unfortunate and startled minister. At every step he was impelled to do some strange, wild, wicked thing or other, with a sense that it would be at once involuntary and intentional; in spite of himself, yet growing out of a profounder self than that which opposed the impulse.

For instance: He met one of his own deacons. The good old man addressed him with the paternal affection and patriarchal privilege which his venerable age, his upright and holy character, and his station in the Church, entitled him to use; and, conjoined with this, the deep, almost worshipping respect which the minister's professional and private claims alike demanded. Never was there a more beautiful example of how the majesty of age and wisdom may comport with the obeisance and respect enjoined upon it, as from a lower social rank and inferior order of endowment, towards a higher. Now, during a conversation of some two or three moments between the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale and this excellent and hoary-headed deacon, it was only by the most careful self-control that the former could refrain from uttering certain blasphemous suggestions that

rose into his mind respecting the communion-supper. He absolutely trembled, and turned pale as ashes, lest his tongue should wag itself in utterances of those horrible matters, and plead his own consent for so doing, without his having fairly given it. And even with this terror in his heart, he could hardly avoid laughing to imagine how the sanctified old patriarchal deacon would have been petrified by his minister's impiety.

Again, another incident of the same nature : Hurrying along the street, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale encountered the eldest female member of his Church ; a most pious and exemplary old dame, poor, widowed, lonely, and with a heart as full of reminiscences about her dead husband and children, and her dead friends of long ago, as a burial-ground is full of storied grave-stones. Yet all this, which would else have been such heavy sorrow, was made almost a solemn joy to her devout old soul, by religious consolations and the truths of Scripture wherewith she had fed herself continually for more than thirty years. And since Mr. Dimmesdale had taken her in charge the good grand-dame's chief earthly comfort—which unless it had been likewise a heavenly comfort could have been none at all—was to meet her pastor, whether casually or of set purpose, and be refreshed with a word of warm, fragrant, heaven-breathing gospel truth from his beloved lips into her dulled but rapturously attentive ear. But, on this occasion, up to the moment of putting his lips to the old woman's ear, Mr. Dimmesdale, as the great enemy of souls would have it, could recall no text of Scripture, or aught else, except a brief, pithy, and, as it then appeared to him, unanswerable argument against the immortality of the human soul. The instilment thereof into her mind would probably have caused this aged sister to drop down dead at once, as by the effect of an intensely poisonous infection. What he really

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did whisper the minister could never afterwards recollect. There was perhaps a fortunate disorder in his utterance, which failed to impart any distinct idea to the good widow's comprehension, or which Providence interpreted after a method of its own. Assuredly, as the minister looked back, he beheld an expression of divine gratitude and ecstasy that seemed like the shine of the Celestial City on her face, so wrinkled and ashy pale.

Again, a third instance : After parting from the old church-member, he met the youngest sister of them all. It was a maiden newly-won—and won by the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale's own sermon, on the Sabbath after his vigil—to barter the transitory pleasures of the world for the heavenly hope that was to assume brighter substance as life grew dark around her, and which would gild the utter gloom with final glory. She was fair and pure as a lily that had bloomed in Paradise. The minister knew well that he was himself enshrined within the stainless sanctity of her heart, which hung its snowy curtains about his image, imparting to religion the warmth of love, and to love a religious purity. Satan, that afternoon, had surely led the poor young girl away from her mother's side, and thrown her into the pathway of this sorely tempted, or—shall we not say? this lost and desperate man. As she drew near, the arch-fiend whispered him to condense into a small compass and drop into her tender bosom a germ of evil that would be sure to blossom darkly soon, and bear black fruit betimes. Such was his sense of power over this virgin's soul, trusting him as she did, that the minister felt potent to blight all the field of innocence with but one wicked look, and develop all its opposite with but a word. So—with a mightier struggle than he had yet sustained—he held his Geneva cloak before his face, and hurried onward, making no sign of recognition, and leaving the young sister to

digest his rudeness as she might. She ransacked her conscience, which was full of harmless little matters—like her pocket or her work-bag—and took herself to task, poor thing! for a thousand imaginary faults; and went about her household duties with swollen eyelids the next morning.

Before the minister had time to celebrate his victory over this last temptation, he was conscious of another impulse, more ludicrous, and almost as horrible. It was to stop short in the road, and teach some very wicked words to a knot of little Puritan children who were playing there, and had but just begun to talk. Denying himself this freak, as unworthy of his cloth, he met a drunken seaman, one of the ship's crew from the Spanish Main. And here, since he had so valiantly forborne all other wickedness, poor Mr. Dimmesdale longed at least to shake hands with the tarry blackguard, and recreate himself with a few improper jests, such as dissolute sailors so abound with, and a volley of good, round, and heaven-defying oaths! It was not so much a better principle as partly his natural good taste, and still more his buckramed habit of clerical decorum, that carried him through the latter crisis.

"What is it that haunts and tempts me thus?" cried the minister to himself, at length, pausing in the street, and striking his hand against his forehead. "Am I mad? or am I given over utterly to the fiend? Did I make a contract with him in the forest, and sign it with my blood? And does he now summon to its fulfilment by suggesting the performance of every wickedness which his most foul imagination can conceive?"

At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, thus communed with himself, and struck his forehead with his hand, old Mistress Hibbins, the reputed witch-lady, is said to have been passing by. She made a very grand appearance; having on a high head-dress,

a rich gown of velvet, and a ruff done up with the famous yellow starch, of which Ann Turner, her especial friend, had taught her the secret, before this last good lady had been hanged for Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. Whether the witch had read the minister's thoughts or no, she came to a full stop, looked shrewdly into his face, smiled craftily, and, though little given to converse with clergymen began a conversation.

"So, Reverend Sir, you have made a visit into the forest," observed the witch-lady, nodding her high head-dress at him. "The next time I pray you to allow me only a fair warning, and I shall be proud to bear you company. Without taking overmuch upon myself, my good word will go far towards gaining any strange gentleman a fair reception from yonder potentate you wot of."

"I profess, Madam," answered the clergyman, with a grave obeisance such as the lady's rank demanded, and his good breeding made imperative, "I profess, on my conscience and character, that I am utterly bewildered as touching the purport of your words. I went not into the forest to seek a potentate; neither do I at any future time design a visit thither with a view to gaining favor of such personage. My one sufficient reason was to greet that pious friend of mine, the Apostle Eliot, and rejoice with him over the many precious souls he hath won from heathendom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled the old witch-lady, still nodding her high head-dress at the minister. "Well, well, we must not talk thus in the day-time! You carry it off like an old hand! But at midnight, and in the forest, we shall have other talk together!"

She passed on with her aged stateliness, but often turned back her head, and smiling at him, like one willing to recognize a secret intimacy of connection.

"Have I then sold myself," thought the

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minister, "to the fiend whom, if men say true, this yellow-starched and velvete old hag has chosen for her prince and master!"

The wretched minister! He had made a bargain very like it! Tempted by a dream of happiness, he had yielded by deliberate choice, as he had never done before, to what he knew was deadly sin. And the infectious poison of that sin had been thus rapidly diffused throughout his moral system. It had stupefied all blessed impulses, and awakened into vivid life the whole brotherhood of bad ones. Scorn, bitterness, unprovoked malignity, gratuitous desire of ill, ridicule of whatever was good and holy, all awoke to tempt even while they frightened him. And his encounter with old Mistress Hibbins, if it were a real incident, did but show his sympathy and fellowship with wicked mortals and the world of perverted spirits.

He had by this time reached his dwelling on the edge of the burial-ground, and hastening up the stairs, took refuge in his study. The minister was glad to have reached this shelter without first betraying himself to the world by any of those strange and wicked eccentricities to which he had been continually impelled while passing through the streets. He entered the accustomed room, and looked around him on its books, its windows, its fireplace, and the tapestried comfort of the walls, with the same perception of strangeness that had haunted him throughout his walk from the forest dell into the town, and thitherward. Here he had studied and written; here had gone through fast and vigil, and come forth half alive; here had striven to pray; here borne a hundred thousand agonies! There was the Bible, in its rich old Hebrew, with Moses and the Prophets speaking to him, and God's voice through all! There on the table with the inky pen beside it, was an unfinished sermon, with a sentence broken in the midst, where his thoughts had

ceased to gush out upon the page two days before. He knew that it was himself, the thin and white-cheeked minister, who had done and suffered these things, and written thus far into the Election Sermon! But he seemed to stand apart, and eye this former self with scornful, pitying, but half envious curiosity. That self was gone. Another man had returned out of the forest; a wiser one; with a knowledge of hidden mysteries which the simplicity of the former never could have reached. A bitter kind of knowledge that!

While occupied with these reflections a knock came at the door of the study, and the minister said, "Come in!"—not wholly devoid of an idea that he might behold an evil spirit. And so he did! It was old Roger Chillingworth that entered. The minister stood, white and speechless, with one hand on the Hebrew Scriptures, and the other spread upon his breast.

"Welcome home, Reverend Sir," said the physician. "And how found you that godly man, the Apostle Eliot? But methinks, dear Sir, you look pale; as if the travel through the wilderness had been too sore for you. Will not my aid be requisite to put you in heart and strength to preach your Election Sermon?"

"Nay, I think not so," rejoined the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. "My journey, and the sight of the holy Apostle yonder, and the free air which I have breathed, have done me good after so long confinement in my study. I think to need no more of your drugs, my kind physician, good though they be, and administered by a friendly hand."

All this time Roger Chillingworth was looking at the minister with the grave and intent regard of a physician towards his patient. But in spite of all this outward show the latter was almost convinced of the old man's knowledge, or, at least, his confident suspicion, with respect

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to his own interview with Hester Prynne. The physician knew then that in the minister's regard he was no longer a trusted friend, but his bitterest enemy. So much being known, it would appear natural that a part of it should be expressed. It is singular, however, how long a time often passes before words embody things; and with what security two persons who choose to avoid a certain subject may approach its very verge, and retire without disturbing it. Thus the minister felt no apprehension that Roger Chillingworth would touch, in express words, upon the real position which they sustained towards one another. Yet did the physician, in his dark way, creep frightfully near the secret.

"Were it not better," said he, "that you use my poor skill to-night? Verily, my dear Sir, we must take pains to make you strong and vigorous for this occasion of the Election discourse. The people look for great things from you; apprehending that another year may come about and find their pastor gone."

"Yea, to another world," replied the minister with pious resignation. "Heaven grant it may be to a better one; for in good sooth, I hardly think to tarry with my flock through the flitting seasons of another year! But touching your medicine, kind Sir, in my present frame of body, I need it not."

"I joy to hear it," answered the physician. "It may be that my remedies, so long administered in vain, begin now to take due effect. Happy man were I, and well deserving of New England's gratitude, could I achieve this cure!"

"I thank you from my heart, most watchful friend," said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, with a solemn smile. "I thank you, and can but requite your good deeds with my prayers."

"A good man's prayers are golden recompense!" rejoined old Roger Chillingworth, as he took his leave. "Yea, they are the current

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gold coin of the New Jerusalem, with the King's own mint-mark on them!"

Left alone, the minister summoned a servant of the house, and requested food, which being set before him, he ate with ravenous appetite. Then flinging the already written pages of the Election Sermon into the fire, he forthwith began another, which he wrote with such an impulsive flow of thought and emotion that he fancied himself inspired; and wondered that Heaven should see fit to transmit the grand and solemn music of its oracles through so foul an organ-pipe as he. However, leaving that mystery to solve itself, or go unsolved forever, he drove his task onward with earnest haste and ecstasy. Thus the night fled away, as if it were a winged steed, and he careering upon it. Morning came, and peeped blushing through the curtains; and at last sunrise threw a golden beam into the study, and laid it right across the minister's bedazzled eyes. There he was, with his pen still between his fingers, and a vast, immeasurable tract of written space behind him!— *The Scarlet Letter*.

MIRIAM, HILDA, KENYON, DONATELLO.

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first, after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and all shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol

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(as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the Human Soul, with its choice of Innocence or Evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon we may see a flight of broad stone steps, descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space—rises the great heap of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off the view is shut in by the Alban mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things—at the bright sky and at those blue distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon, in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Viewed through this medium, our narrative—into which are woven some airy and unsubstantial threads, intermixed with others

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twisted out of the commonest stuff of human existence—may seem not widely different from the texture of all our lives.

Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike. It might be that the four persons whom we are seeking to introduce were conscious of this dreaming character of the present, as compared with the square blocks of granite wherewith the Romans built their lives. Perhaps it even contributed to the fanciful merri-ment which was just now their mood. When we find ourselves fading into shadows and un-realities it seems hardly worth while to be sad, but rather to laugh as gayly as we may, and ask little reason wherefore.

Of these four friends of ours, three were artists, or connected with art; and at this moment they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues—a well-known masterpiece of Grecian sculpture—and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

“You must needs confess, Kenyon,” said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, “that you never chiseled out of marble, nor wrought out in clay, a more vivid likeness than this—cunning a bust-maker as you think yourself. The portraiture is perfect in character, sentiment, and feature. If it were a picture, the resemblance might be half-illusiv- and imaginary; but here, in this Pentelic marble, it is a substantial fact, and may be tested by absolute touch and measurement. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?”

“Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so,” replied Hilda, a slender, brown-haired New England girl, whose perceptions of form and expression were wonderfully clear and delicate. “If there is any difference between the two faces, the reason may be, I suppose, that the Faun dwelt in the woods and fields, and con-

sorted with his like; while Donatello has known cities a little, and such people as ourselves. But the resemblance is very close, and very strange."

"Not so strange," whispered Miriam, mischievously, "for no Faun in Arcadia was ever a greater simpleton than Donatello. He has hardly a man's share of wit, small as that may be. It is a pity there are no longer any of this congenial race of rustic creatures for our friend to consort with!"

"Hush, naughty one!" returned Hilda. "You are very ungrateful, for you well know he has wit enough to worship you, at all events."

"Then the greater fool he!" said Miriam, so bitterly that Hilda's quiet eyes were somewhat startled.

"Donatello, my dear friend," said Kenyon, in Italian, "pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue."

The young man laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the statue has been standing for two or three thousand years. In truth, allowing for the difference of costume, and if a lion's skin could have been substituted for his modern talma, and a rustic pipe for his stick, Donatello might have figured perfectly as the marble Faun, miraculously softened into flesh and blood.

"Yes, the resemblance is wonderful," observed Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the accuracy of a sculptor's eye. "There is one point, however, or, rather, two points, in respect to which our friend Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute detail." And the sculptor directed the attention of the party to the ears of the beautiful statue which they were contemplating.

But we must do more than merely refer to this exquisite work of art. It must be described, however inadequate may be the effort to express its magic peculiarity in words.

The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or

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stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor; the mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that was ever wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause. There is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and

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might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature indeed is the most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly deffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs: these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be con-

scious of its spell. All the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists in that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear.

"Donatello," playfully cried Miriam, "do not leave us in this perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvellous resemblance extends to the very tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better!"

"No, no, dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, laughing, but with a certain earnestness. "I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted." And as he spoke the young Italian made a skip and a jump, quite light enough for a veritable Faun, so as to place himself beyond the reach of the fair hand that was outstretched, as if to settle the matter by actual examination. "I shall be like a wolf of the Apennines," he continued, taking his stand on the other side of the Dying Gladiator, "if you touch my ears ever so softly. None of my race could endure it. It has always been a tender point with my forefathers and me."

He spoke in Italian, with the Tuscan rusticity of accent, and an unshaped sort of utterance, betokening that he must heretofore have been chiefly conversant with rural people.

"Well, well," said Miriam, "your tender point shall—your two tender points, if you have them—be safe so far as I am concerned. But how strange this likeness is, after all! and how

delightful, if it really includes the pointed ears ! Oh, it is impossible, of course," she continued in English, "with a real and commonplace young man like Donatello; but you see how this peculiarity defines the portion of the Faun; and while putting him where he cannot exactly assert his brotherhood, still disposes us kindly towards the kindred creature. He is not supernatural, but just on the verge of nature, and yet within it. What is the nameless charm of this idea, Hilda? You can feel it more delicately than I."

"It perplexes me," said Hilda, thoughtfully, and shrinking a little; "neither do I quite like to think about it."

"But surely," said Kenyon, "you agree with Miriam and me, that there is something very touching and impressive in this statue of the Faun. In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other. What a pity that he has forever vanished from the hard and dusty paths of life—unless," added the sculptor, in a sportive whisper, "Donatello be actually he!"

"You cannot conceive how this fantasy takes hold of me," responded Miriam, between jest and earnest. "Imagine, now, a real being similar to this mystic Faun, how happy, how genial, how satisfactory would be his life; enjoying the warm, sensuous, earthly side of his nature; reveling in the merriment of woods and streams; living, as our four-footed kindred do—as mankind did in its innocent childhood; before sin, sorrow, or mortality itself had even been thought of! Ah! Kenyon, if Hilda and you and I—if I at least—had pointed ears! For I suppose the Faun had no conscience, no remorse, no burthen on the heart, no troublesome reflections of any sort; no dark future either."

“What a tragic tone was that last, Miriam!” said the sculptor; and, looking into her face, he was startled to behold it pale and tear-stained. “How suddenly this mood has come over you!”

“Let it go as it came,” said Miriam, “like a thunder-shower in this Roman sky. All is sunshine again, you see!”

Donatello's refractoriness as regarded his ears had evidently cost him something; and he now came close to Miriam's side, gazing at her with an appealing air, as if to solicit forgiveness. His mute, helpless gesture of entreaty had something pathetic in it, and yet might well enough excite a laugh, so like it was to what you may see in the aspect of a hound when he thinks himself in fault or disgrace. It was difficult to make out the character of this young man. So full of animal life as he was, so joyous in his deportment, so handsome, so physically well-developed, he made no impression of incompleteness, of maimed or stunted nature. And yet, in social intercourse, these familiar friends of his habitually and instructively allowed for him, as for a child or some other lawless thing, exacting no strict obedience to conventional rules, and hardly noticing his eccentricities enough to pardon them. There was an indefinable characteristic about Donatello that set him outside of rules.

He caught Miriam's hand, kissed it, and gazed into her eyes without saying a word. She smiled, and bestowed upon him a little careless caress, singularly like what one would give to a pet dog when he puts himself in the way to receive it. Not that it was so decided a caress either, but only the merest touch, somewhere between a pat and tap of the finger; it might be a mark of fondness, or perhaps a playful pretense of punishment. At all events, it appeared to afford Donatello exquisite pleasure; insomuch that he danced quite round the wooden railing that fences in the Dying Gladiator.

“It is the very step of the Dancing Faun,”

said Miriam apart to Hilda. "What a child, or what a simpleton he is! I continually find myself treating Donatello as if he were the merest unfledged chicken; and yet he can claim no such privileges in the right of his tender age, for he is at least—how old should you think him, Hilda?"

"Twenty years, perhaps," replied Hilda, glancing at Donatello; "but, indeed, I cannot tell; hardly so old, on second thoughts, or possibly older. He has nothing to do with time, but has a look of eternal youth in his face."

"All underwitted people have that look," said Miriam, scornfully.

"Donatello has certainly the gift of eternal youth, as Hilda suggests," observed Kenyon, laughing; "for, judging by the date of this statue, which I am more and more convinced Praxiteles carved on purpose for him, he must be at least twenty-five centuries old, and he still looks as young as ever."

"What age have you, Donatello?" asked Miriam.

"Signorina, I do not know," he answered; "no great age, however; for I have only lived since I met you."

"Now what old man of society could have turned a silly compliment more neatly than that!" exclaimed Miriam. "Nature and art are just at one sometimes. But what a happy ignorance is this of our friend Donatello! Not to know his own age! It is equivalent to being immortal on earth. If I could only forget mine!"

"It is too soon to wish that," observed the sculptor; "You are hardly older than Donatello looks."

"I shall be content then," rejoined Miriam, "if I could only forget one day of all my life." Then she seemed to repent of this allusion, and hastily added, "A woman's days are so tedious that it is a boon to leave one of them out of the account."—*The Marble Faun*.

JOHN HAY —

HAY, JOHN, an American author, born at Salem, Indiana, in 1838. He was educated at Brown University, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Springfield, Illinois, in 1861. In the same year he became Assistant Secretary of President Lincoln, and later his Adjutant and Aide-de-Camp. He served for a time in the Union army, and became an assistant adjutant-general. After the war he was Secretary of Legation at Paris and Madrid, and Charge d'Affaires at Vienna. In 1870 he returned to the United States, and for six years was employed on the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*. From 1879 to 1881 he was Assistant Secretary of State. During his connection with the *Tribune* he became known by his dialect poems *Jim Bludsoe* and *Little Breeches*. These were afterwards published with others of his verses, in a volume entitled *Pike County Ballads* (1871). In the same year he published *Castilian Days*, a collection of sketches of Spanish life. He also, conjointly with John G. Nicolay, wrote *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* which was published in the *Century Magazine*, in 1886-87, and issued in 10 volumes. His collected poems appeared in 1890.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There was never a castle seen
So fair as mine in Spain ;
It stands embowered in green,
Crowning the gentle slope
Of a hill by Xenil's shore,
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er
The storied Vega plain,
And its towers are hid in the mists of hope ;
And I toil through mists of pain
Its glimmering gates to gain.

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In visions wild and sweet
Sometimes its courts I greet;
Sometimes in joy its shining halls
I tread with favored feet;
But never my eyes in the light of day
Were blessed with its ivied walls,
Where the marble white and the granite gray
Turn alike where the sunbeams play
When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms
Are treasures rich and rare;
The spoil of Eastern looms,
And whatever of bright and rare
Painters divine have won
From the vault of Italy's air;
White gods of Phidian stone
People the haunted glooms:
And the song of immortal singers
Like a fragrant memory lingers,
I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul!
Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,
Nor the waves of the river that roll,
With a cadence faint and sweet,
In peace by its marble feet—
Nothing of these is the goal
For which my whole heart sighs.
'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—
The pearl I would die to gain;
For there does my Lady dwell,
My love that I love so well—
That Queen whose gracious reign
Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair
Sheds light in the shady places,
And the spell of her maiden graces
Holds charmed the happy air.
A breath of purity
Forever before her flies,
And ill things cease to be
In the glance of her honest eyes,
Around her pathway flutter,

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Where her dear feet wander free,
In youth's pure majesty,
The wings of vague desires,
But the thought that love would utter
In reverence expires.

Not yet ! not yet shall I see
That face which shines like a star
O'er my storm-swept life afar
Transfigured with love for me;
Toiling, forgetting, and learning,
With labor and vigils, and prayers,
Pure heart and resolute will,
At last I shall climb the Hill,
And breathe the enchanted airs
Where the light of my life is burning,
Most lovely and fair and free ;
Where alone in her youth and beauty,
And bound by her fate's sweet duty,
Unconscious she waits for me.

BEFORE THE BULL-FIGHT.

One does not soon forget the first sight of the full Coliseum. In the centre is the sanded arena, surrounded by a high barrier. Around this rises the graded succession of stone benches for the people ; then numbered seats for the connoisseurs ; and above, a row of boxes extending around the circle. The building holds, when full, some fourteen thousand persons ; and there is rarely any vacant space. For myself I can say that what I vainly strove to imagine in the Coliseum at Rome, and in the more solemn solitude of Capua and Pompeii, came up before me with the vividness of life on entering the bull-ring of Madrid. This, and none other, was the classic arena. This was the crowd that sat expectant, under the blue sky, in the hot glare of the South, while the doomed captives of Dacia, or the sectaries of Judea commended their souls to the gods of the Danube, or the Crucified of Galilee. Half the sand lay in the blinding sun. Half the seats were illuminated by the fierce light. The

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other half was in shadow, and the dark crescent crept slowly all the afternoon across the arena as the sun declined in the west.

It is hard to conceive a more brilliant scene. The women put on their gayest finery for this occasion. In the warm light, every bit of color flashes out, every combination falls naturally into its place. I am afraid the luxuriance of hues in the dress of the fair Iberians would be considered shocking in Broadway, but in the vast frame and broad light of the Plaza the effect was very brilliant. Thousands of party-colored paper fans are sold at the ring. The favorite colors are the national red and yellow, and the flutter of these broad, bright disks of color is dazzlingly attractive. There is a gayety of conversation, a quick fire of repartee, shouts of recognition and salutation, which altogether make up a bewildering confusion. The weary young water-men scream their snow-cold refreshment. The orange-men walk with their gold-freighted baskets along the barrier, and throw their oranges with the most marvelous skill and certainty to people in distant boxes or benches. They never miss their mark, They will throw over the heads of a thousand people a dozen oranges into the outstretched hands of customers, so swiftly that it seems like one line of gold from the dealer to the buyer.

At length the blast of a trumpet announces the clearing of the ring. The idlers who have been lounging in the arena are swept out by the *alguacils*, and the hum of conversation gives way to an expectant silence. When the last loafer has reluctantly retired, the great gate is thrown open, and the procession of the *torreros* enters. They advance in a glittering line; first the marshals of the day, then the picadors on horseback, then the *matadors* on foot surrounded each by his squad of *chulos*. They walk towards the box which holds the city fathers, under whose patronage the show is

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given, and formally salute the authority. This is all very classic, also, recalling the *Ave Cæsar, morituri*, of the gladiators. It lacks, however, the solemnity of the Roman salute, from those splendid fellows who would never all leave the arena alive. A bull-fighter is sometimes killed, it is true, but the percentage of deadly danger is scarcely enough to make a spectator's heart beat as the bedizened procession comes flashing by in the sun.

The municipal authority throws the bowing alguacil a key, which he catches in his hat, or is hissed if he misses it. With this he unlocks the door through which the bull is to enter, and then scampers off with undignified haste through the opposite entrance. There is a bugle-flourish, the door flies open, and the bull rushes out, blind with the staring light, furious with rage, trembling in every limb. This is the most intense moment of the day. The glorious brute is the target of twelve thousand pairs of eyes. There is a silence as of death, while every one waits to see his first movement.
—*Castilian Days*.

A TRIUMPH OF ORDER.

A squad of regular infantry,
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the walls of Père la Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,
And said, "What dost thou here?"

"*Sapristi*, citizen captain!
I'm a communist, my dear!"

"Very well! Then you die with the others!"

"Very well! That's my affair!
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

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“My father’s watch. You see it.
A gay old thing, is it not?
It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I’ll come back here and be shot.”

“That is the last we shall see of him.”
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill,
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed, gorged like a greedy snake
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child’s shrill voice was heard!
“*Houp-la!* the old girl made such a row,
I feared I should break my word.”

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest,
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft, white breast.

“Now blaze away, my children!
With your little one—two—three!”
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved Society!

ISAAC ISRAEL HAYES—

HAYES, ISAAC ISRAEL, an American explorer and author, born in 1832; died in 1881. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and received his diploma in 1853. In the same year he accompanied Dr. Kane in the second Grinnell Expedition to the Arctic regions. They returned in 1855, and in 1860 Dr. Hayes published *An Arctic Boat Journey*, relating some events of the expedition. In the summer of the same year he set out on another expedition in search of the open Polar Sea. The expedition went as far as lat. $81^{\circ} 37'$ north, and reached land beyond which they saw open water. On his return in 1861, he entered the Union army, and served as surgeon during the civil war. He published *The Open Polar Sea* in 1867. In 1869 he sailed in the *Panther*, on a journey of exploration along the southern coast of Greenland. *The Land of Desolation* (1872) gives an account of this expedition. In 1868 he published a story, *Cast Away in the Cold*, and afterwards a *History of Maritime Discoveries*.

THE BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG.

I can imagine no more grand and imposing spectacle than the birth of an iceberg; and we have now, I think, gone far enough in the examination of glaciers and their movements to contemplate such a spectacle, which, whatever it may seem to the reader, was to me most thrilling.

The scene was in a fiord ten times wider than that of Sermitsialik, though not much longer. Unlike that of Sermitsialik, it was studded with islands and shoal places. The glacier which terminated it was twenty miles across, although not quite uniformly; for the ice had poured down into the sea, and, while

having blotted out some of the islands it had barely touched others ; otherwise the coast-line of ice was perfect and continuous. The islands and shoal places in the fiord arrest the icebergs ; and within ten miles or more of the glacier it is almost impossible to go. With great difficulty I came within five, in a boat. Farther I could not force my way by any possibility ; and accordingly, we made for land, and climbed a lofty hill for a view. It was a grand spectacle that met my eye as I stood upon the hill-top overlooking the fiord, with its thousands of icebergs, its dark rocky islands, and the immense quantities of loose ice which filled up the space between the bergs and islands, until there was scarcely a patch of water to be seen anywhere as large as a good-sized duck-pond. Very different from the fiord of Sermitsialik, where there were no islands or shoals to arrest the ice in its progress down the fiord.

I was accompanied by the *bestyrere* of Aukpadlartok, whose name was Philip. We stood together, looking at the glacier and the great sea of ice which stretched away into the interior, blending mountains and valleys into a vast plain, when Philip said, "Listen ! the glacier is going to 'calve'"; for that is the name by which they distinguish the breaking off of a fragment.

I heard a loud report, but I could not at once distinguish the source of it. An instant afterward it was repeated, now louder than before. It resembled the first warning sound of a coming earthquake. Philip had detected the spot whence the sound proceeded, and said, "Look ! it is rising." I could now see that a portion of the glacier was being lifted by the water. A great wave was rolled back with this upward movement, and dashed fiercely against the icebergs that lay farther down the fiord. Another instant, and the sound, which was before so deep and loud, broke through the air with a crash that was like the discharge of

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heavy artillery near at hand. I knew now that a crack had opened in the ice-stream, and that a mass had been disengaged.

The position of the crack was quickly apparent, and we could see that a fragment of enormous proportions had been set at liberty. It first reared itself aloft, as if it were some huge leviathan of the deep induced with life, and was sporting its unwieldy bulk in the hitherto undisturbed waters. The crack had now opened wide. The detached fragment plunged forward; the front which had been rising, then sunk down, while the inner side rose up, and volumes of water that had been lifted with the sudden motion poured from its sides, hissing, into the foaming and agitated sea. Thus an iceberg had been born.

It would be impossible with mere words alone to convey any adequate idea of the action of this new-born child of the Arctic frosts. Think of a solid lump of ice, a third of a mile deep and more than half a mile in lateral diameter, hurled like a mere toy away into the water and set to rolling to and fro by the impetus of the act—as if it were Nature's merest foot-ball—now down one side, until the huge bulk was nearly capsized, then back again; then down the other side once more, with the same unresisting force; and so on, up and down, and down and up, swashing to and fro for hours before it comes finally to rest. Picture this, and you will have an image of power not to be seen by the action of any other forces upon the earth.

The disturbance of the water was inconceivably fine. Waves of enormous magnitude were rolled up with great violence against the glacier, covering it with spray; and billows came tearing down the fiord, their progress marked by the cracking and crumbling ice, which was everywhere in a state of wildest agitation for the space of several miles. Over the smaller iceberg the water broke completely, as if a tempest were piling up the seas and heaving

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them fiercely against the shore. Then, to add still further to the commotion thus occasioned, the great wallowing iceberg, which was the cause of it all, was dropping fragments from its sides with each oscillation, the report of the rupture reaching the ear above the general din and clamor. Other bergs were set in motion by the waves, and these also dropped pieces from their sides; and at last, as if it were the grand *finale* of the piece—the dash of cymbals and the big bass-drum of nature's grand orchestra—a monstrous berg near the middle of the fiord split in two, and above the sound of breaking waters and falling ice, this last disruption filled the air with a peal that rang among the bergs and crags, and, echoing from hill to hill, died away only in the void beyond the mountain-tops; while to the noisy tune the icebergs of the fiord danced their wild ungainly dance upon the waters.—*The Land of Desolation.*

WILLIAM HAYLEY.—

HAYLEY, WILLIAM, an English author, born in 1745; died in 1820. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and studied law; but being possessed of an ample fortune, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1792 he became acquainted with Cowper, whose life he wrote ten years later. Hayley's writings are quite numerous, both in prose and verse, among which are an *Autobiography*. Of his poetical works the best, besides a few small pieces, are *The Triumphs of Temper*, in six cantos (1781) and *An Essay on Epic Poetry*, in five epistles (1782.) The latter poem contains a feeling tribute to the memory of his mother, a few lines of which are here given :

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme :
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before,
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, though linger
ing years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears ;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew.
Though medicinal art with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,

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Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and
prayer ;
Nor prayed in vain : thy child from Powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
Oh, might he then receive the happy skill
And force proportioned to his ardent will
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise !
Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's
flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers ;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervent
zeal ;
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigor of judgment, purity of taste ;
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul,
Nor will the public with harsh vigor blame
This my just homage to thy honored name
To please that public—if to please be mine—
Thy virtues trained me : let the praise be thine.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF COWPER.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise :
His highest virtues to the heart belong ;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF MRS. UNWIN.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind ;

WILLIAM HAYLEY.—

Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend :
It is the dust of Unwin—Cowper's friend,
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

THE DEPARTING SWALLOWS.

Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smoothe your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Now winter's angry threats commence !
Like you, my soul would smoothe her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.
May God, by whom are seen and heard
Departing men and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown !

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.--

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, an American poet, born in 1830 ; died in 1886. He graduated at the College of Charleston, S. C., his native city, in 1850, and became a lawyer ; but soon relinquished practice. In 1857 he became the editor of *Russell's Magazine*, and later of the *Charleston Literary Gazette*. During the civil war he was one of General Pickens's aides. His house was destroyed by fire at the bombardment of Charleston. After the war he established himself at Copse Hill, Ga., devoting himself to literary work until his death. He published *Sonnets and Other Poems* (1857), *Avolio, a Legend of Cos* (1860), *Legends and Lyrics* (1872), *The Mountain of the Lovers and Other Poems* (1873), and the *Lives of Robert Y. Hayne and Hugh S. Legaré* (1878.) He also edited the poems and memoirs of Henry Timrod in 1872. A complete edition of his poems was published in 1882.

THE SOLITARY LAKE.

From garish light and life apart,
Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,
With delicate mists of morning furled
Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dreamlike, in curves of palest gold,
The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
Part in long rifts, through which I view
Gray islets throned in tides as blue
As if a piece of heaven withdrawn—
Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn—
Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dreamlike, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
I hear the distant west wind rise,

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.—

And, down the hollows wandering, break
In gurgling ripples on the lake,
Round which the vapors, still outspread,
Mount wanly widening overhead,
Till flushed by morning's primrose red.

Dreamlike, each slow, soft pulsing surge
Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge
Sending, where'er its tremors pass
Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass,
Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
Or melt in rich, low warblings made
By some winged Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn the mockbird's lay
Grows stronger, mellower ; far away
Mid dusky reeds, which even the noon
Lights not, the lonely hearted loon
Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
Of half its sadness ; day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah ! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
Casting o'er both a glamour known
To *their* enchanted realm alone ;
Whence shines, as' twere a spirit's face.
The sweet, coy genius of the place,
Yon lake beheld as if in trance,
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel—whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering eyes,
Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely byways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

While sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half-remembered face I meet.

Albeit upon no mortal shore,
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song,

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.←

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.
In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer,
When the whole scene which greets mine eyes,
In some strange mood I recognize,
As one whose every mystic part
I feel pre-figured in my heart.
At sunset, as I calmly stand
A stranger on an alien strand,
Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.
One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say
I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.
O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge ! not as *dreams*,
For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft, with lightning certainty,
Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make odd thoughts and memories plain :
Thoughts which perchance must travel back
Across the wild, bewildering track
Of countless æons ; memories far,
High-reaching as yon pallid star,
Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space.

A COMPARISON.

I think, oft-times, that lives of men may be
Likened to wandering winds that come and go,
Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee.
Some lives are buoyant sephyr, sporting free
In tropic sunshine ; some long winds of woe
That shun the day, wailing with murmurs low,
Through haunted twilights, by the unresting sea ;

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.—

Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk with night,
Born of deep passion or malign desire :
They rave 'mid thunderpeals and clouds of fire.
Wild, reckless all, save that some power unknown
Guides each blind force till life be overblown,
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night.

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er a past that is withered and dead :
What though the heart's roses are as he sand
dust ?

What though the heart's music be fled ?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on
the soul, [goal!"

"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth

Are a burden too heavy to bear,

What hope can re-bloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair ?

Down, down with the fetters of fear !

In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that
defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires,

"*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.

If pure thou hast made thy desires,

There's no height the strong wings of immor-
tals may gain, [for in vain.

Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive

Then up to the contest with fate,

Unbound by the past, which is dead !

What though the heart's roses are ashes and
dust ?

What though the heart's music be fled ?

Still shines the fair heavens o'erhead ;

And sublime as the seraph who rules in the
sun [won.

Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is

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THE DEAD YEAR.

A moment since his breath dissolved in air !
And now divorced from life's last hectic glow,
He joins the ghostly years of long ago
In some cloud-folded realm of vague despair;
Ah me! the unsceptered years that wander
there! [snow,
What cold, wan hands, and faces white as
And echoes of dead voices quavering low—
The phantom-burden of long-perished care !
Perchance all unsubstantialized and gray,
Time's earliest year now greets his last, de-
ceased;
Or he that dumbly gazed on Adam's fall,
Palely emerging from the shadowy east,
With flickering semblance of cold crown and pall,
Clothes the dim ghost of him just passed away !

THE SUPREME HOUR.

There comes an hour when all life's joys and
pains
To our raised vision seem
But as the flickering phantom that remains
Of some dead midnight dream !
There comes an hour when earth recedes so far,
Its wasted wavering ray
Wanes to the ghostly pallor of a star
Merged in the milky way.
Set on the sharp, sheer summit that divides
Immortal truth from mortal fantasie;
We hear the moaning of time's muffled tides
In measureless distance die !
Past passions, loves, ambitions, and despairs,
Across the expiring swell
Send thro' void space, like wafts of Lethean airs,
Vague voices of farewell.
Ah, then! from life's long-haunted dream we part
Roused as a child new-born,
We feel the pulses of the eternal heart
Throb thro' the eternal morn,

WILLIAM HAZLITT.—

HAZLITT, WILLIAM, an English author, born in 1778; died in 1830. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and he himself was designed for the ministry of that denomination. But he gave attention to literature and art rather than to theology. At first he attempted portrait painting with indifferent success. He afterwards became connected with several periodicals, for which he wrote criticisms upon art, literature, and literary men. His domestic life was not a happy one. At the age of thirty he married a woman from whom he was divorced after fourteen years. Two years later he married a wealthy widow, with whom he went abroad, but separated from her within a year. Soon afterwards he fell madly in love with a servant girl of more than questionable character. Near the close of his life he fell into great pecuniary straits. His principal works are: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817), *A View of the English Stage* (1818), *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818), *On the English Comic Writers* (1819), *On the Literature of the Elizabethan Age* (1821), *Table Talk* (1824), *The Spirit of the Age* (1825), *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1828.) A collection of his *Literary Remains*, edited by his son, appeared in 1836, to which were prefixed notices by Bulwer-Lytton and Thomas Noon Talfourd.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished beyond, perhaps, any other in our history by a number of great men, famous in different ways, and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honors—statesmen, warriors,



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divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers; Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, and higher and more sounding still, and more frequent in our mouths, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sydney, Bacon, Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher—men whom fame has eternized in her long and brilliant scroll, and who by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country and ornaments of human nature. Their attainments of different kinds bore the same general stamp, and it was sterling. Perhaps the genius of Great Britain never shone out fuller or brighter or looked more like itself than at this period. For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situations, and in the characters of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach. I shall here attempt to give a general sketch of these causes, and of the manner in which they operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country at the period of which I have to treat, independently of incidental and fortuitous causes, for which there is no accounting, but which, after all, have often the greatest share in determining the most important results.

The first cause I shall mention as contributing to this general effect was the Reformation which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general; but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow; heaved the ground from under the feet of bigoted faith and slavish obedience, and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accus-

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tomed hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watchword; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back with her island voice from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores, in a longer and louder strain. With that cry the genius of Great Britain rose, and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation; the waters were out; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy, their spirits stirring, their hearts full, and their hands not idle. Their eyes were opened to expect the greatest things and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy loosened their tongues and made the talismans and love-tokens of Popish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine of the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the vision of the prophets and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment. It created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it.

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Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference ; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety ; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, and habitual fervor and enthusiasm in their method of handling almost every subject. The debates of the Schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough, but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides, confined to a few ; they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions “to run and read,” with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelation. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns’s *Cotter’s Saturday Night*. I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. . . .

There have been persons who, being skeptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character. But this was not the feeling of the great men in the Age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief), one of them says of him, with a boldness equal to its piety :—

“ The best of men
That e’er wore earth about him was a sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.”

This was old honest Dekker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or

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true genius. Nor can I help thinking that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the Age of Elizabeth; in the means of exciting terror and pity; in the delineations of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy; the sense of shame; in the fond desires, the longings after immortality; in the heaven of hope and the abyss of despair it lays open to us. The literature of this age, then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes), first by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly by the spirit of Protestantism.

The effects of the Reformation on politics and philosophy may be seen in the writings and history of the next and the following ages. They are still at work, and will continue to be so. The effects on the poetry of the time were chiefly confined to the moulding of the character, and giving a powerful impulse to the intellect of the country. The immediate use or application that was made of religion to subjects of imagination and fiction was not (from an obvious ground of separation) so direct or frequent as that which was made of the classical and romantic literature; for much about the same time, the rich and fascinating stores of the Greek and Roman mythology, and those of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy, were eagerly explored by the curious, and thrown open in translations to the admiring gaze of the vulgar.

This last circumstance could hardly have afforded so much advantage to the poets of that day, who were themselves the translators, as it shows the general curiosity and increasing interest in such subjects as a prevailing feature of the times. There were translations of Tasso by Fairfax, and of Ariosto by Harington, of Homer and Hesiod by Chapman, and of Virgil long before, and Ovid soon after; there was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, of which Shakespeare has made such admirable

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use in his *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*; and Ben Jonson's tragedies of *Catiline* and *Sejanus* may themselves be considered as almost literal translations into verse of Tacitus, Sallust, and Cicero's *Orations* in his consulship. Petrarch, Dante, the satirist Aretine, Machiavelli, Castiglione, and others, were familiar to our writers; and they make occasional mention of some few French authors, as Ronsard and Du Bartas—for the French literature had not at this stage arrived at its Augustan period, and it was the imitation of their literature a century afterwards, when it had arrived at its greatest height (itself copied from the Greek and Latin), that enfeebled and impoverished our own. But of the time that we are considering, it might be said without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, that every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on the national genius. . . .

What also gave an unusual impetus to the mind of men at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity or wing the imagination of the dreaming speculator. Fairyland was realized in new and unknown worlds. "Fortunate fields and groves, and flowery vales, thrice happy isles," were found floating, "like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," beyond Atlantic seas, as dropped from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, everything gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other mariners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakespeare has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Island, and of the savage Caliban with his god Setebos. Spenser seems to have had the same feeling in

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his mind in the production of his *Faery Queene*.—*The Literature of the Elizabethan Age*.

THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humor and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut-and-come-again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but, "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapors that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for

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glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill found in his pocket, with such an out-o'-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humor the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.—*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where

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he kills Polonius ; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. . At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and skeptical ; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers ; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules ; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist"—as Shakespeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-colored Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from *The Whole Duty of Man* or from *The Academy of Compliments* ! We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behavior either partakes of the "license of the time," or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around

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him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When "his father's spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on this point. In the harassed state of his mind he could not have done much otherwise than he did.—*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT, Second, son of the preceding, born in 1811, was called to the Bar in 1844, and appointed Registrar in the London Court of Bankruptcy in 1854. He wrote some professional essays, and edited the *Remains* of his father.—WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT, son of William Hazlitt, Second, born in 1834, was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, entered the Inner Temple as a student in 1859, and was called to the bar in 1861. He has edited the works of a great number of Old English writers, written works in history, criticism, and bibliography, besides *Sophie Laurie* (1865), *Studies in Jocular Literature* (1890), *Tales and Legends of England* (1892), *The Coinage of Europe* (1893).

SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD.—.

HEAD, SIR FRANCIS BOND, an English politician and author, born in 1793; died in 1875. He entered the army, and in 1824, while an officer in the engineers, he undertook, in the interest of a mining company, to explore the South American silver mines between Buenos Ayres and the Andes. In the course of these explorations he rode, mostly alone, more than 6000 miles, crossing the Andes twice, and the Pampas four times. Of these journeys he gave a spirited account in his *Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas* (1826.) In 1835 he was appointed Lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, and held this office during the rebellion of 1838. For his services in suppressing this rebellion he received the thanks of the Legislature of the Province, and was created a baronet. In 1867 he was made a Privy Councillor. He wrote numerous works, among which are: *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau* (1833), *Life of James Bruce, the African Traveller* (1844), *The Emigrant* (1847), *Stokers and Pokers* (1850), *A Fagot of French Sticks* (1851), *Descriptive Essays* (1856), *The Horse and His Rider* (1860), and *The Royal Engineer* (1870.)

THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about 900 miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for 180 miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for 450 miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees

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and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are ever-greens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its color from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up and the scene is again verdant.

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY.—

HEADLEY, JOEL TYLER, an American author, born at Walton, New York, in 1814. He graduated at Union College in 1839, studied theology at Auburn, and became pastor of a church in Stockbridge, Mass. In 1842-43 he traveled in Europe for his health. Two volumes published after his return, *Letters from Italy*, and *The Alps and the Rhine* (1845), were well received. He afterwards published many volumes, among which are: *Napoleon and His Marshals*, and *Sacred Mountains* (1846), *Washington and His Generals* (1847), *The Adirondacks, or Life in the Woods* (1849), *The Imperial Guard of Napoleon from Marengo to Waterloo* (1852), *History of the Second War between England and the United States* (1853), *Sacred Scenes and Characters*, and *Life of General Havelock* (1859), *The Great Rebellion: a History of the Civil War in the United States* (1863-66), *Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution* (1864), *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs* (1870), *The Achievements of Stanley and other African Explorers*.

'CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed into the field, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blücher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called

up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery impetuous manner. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l'Empereur*," answered him with a shout that was heard all over the fields of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that Guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being "the bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew it was to be victory or annihilation.

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill that the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single

charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "*la garde recule, la garde recule,*" make us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink beneath him, till *five* had been shot down. Then, his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and metal into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY.—

pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flames rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not wholly withstand it. They reeled, shook, and staggered back. While in this state of confusion, and before they could finally rally again, a column of English infantry, advancing on the left flank, poured in their rapid and destructive volleys. The noble Guard, lifting heavily against the overwhelming masses, swerved one side to meet this new shock, when suddenly, with loud shouts, a brigade of cavalry broke upon the disordered right flank, and rode straight through the shattered column. All was now confusion, and to the terrific shout, "The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils!" the mighty mass rolled down the slope. Ney was born back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to yield, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood, and let the enemy plow through them. Michel, in one of them, being called upon to surrender, replied, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders;" and fell a noble sacrifice to save its honor. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle.—*Napoleon and his Marshals.*

LAFCADIO HEARN.—

HEARN, LAFCADIO, an Anglo-Greek narrative and descriptive writer, was born in the Ionian Islands in 1850. He was educated in France and England. In early life he came to the United States and engaged in journalism in Cincinnati and in New Orleans. He is the author of *Stray Leaves from Stray Literature* (1884); *Gombo Zhèbes* (1885); a compilation of Creole proverbs; *Some Chinese Ghosts* (1887); *Chita, a Memory of Last Island* (1889); *Two Years in the French West Indies* (1890); *Youma* (1890). He has given much attention to popular religious ideas, particularly those of the un-Europeanized Japanese; and has more recently written *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* (1894); and *Out of the East; Reveries and Studies in Japan* (1895).

HOMEWARD BOUND.

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Again the enormous poem of azure and emerald unrolls before us, but in order inverse; again is the island-Litany of the Saints repeated for us, but now backward. All the bright familiar harbors once more open to receive us;—each lovely Shape floats to us again, first golden yellow, then vapory gray, then ghostly blue, but always sharply radiant at last, symmetrically exquisite, as if chiselled out of amethyst and emerald and sapphire. We review the same wondrous wrinkling of volcanic hills, the cities that sit in extinct craters, the woods that tower to heaven, the peaks perpetually wearing that luminous cloud which seems the breathing of each island-life,—its vital manifestation. . . .

. . . Only now do the long succession of exotic and unfamiliar impressions received begin to group and blend, to form homogeneous results,—general ideas or convictions. Strong-

LAFCADIO HEARN.—

est among these is the belief that the white race is disappearing from these islands, acquired and held at so vast a cost of blood and treasure. Reasons almost beyond enumeration have been advanced—economical, climatic, ethnical, political—all of which contain truth, yet no single one of which can wholly explain the fact. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credibility. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there were 12,000 whites; now, against more than 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are perhaps 5000 whites left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been almost deserted by their former cultivators: St. Vincent is becoming desolate: Tobago is a ruin; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. Christopher is crumbling; Granada has lost more than half her whites; St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most active, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian ports, is in full decadence. And while the white element is disappearing, the dark races are multiplying as never before;—the increase of the negro and half-breed populations has been everywhere one of the startling results of emancipation. The general belief among the creole whites of the Lesser Antilles would seem to confirm the old prediction that the slave races of the past must become the masters of the future. Here and there the struggle may be greatly prolonged, but everywhere the ultimate result must be the same, unless the present conditions of commerce and production become marvellously changed. The exterminated Indian peoples of the Antilles have already been replaced by populations equally fitted to cope with the forces of the nature about them,—that splendid and terrible Nature of the tropics which consumes the energies of the races of the North, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroism or their crimes,—

effacing their cities, rejecting their civilization. To those peoples physiologically in harmony with this Nature belong all the chances of victory in the contest—already begun—for racial supremacy.

But with the disappearance of the white populations the ethnical problem would be still unsettled. Between the black and mixed peoples prevail hatreds more enduring and more intense than any race prejudices between whites and freedmen in the past;—a new struggle for supremacy could not fail to begin, with the perpetual augmentation of numbers, the ever-increasing competition for existence. And the true black element, more numerically powerful, more fertile, more cunning, better adapted to pyrogenic climate and tropical environment, would surely win. All these mixed races, all these beautiful fruit-colored populations, seem doomed to extinction: the future tendency must be to universal blackness, if existing conditions continue—perhaps to universal savagery. Everywhere the sins of the past have borne the same fruit, have furnished the colonies with social enigmas that mock the wisdom of legislators,—a dragon-crop of problems that no modern political science has yet proved competent to deal with. Can it even be hoped that future sociologists will be able to answer them, after Nature—who never forgives—shall have exacted the utmost possible retribution for all the crimes and follies of three hundred years?—*Two Years in the French West Indies.*

REGINALD HEBER. —

HEBER, REGINALD, an English clergyman and poet, born in Cheshire, in 1783; died at Trichinopoly, India, in 1826. In 1800 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1803 he wrote his prize poem, *Palestine*, which has been pronounced the best poem of the kind ever produced at Oxford. After taking his degree in 1804, he traveled in Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. In 1807 he was presented by his brother, Richard Heber, the noted bibliomaniac, to the living of Hodnet, in Shropshire, and in 1809, married Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. In 1815 he preached the Bampton Lecture, his subject being "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter." In 1819 he wrote a *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, with a critical examination of his writings, and in 1822 was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn. In 1823 he accepted the appointment of Bishop of Calcutta, this see then including all British India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia. From the time of entering upon his episcopal duties he was occupied with visitations through parts of his vast diocese. He wrote a *Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India*, which was not published until after his death, which occurred suddenly from apoplexy. His *Life and Unpublished Works*, edited by his widow, appeared in 1830. His *Hymns* were first published entire in 1827. A complete edition of his *Poems* appeared in 1855.

JERUSALEM.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen ! forgotten Sion,
mourn !

REGINALD HEBER.—

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy
viewed?

Where now thy might, which all those kings
subdued?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

From Palestine.

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light:
They're lost, and gone; the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The March is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The dashing horn: they come, they come!
Through rocky pass, o'er woody steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth and meet them on their way;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And chashing horn, they come; they come!

TO HIS WIFE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall,

REGINALD HEBER.—

In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain ;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea ;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee !

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

REGINALD HEBER.—

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
stall ;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the
mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away :
And soon—too soon—the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine !
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thy own !

REGINALD HEBER.—

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

ISAAC THOMAS HECKER.—

HECKER, ISAAC THOMAS (1819–1888), an American clergyman and author, born in New York city. He obtained his education in the intervals of the labor which his parents' straitened circumstances made necessary. With his brothers he engaged in business, which he relinquished for the study of metaphysics and theology. He spent several months at Brook Farm which he left with Thoreau, and with him made a series of experiments to ascertain the lowest cost of necessary food. After this he re-entered business with his brothers, and took charge of their workmen, for whom he provided a library. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Roman Catholic church, and in 1849 went to Europe to study for the priesthood. He returned in 1851, and in 1858 founded a new missionary society under the name of "The Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle." Its members are called the Paulist Fathers.

In 1865 he founded a magazine, *The Catholic World*, of which he was the editor. Among his works are *Questions of the Soul* (1885), *Aspirations of Nature* (1857), *Catholicity in the United States* (1879), *Catholics and Protestants agreeing on the School Question* (1881), and *The Church and The Age* (1891).

STEPS TO HIGHER LIFE.

There are few among us who have not felt, at times, that life should be an uninterrupted act of piety; that our deeds, to be true, should be acts of worship; that what is not directed to God, is lost, profane, if not sinful. We know it, and speak not at random, when we say, that a large class of our people are earnest, serious-minded, and dissatisfied at heart with the life

ISAAC THOMAS HECKER.—

around them, and are unwilling "to decline on a range of lower feelings." They are eager, anxious, restless to be freed, and to live a better and more spiritual life, and hence they grasp and catch at any enterprise, scheme, theory, or doctrine, however absurd, so long as it promises to discover to them the secrets of spiritual life, or to afford them the means to live it.

But some of the reasons why this class of persons is more numerous in this country than among any other Protestant people, may be distinctly stated. Our first reason may be called a political and economical one. To be freed from the cares and toils of the common duties of life is necessary to the development of the nobler powers of the soul. Here in the United States, competence is more easily acquired than in any other land, thanks to our political institutions and the advantages of our country; hence, those who feel strongly called to live a higher life have the leisure so necessary to their growth and development. Many, in whom under less favorable circumstances, all instinct of a diviner life would be stifled and trodden out, here come to a full consciousness of their nobler powers and true destiny.

Another reason, and one that may be called geographical, is the nature and state of our country. It is not enough to be freed from care and toil for the development of our secret powers and aspirations after a purer and holier life—more is needed—silence, solitude is needed. Our country presents these to us with a lavish hand, and on the grandest scale, in her deep forests, her vast prairies, in her unexplored regions and uncultivated lands; these, with our sparse population, force a great part of our people to silence and into solitude. And these conditions give quiet and tranquillity to the mind, qualities which conduce, and so to speak, provoke man to the meditation and contemplation of his own nature, his destiny, and of God. For solitude gives birth to our nobler impulses,

ISAAC THOMAS HECKER.—

and nature, rightly viewed, leads upwards step by step, as it were, to our common Author, in whom all secrets are opened to our view.—*Questions of the Soul.*

MIDDLE-AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought !
Quiet half-way hostelry on Life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load !
High table-land, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil !
Season when not to achieve is to despair !
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil !
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have
sought !

How art thou changed ! Once to our youthful
eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted
lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs ;
But now, these trophies ours, we recognize
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step, as marks of eld,
None are so far but some are on before ;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges ! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough :
The languid autumn mellows round us now
Yet Fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of
death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.—

HEDDERWICK, JAMES, a Scottish journalist and poet, born at Glasgow in 1814. After studying at the London University, he entered upon journalism, and became editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*. In 1854 he put forth a small volume of poems, which was followed in 1859 by the *Lays of Middle Age, and other Poems*.

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems. . . .

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—
I shuddered at the sight;
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night.

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him.

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep;

JAMES HEDDERWICK.—

And stole last looks of his sad face,
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odors from dead flowers.

And when at last he was borne afar
From this world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life !

His every look, his every word,
His very voice's tone,
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone.

That grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot ;
But the one is long remembered,
The other soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace ;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
No time can e'er efface.

FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE.—

HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY (1805-1890), an American clergyman and author, born at Cambridge, Mass. At the age of twelve he was sent to a school in Germany, where he remained five years. Upon his return he entered the junior class at Harvard, graduating in 1825. He studied theology, and in 1829 became pastor of the Unitarian church at West Cambridge, and subsequently of other churches. In 1857 he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1872 Professor of German in Harvard College. He wrote *Reason in Religion* (1865), *The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition* (1870), made numerous translations in prose and verse from the German; assisted in the preparation of a Hymn Book, and wrote hymns and other occasional poems.

QUESTIONINGS.

Hath this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought ?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own ?
Will its life—with mine begun—
Cease to be when that is done ;
Or another consciousness
With the selfsame forms impress ?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there ?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past ?
And those thousand, thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine ?

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.—

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears ;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or—more wonderful—within,
New creations do begin ;
Hues more bright and forms more rare
Than reality doth wear,
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of the Mind's omnipotence.

Soul ! that all informest, say !
Shall these glories pass away ?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze ?
And the life of things be o'er
When these pulses beat no more ?

Thought ! that in me works and lives—
Life to all things living gives—
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the Universe in trance ?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung
From thyself—thyself a dream—
Of the world's thinking, thou the theme ?

But be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth ;
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find ;
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Living still, that I may find
This bounded Self in boundless Mind.

RELIGION IN ITS TWO TYPES.

When the gospel was delivered to the world it had to encounter two contrary prejudices, represented by two classes of minds. It encountered religious prejudice on the one side, and philosophic pretension on the other. The former of these tendencies was represented by

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.—

the Jews; the latter by the Greeks. No two minds could be more unlike than the minds of these two nations: the one perversely straitened, bigoted, intolerant, but firm; the other liberal, expansive, but curious, fickle, doubting. The one demanded external authority; the other demanded philosophic justice. The one required that a doctrine or a system should be authenticated by some visible token; the other required that it should be scientifically legitimated. With the one, the question as to every doctrine was, "Hath the Lord spoken? hath the Lord said it?" And the evidence that the Lord had said it must not be internal, but external. It was not the nature of the doctrine itself, but some prodigy or supernatural circumstances attending its first annunciation. With the other, the question was, "Is it philosophical? is it logical? is it capable of demonstration? does it harmonize with this or that School?

The Jew and the Greek, as Paul found them, have passed away from the stage of this world. But these two tendencies remain. There are still these two classes of minds—the Jew and the Greek; and, corresponding with them, two different forms of religious thought and life—a Jewish and a Greek Christianity. Neither of these is complete in itself; neither expresses the whole truth of the gospel; each serves as a check on the other; each is the other's complement. True Christianity is the reconciliation of the two. Let justice be done to both. Let each supply what the other lacks.

Is your religion of the Jewish type—a religion of authority, of rigid literality? Endeavor to enlarge your thought and to liberalize your mind by intercourse with minds of a different cast; converse freely with thinkers of every name; make yourself familiar with the literature and philosophy of religion beyond the limits of your School and Church. Add to conviction, insight; to tradition, reason; to

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.—

dogma, charity; to the letter, life. Let every green nature and loving humanity twine their tendrils around the walls of your Zion, and relieve with a gracious tolerance the harsh angularity of your creed.

Are you a Greek in religion—rationalistic, studious of knowledge, addicted to speculation, impatient of authority, seeking in the human understanding alone the ground of belief? Consider that if mortal wit were equal to all the wants of the soul, and to all the problems of spirit and life, no historic dispensation would ever have been vouchsafed; no Church would ever have been established in the world. Reason as you will, examine, question; but overlook not the necessities of human nature; accept the limits of human insight, and temper the boldness of speculation with reverent regard for the manifest course of Providence in the redemption of the human race, and with something of respect for the faith of mankind.

"The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom;" but Christianity comprehends and embodies both wisdom and sign. Christianity is larger than Jewish authority, and deeper than Grecian philosophy; and when in its infancy, it burst upon the world, it swept away both. It bore down Synagogue and Academy; it floated Gamaliel and Plato, resolved them into itself; and, preserving what truth was in each, reproduced it in its own reconciling and transcendent kind. So it will do in all time to come with the sects and schools that have sprung from its bosom. It will absorb them all, will survive them all. That steady flood will swallow up all our creeds, philosophies, organizations, reforms—all our prophecy, all our knowledge; while, forcing its way through the heart of the world, it bears humanity on from truth to truth, and from life to life.—*Reason in Religion.*

ARNOLD HERMANN LUDWIG HEEREN.—.

HEEREN, ARNOLD HERMANN LUDWIG, a German historian, born in 1760 ; died in 1842. He was educated in Bremen and in the University of Göttingen. His first literary work was an edition of Menander's *De Encomiis* (1785.) He then visited Italy, France, and Holland. He became in 1794 Professor of Philosophy, and in 1801 of History in the Göttingen University. His works on ancient history have given him a high place among German historians. Some of them are, *Ueber die Geschichte und Literatur der schönen Wissenschaften* (1788), *Ueber den Einfluss der Normannen auf die französische Sprache und Literatur* (1789), *Ideen über die Politik, den Verkehr und den Handel der vornehmsten Völker der Alten Welt* (1793-96), *Geschichte des Studiums der classischen Literatur seit dem Wiederaufleben der Wissenschaften* (1797-1802), *Handbuch der Geschichte der Staaten des Alterthums*, and *Ueber die Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten in den letzten drei Jahrhunderten* (1799), *Geschichte des Europäischen Staatensystems und seiner Colonien* (1809), *Der Deutsche Bund in seinen Verhältnissen zu dem Europäischen Staatensystem* (1817), *De Fontibus et Auctoritate Vitarum Parallelorum Plutarchi* (1820), and *Commercium urbis Palmyra vicinarumque urbium, ex monumentis et inscriptionibus illustrata* (1832.) The *Handbook of Ancient History*, part of the *Ideas*, and one or two of his other works have been translated into English by George Bancroft, and an English edition of his most important works was published in London (7 vols., 1845-1854.)

ARNOLD HERMANN LUDWIG HEEREN.-

THE INFLUENCE OF HOMER ON THE GREEKS.

It was Homer who formed the character of the Greek nation. No poet has ever, as a poet, exercised a similar influence over his countrymen. Prophets, lawgivers, and sages have formed the character of other nations; it was reserved to a poet to form that of the Greeks. This is a trait in their character, which could not be wholly erased even in the period of their degeneracy. When lawgivers and sages appeared in Greece, the work of the poet had already been accomplished; and they paid homage to his superior genius. He held up before his nation the mirror, in which they were to behold the world of gods and heroes, no less than of feeble mortals, and to behold them reflected with purity and truth. His poems are founded on the first feelings of human nature; on the love of children, spouse, and country; on that passion which outweighs all others, the love of glory. His songs were poured forth from a breast which sympathized with all the feelings of man; and therefore they enter and will continue to enter every breast, which cherishes the same sympathies. If it is granted to his immortal spirit, from another heaven than any of which he dreamed on earth, to look down on his race, to see the nations from the fields of Asia, to the forests of Hercynia, performing pilgrimages to the fountain which his magic wand caused to flow; if it is permitted to him to overlook the whole harvest of grand, of elevated, of glorious productions, which have been called into being by means of his song; wherever his immortal spirit may reside, nothing more can be required to complete his happiness.

Wherever writing is known, where it is used for the purpose of preserving poems, and thus a poetic literature is formed, the muse loses her youthful freshness. Works of the greatest merit may still be produced; but poetry exerts its full influence only so long as it is considered

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inseparable from song and recitation. The Homeric poems were therefore so far from having produced a less considerable effect, because they for a long time were not written down, that the source of their strength lay in this very circumstance. They entered the memory and soul of the nation. If we were better acquainted with the forms of social life which were prevalent in the cities of Ionia, and with which poetry necessarily stood in the closest union, we should be able to judge more definitely of its effects. The nature of things seems to show, that there, as in the mother country, they must have been sung at festivals and assemblies, whether public or private. This custom was so deeply fixed in the nation, that it continued long after these poems were committed to writing, and were thus accessible to a reader, and in fact, that it was declamation which continued to give them their full effect. We need but to call to mind the remark which Ion, the rhapsodist, makes to Socrates; "I see the hearers now weep and now rise in passion, and appear as if deprived of sensation." If the rhapsodists, in an age when all that was divine in their art, had passed away, and when they sung only for money, could produce such effects, how great must have been their influence in the period of their greatest glory. . . .

Little confidence as we may place in the life of Homer attributed to Herodotus, and several other writings; it is still remarkable, that all unite in describing the fortunes of the poet during his lifetime, as by no means splendid. But his songs continued to live, and, probably in the very first century after the poet, were carried by Lycurgus into the Peloponnesus; and from the same school other epic poets also started up, whose works have been swallowed by the stream of time. A happy accident has preserved for us the general contents of a few of them; but though these accounts are meagre, we may still infer from them, that even among

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the ancients, they are chiefly of interest to the professed student of literature, and that they never gained any claim to be called national poems. But the works of these, and so many others, of whom we know only the names, show how generally epic poetry was extended among the nation. After the epic language had once been perfected by Homer, it remained peculiar to this kind of poetry; and when we read the works of much later poets, of Quintus, or of Nonnus, we might believe ourselves employed on authors many centuries older than they, had we not other evidence beside their language to fix the period in which they lived. That the dialect of Homer remained the principal one for this class of poetry, had an important influence on Grecian literature. Amidst all the changes and improvements in language, it prevented the ancient from becoming antiquated, and secured it a place among the later modes of expression. This was a gain for the language and for the nation. With the dialect of Homer, his spirit continued in some measure to live among the epic poets. Language cannot of itself make a poet; but yet how much depends on language. If in those later poets we occasionally hear echoes of Homer, is it not sometimes his spirit which addresses us?

But his influence on the spirit of his countrymen was much more important, than his influence on their language. He had delineated the world of heroes in colors which can never fade. He had made it present to posterity; and thus the artist and the tragic poet found a sphere opened for the employment of their powers of representation. And the scenes from which they drew their subjects, could not have remained foreign to their countrymen. We do but touch on this subject, in order to say something on the point which lies particularly within the circle of our inquiries; the influence which Homer and the epic poets exercised on the political character of their countrymen.

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When we compare the scanty fragments that are still extant, respecting the circulation and preservation of the poems of Homer, it is remarkable that in Hellas itself, the lawgivers and rulers were the most active in making them known and in saving them from perishing. Lycurgus, we are told, was the first who introduced them into the Peloponnesus by means of the rhapsodists; Solon esteemed the subject so important, that in his code of laws, he formed distinct regulations, in conformity to which it seems probable that the several rhapsodies were recited, not as before without method, but in their natural order, by several rhapsodists, who relieved each other at intervals. All this prepared for the undertaking of Pisistratus; who, according to the accounts of the ancients, not only arranged the poems of Homer, but gained a claim to the eternal gratitude of posterity, by committing them to writing.

This care in those illustrious men did not result from a mere admiration of poetry. That it was connected with their political views, if it needs such confirmation, appears from the circumstance that Solon introduces it into his laws. Were we to form judgment on this subject from the narrow views of our own times, it would seem strange, that they who founded or confirmed the government of a number, even a democracy, should have labored to extend the productions of a bard, who was opposed to their principles, and declares his political creed without disguise; "no good comes of the government of the many; let one be ruler, and one be king;" and in whose works, as we have already remarked, republicanism finds no support. But their views were not so limited. Their object was not to confirm, by means of the poet, their own institutions and their own laws. They desired to animate their nation with a love for excellence and sublimity. Poetry and song, indissolubly united, seemed to them the fittest means of gaining that end.

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These had the greatest influence on the intellectual culture of the people. And if that culture lay within the sphere of the Grecian lawgivers (and it always did, though in different degrees, of what importance in their eyes must that poet have been, whose poems, above all others, were recited by the class of rhapsodists, that lent a glory to the national festivals and assemblies? Solon, himself one of the first of moral poets, could not but perceive, how much experience and knowledge of the world are contained in those books, with which youth is begun, and to which age returns. No fear was entertained, lest the narrations respecting the gods should be injurious to morals; although that fear afterwards induced Plato to banish them from his republic; the philosopher who but for Homer never could have become Plato. For, as we have already remarked, the gods were not held up as models for imitation. But whilst the people was enriching itself with that infinite treasure of practical wisdom, it continued at the same time to live in a world of heroes, and to preserve a taste for objects of beauty. It is impossible to estimate the consequences which resulted from this, the gain of the nation as a nation, by the encouragement of its warlike spirit, by the preservation of its love of liberty and independence. In one respect, those lawgivers were unquestionably in the right; a nation, of which the culture rested on the Iliad and Odyssey, could not easily be reduced to a nation of slaves.—*Ideas on the Politics, Intercourse and Trade, etc. Transl. of GEO. BANCROFT.*

JOHANNES HEERMAN.—

HEERMAN, JOHANNES, a German divine and poet, born in Silesia in 1585; died in 1647. His sacred songs, entitled *Music of the Home and Heart*, are held in high esteem, in Germany.

O GOD, THOU FAITHFUL GOD.

O God, thou faithful God!
Thou well-spring of all blessing!
In whom we all exist,
From whom we're all possessing!
Give me a body sound;
And in it, builded well,
Let an unblemished soul
And a good conscience dwell.

Afford me will and strength
To do the work assigned me,
Whereto, in my true place,
Thy law may call and find me.
Let it be timely done,
With eager readiness;
And what is done in Thee
Have ever good success.

Help me to speak but that
Which I can stand maintaining;
And banish from my lips
The word that's coarse and staining;
And when the duty comes
To speak with earnest stress,
Then grant the needed force
Unmixed with bitterness.

When trouble shall break in,
Let me not turn despairer;
But give a steadfast heart,
And make me a cross-bearer,
When health and comfort fail,
Send to my side the Friend,
Who closer than a brother,
Shall watch the sorrow's end.

Transl. of N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

GEORGE WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL.—

HEGEL, GEORGE WILHELM FRIEDRICH, a German philosopher, born at Stuttgart in 1770 ; died in 1831. When eighteen years of age he entered the University of Tübingen as a student of theology ; but the classics attracted him more than theology or philosophy. After receiving his certificate in 1793, he became a private tutor, first at Berne, and afterwards at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here he turned to the study of Christianity, and wrote a life of Jesus, in whom he saw not a sacrifice for the sins of the world, but a man conscious of union with God, and hence suffering death with tranquillity. A small inheritance from his father in 1799, gave Hegel an opportunity to resume a studious life. In January, 1801, he went to Jena, and during the next winter gave his first course of lectures on logic and metaphysics. In 1805 he became Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy in the University, but in 1806, on the capture of Jena by Napoleon, he went to Bamberg where he was publishing his *Phenomenology of the Mind*. For eighteen months he was editor of the *Bamberger Zeitung*, during which time his *Phenomenology* appeared (1807.) From 1808 to 1816, he was Rector of the Gymnasium of Nuremberg, and published his *Science of Logic* (1812-16.) He was called to the chair of Philosophy at Heidelberg in 1816, and two years later, after the death of Fichte, to Berlin. At Heidelberg he brought out the *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences* (1817.) This exposition of his system he enlarged in 1830 to twice its original size. For the thirteen remaining years of his life he

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gave himself entirely to his work. He published *The Philosophy of Right* and *The Philosophy of Religion* in 1821; *The Philosophy of History* in 1827. Others of his works are on *Psychology*, *Ethics*, *Æsthetics*, and *The History of Philosophy*.

THE BRAHMINS.

Brahma (neuter) is the Supreme in Religion, but there are besides chief divinities *Brahmâ* (masc.) *Vishnu* or *Krishna*—incarnate in infinitely diverse forms—and *Siva*. These formed a connected Trinity. *Brahma*, is the highest; but *Vishnu* or *Krishna*, *Siva*, the Sun; moreover, the Air, etc., are also *Brahm*, *i. e.* Substantial Unity. To *Brahm* itself no sacrifices are offered; it is not honored; but prayers are presented to all other idols. *Brahm* itself is the substantial Unity of All. The highest religious position of man, therefore, is being exalted to *Brahm*. If a Brahmin is asked what *Brahm* is, he answers: "When I fall back within myself, and close all external senses, and say *ô m* to myself, that is *Brahm*. Abstract unity with God is realized in this abstraction from humanity. An abstraction of this kind may in some cases leave everything else unchanged, as does devotional feeling, momentarily excited. But among the Hindus it holds a negative position towards all that is concrete; and the highest state is supposed to be this exaltation, by which the Hindu raises himself to Deity. The Brahmins, in virtue of their birth, are already in possession of the Divine. The distinction of castes involves, therefore, a distinction between present deities and more limited mortals. The other castes may likewise become partakers in a *Regeneration*; but they must submit themselves to immense self-denial, torture, and penance.

This elevation which others can only attain

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by toilsome labor is, as already stated, the birthright of the Brahmins. The Hindu of another caste, must, therefore, reverence the Brahmin as a divinity ; fall down before him, and say to him : "Thou art God." And this elevation cannot have anything to do with moral conduct, but—inasmuch as all internal morality is absent—is rather dependent on a farrago of observances relating to the merest externalities and trivialities of existence. Human life, it is said, ought to be a perpetual worship of God. It is evident how hollow such general aphorisms are, when we consider the concrete forms which they may assume. They require another, a farther qualification, if they are to have a meaning. The Brahmins are a present deity, but their spirituality has not yet been reflected inwards in contrast with nature ; and thus that which is purely indifferent is treated as of absolute importance. The employment of the Brahmins consists principally in the reading of the Vedas : they only have a right to read them. Were a Sudra to read the Vedas, or to hear them read, he would be severely punished, and burning oil must be poured into his ears. The external observances binding on the Brahmins are prodigiously numerous, and the Laws of Manu treat of them as the most essential part of duty. The Brahmin must rest on one particular foot in rising, then wash in a river ; his hair and nails must be cut in neat curves, his whole body purified, his garments white ; in his hand must be a staff of a specified kind ; in his ears a golden ear-ring. If the Brahmin meets a man of an inferior caste, he must turn back and purify himself. He has also to read in the Vedas, in various ways : each word separately, or doubling them alternately, or backwards. He may not look to the sun when rising or setting, or when overcast by clouds, or reflected in the water. He is forbidden to step over a rope to which a calf is fastened, or to go out when it

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rains. He may not look at his wife when she eats, sneezes, gapes, or is quietly seated. At the mid-day meal he may have only one garment on, in bathing never be quite naked. While, on the one hand, the Brahmins are subject to these strict limitations and rules, on the other hand their life is sacred; it cannot answer for crimes of any kind; and their property is equally secure from being attacked. The severest penalty which the ruler can inflict on them amounts to nothing more than banishment.

The Brahmin possesses such a sanctity that Heaven's lightning would strike the king who ventured to lay hands on him or his property. For the meanest Brahmin is so far exalted above the King, that he would be polluted by conversing with him, and would be dishonored by his daughter's choosing a prince in marriage. In Manu's Code it is said; "If any one presumes to teach a Brahmin his duty, the King must order that hot oil be poured into the ears and mouth of such an instructor. If one who is only once-born, loads one who is twice-born with reproaches, a red hot iron bar ten inches long shall be thrust into his mouth." On the other hand a Sudra is condemned to have a red hot iron thrust into him from behind if he rest himself in the chair of a Brahmin, and to have his foot or his hand hewed off if he pushes against a Brahmin with hands or feet. It is even permitted to give false testimony, and to lie before a court of justice, if a Brahmin can be thereby freed from condemnation.

As the Brahmins enjoy advantages over the other castes, the latter in their turn have privileges, according to precedence, over their inferiors. If a Sudra is defiled by contact with a Pariah, he has a right to knock him down on the spot. Humanity on the part of a higher caste towards an inferior one is entirely forbidden, and a Brahmin would never think of

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assisting a member of another caste, even when in danger.

The other castes deem it a great honor when a Brahmin takes their daughter as his wife—a thing, however, which is permitted him only when he has already taken one from his own caste. Thence arises the freedom Brahmins enjoy of getting wives. At the great religious festivals they go among the people and choose those who please them best; they also repudiate them at pleasure. If a Brahmin or a member of any other caste transgresses the above-cited laws and precepts, he is himself excluded from his caste, and in order to be received back again, he must have a hook bored through the hips, and be swung repeatedly backwards and forwards in the air. There are also other forms of restoration. A Rajah who thought himself injured by an English Governor, sent two Brahmins to England to detail his grievances. But the Hindus are forbidden to cross the sea, and these envoys on their return were declared excommunicated from their caste, and in order to be restored to it, they had to be born again from a golden cow. The imposition was so far lightened, that only those parts of the cow out of which they had to creep were obliged to be golden; the rest might consist of wood.—*Lectures on the Philosophy of History. Transl. of J. SIBREE.*

THE MORALITY OF THE HINDUS.

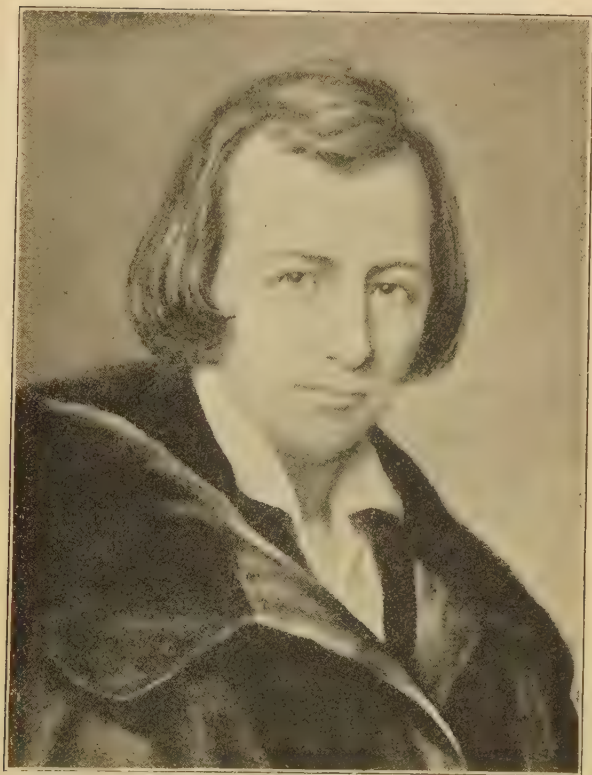
If we proceed to ask how far their religion exhibits the morality of the Hindus, the answer must be that the former is as distinct from the latter, as Brahm from the concrete existence of which he is the essence. To us religion is the knowledge of that Being who is emphatically our Being, and therefore the substance of our knowledge and volition; the proper office of which latter is to be the willer of this fundamental substance. But that requires this

[Highest] Being to be *in se* a personality, pursuing divine aims, such as can become the purport of human action. Such an idea of a relation of the Being of God as constituting the universal basis or substance of human action—such a morality cannot be found among the Hindus; for they have not the spiritual as the import of their consciousness. On the one hand their virtue consists in the abstraction from all activity—the condition they call “Brahm.” On the other hand every action with them is a prescribed external usage; not free activity, the result of inward personality. Thus the moral condition of the Hindus (as already observed) shows itself most abandoned. In this all Englishmen agree. Our judgment of the morality of the Hindus is apt to be warped by representations of their mildness, tenderness, beautiful and sentimental fancy. But we must reflect that in nations utterly corrupt, there are sides of character which may be called tender and noble. We have Chinese poems in which the tenderest relations of love are depicted; in which delineations of deep emotion, humility, modesty, propriety are to be found; and which may be compared with the best that European literature contains. The same characteristics meet us in many Hindus poems; but rectitude, morality, freedom of soul, consciousness of individual right, are quite another thing. The annihilating of spiritual and physical existence has nothing concrete in it; and absorption in the abstractly Universal has no connection with the real. Deceit and cunning are the fundamental characteristics of the Hindus. Cheating, stealing, robbing, murdering, are with him habitual. Humbly crouching and abject before a victor and lord, he is recklessly barbarous to the vanquished and subject.

Characteristic of the Hindu's humanity is the fact* that he kills no brute animal, founds and supports rich hospitals for brutes, espe-

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cially for old cows and monkeys; but that through the whole land, no single institution can be found for human beings who are diseased or infirm from age. The Hindus will not tread upon ants, but they are perfectly indifferent when poor wanderers pine away with hunger. The Brahmins are especially immoral. According to English reports they do nothing but eat and sleep. In what is not forbidden them by the rules of their order they follow natural impulses entirely. When they take any part in public life they show themselves avaricious, deceitful, voluptuous. With those whom they have reason to fear they are humble enough; for which they avenge themselves on their dependents. Children have no respect for their parents: sons maltreat their mothers.—*Philosophy of History. Transl. of J. SIBREE.*



HEINRICH HEINE.

HEINRICH HEINE.—

HEINE, HEINRICH, a German poet, born in 1797; died in 1856. He was of Jewish birth, the nephew of a wealthy banker of Hamburg. He received his early education in the Franciscan convent and in the Lyceum of Düsseldorf, his native town, and was then sent to Hamburg to be fitted for mercantile pursuits. After three years he was removed, in 1819, to the University of Bonn, and six months afterwards to Göttingen; where he was soon rusticated. He then went to Berlin, studied philosophy under the direction of Hegel, made acquaintance with the works of Spinoza, and relinquished the thought of mercantile life. His first volume of poetry entitled *Gedichte*, now forming, under the name of *Youthful Sorrows*, part of his *Book of Songs*, was published in 1822. It was coldly received, and Heine left Berlin for Göttingen, studied law, and received the decree of Doctor in 1825. In the same year he was baptized into the Lutheran Church. In 1823 he had published two successful plays, *Almanzor* and *Ratcliff*, with a collection of short poems, *Lyrical Interludes*. In 1827, he republished these poems, together with the first volume giving the collection the name of *The Book of Songs*. They were enthusiastically received especially in the universities. His *Reisebilder* ("Pictures of Travel"), of mingled prose and poetry (1826-1831), was equally successful. It is divided into three parts, *The Return Home*, *The Hartz-Journey*, and *The Baltic*. In 1831 Heine went to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life, returning to Germany for only one or two short visits to his mother. For the next ten years he published prose only, writing

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for newspapers on politics and literature. He wrote French and German with equal fluency. In 1833 appeared his *History of Modern Literature in Germany*, afterwards republished under the title of *The Romantic School*. The *Salon*, a series of essays, was published in four volumes between 1834 and 1840, and a long essay on the *Women of Shakespeare* in 1839. His next poetical work was *Atta Troll, a Summer Night's Dream* (1841), purporting to be the observations and reflections of a dancing bear on his travels. In 1835 he had married, and in 1843 he made his last journey to Germany, to visit his mother. A volume of *New Poems*, containing *Germany, a Winter's Tale*, in which many of his countrymen are mercilessly satirized, appeared in 1844.

In 1847 he was attacked with a disease of the spine, and his life thenceforth was one of excruciating suffering. For eight years he was, as he says, in a "state of death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." With both eyelids paralyzed, his lower limbs withered, his body filled with racking pain, he retained his mocking good-humor to the last, and in 1850 and 1851 composed a singular poetical work, *Romances*, divided into *Histories*, *Lamentations* and *Hebrew Melodies*. A volume of *Latest Poems* was written three years afterwards. His last work was a translation into French of some of the poems in his *Book of Songs*. During his years of agonizing pain, he kept his mother in ignorance of what he suffered, sending her cheerful letters to the last, making her believe that

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he employed an amanuensis because he had a slight affection of the eyes.

Throughout his life Heine appeared as a mocker. The bitterest irony pervades his writings. Nothing is sacred. His beautiful thoughts and tender feelings are sometimes followed by a sneer. Yet his poems are characterized by singular beauty of feeling and expression. He seems to have combined two natures always struggling for mastery. In his will he requested that no religious rites should be observed at his funeral. Yet this, he added, was not the mere freak of a free-thinker. "For the last four years," said he, "I have cast aside all philosophical pride, and have again felt the power of religious truth."

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

At sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave :
"Ah! travel I now to my mistress's arms
Or but to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave :
"The darksome grave!"

And farther rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express'd :
"If I thus early must go to my grave
Yet in the grave is rest."
The answering voice confess'd :
"The grave is rest!"

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
A tear fell on his breast :
"If rest I can only find in the grave,
For me the grave is best."
The hollow voice confess'd :
"The grave is best."

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

SONGS OF SPRING.

Day and night alike the springtime
Makes with sounding life all-teeming;

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Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.
Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wider yearning pleases.
E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the picture of old story.
And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing—
Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of springtime
That before my window rustle.
Stars with golden feet wandering
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.
List'ning stand the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream.
What call'd yonder? In my bosom
Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
Or the nightingale alone?

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

LORE-LEI.

I know not whence it cometh
That my heart is oppressed with pain,
A tale of the past enchaineth
My soul with its magical strain.
'Tis cool and the daylight waneth,
The Rhine so peacefully flows;
And, kissed by the sunbeam of even,
The brow of the mountain glows.

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The fairest of maidens sitteth
In wondrous radiance there,
Her jewels of gold gleam brightly,
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings so plaintively ;
O potent and strange are the accents
Of that wild melody.

The boatman in yon frail vessel
Stands spell-bound by its might ;
He sees not the cliffs before him,
He gazes alone on the height.

Methinks the waves will swallow
Both boat and boatman anon ;
And this with her sweet singing
The Lore-Lei hath done.

Transl. of A. BASKERVILLE.

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide ;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse
The lamps shone out on high ;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—
Of sailors, and how they live ;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there ;
Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launched in the twilight hour ;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotos flower.

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Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small—
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more ;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

Transl. of CHARLES G. LELAND.

PEACE.

High in the heavens there stood the sun
Cradled in snowy clouds,
The sea was still,
And musing I lay at the helm of the ship,
Dreamily musing—and half in waking
And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ,
The Saviour of man.

In streaming and snowy garment
He wander'd giant-great,
Over land and sea ;
His head reach'd high to the heavens,
His hands he stretch'd out in blessing
Over land and sea ;
And as a heart in his bosom
Bore he the sun,
The sun all ruddy and flaming,
And the ruddy and flaming sunny-heart
Shed its beams of mercy
And its beauteous, bliss-giving light,
Lighting and warming
Over land and sea.

Sounds of bells were solemnly drawing
Here and there, like swans were drawing
By rosy bands the gliding ship,
And drew it sportively toward the green shore,
Where men were dwelling, in high and turreted
O'erhanging town.

O blessing of peace ! how still the town !
Hushed was the hollow sound
Of busy and sweltering trade,
And through the clean and echoing streets

HEINRICH HEINE.—

Were passing men in white attire,
Palm-branches bearing,
And when two chanced to meet,
They view'd each other with inward intelligence,
And trembling, in love and sweet denial,
Kiss'd on the forehead each other,
And gazed up on high
At the Saviour's sunny-heart
Which, glad and atoningly
Beam'd down its ruddy blood,
And three times blest, thus spake they ;
" Praised be Jesus Christ ! "

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

SUNSET.

The glowing ruddy sun descends
Down to the far up-shuddering
Silvery-gray world-ocean ;
Airy images, rosily breath'd upon,
After him roll, and over against him,
Out of the autumnal glimmering veil of clouds,
With face all mournful and pale as death,
Bursteth forth the moon,
And behind her, like sparks of light,
Misty—broad—glimmer the stars.

Once in the heavens there glitter'd,
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.
But evil tongues then whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.

Now in the daytime, in splendor all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high—
On account of his majesty
Greatly sung-to and worshipp'd
By haughty, bliss-harden'd mortals.
But in the night-time,
In heaven wanders Luna,
Unhappy mother,
With all her orphan'd starry children,

HEINRICH HEINE.—

And she gleams in silent sorrow,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Devote to her tears and songs.

The gentle Luna ! womanly minded,
Still doth she love her beautiful spouse.
Towards the evening, trembling and pale,
Peeps she forth from the light clouds around,
And looks at the parting one mournfully,
And fain would cry in her anguish : " Come !
Come ! the children all long for thee—"
But the disdainful Sun-god,
At the sight of his spouse 'gins glowing
 With still deeper purple,
 In anger and grief,
 And inflexibly hastens he
 Down to his flood-chill'd widow'd bed. . . .

Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal.
And the poor godheads, yonder in heaven,
Wander in misery,
Comfortless over their endless tracks,
And death cannot reach them,
And with them they trail
Their bright desolation.
But I, the mere man,
The lowly-planted, the blest-with-death-one,
I sorrow no longer.

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

QUESTIONS.

By the sea, by the desert night-covered sea
 Standeth a youth,
His breast full of sadness, his head full of
 doubtings,
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows :
O answer me life's hidden riddle,
The riddle primeval and painful,
Over which many a head has been poring,
Heads in hieroglyphical night-caps,
Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets,
Heads in perukes, and a thousand other

HEINRICH HEINE.—

Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals—
Tell me, what signifies man?
From whence doth he come? and where doth
 he go?
Who dwelleth among the golden stars yonder?"
The billows are murmuring their murmur eternal,
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
The stars are twinkling, all listless and cold,
And a fool is awaiting his answer.

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

MY CHILD, WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

My child, when we were children,
 Two children little and gay,
We crept into the hen-roost,
 And hid behind the hay.
We crowed as doth the cock,
 When people passed that road,
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
 They thought the cock had crowed.
The chests that lay in the court
 We papered and made so clean,
And dwelt together therein,
 We thought them fit for a queen.
Oft came our neighbor's old cat
 With us an hour to spend,
We made her curtseys and bows,
 And compliments without end.
And kindly after her health
 We asked her whene'er she came;
To many an ancient tabby
 We since have said the same.
We often sat and spoke
 Just like grave, wise old men,
Complaining, when we were young,
 How all had been better then.
That love and faith and truth
 Were lost in worldly care,
That coffee was now so dear,
 And money become so rare.

HEINRICH HEINE.—

Long past are childhood's sports,
And onwards all hath whirled,
Fidelity, love, and faith,
And money, the times, and the world.

Transl. of A. BASKERVILLE.

I CALLED THE DEVIL, AND HE CAME.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan ;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil ;
A diplomatist too, and skill'd in debate,
He talks right glibly of church and state.
He's rather pale, but it's really not strange,
For his studies through Sanskrit and Hegel
range,
Fouqué is still his favorite poet ;
But criticism he'll touch no more.
But has handed that subject entirely o'er
To his grandmother Hecate, that she may know
it.

My judicial works did he kindly praise,
His favorite hobby in former days.
He said that my friendship was not too dear,
And then he nodded, and look'd severe.
And afterwards asked if it wasn't the case
We had met at the Spanish ambassador's
rout ?

And when I looked him full in the face,
I saw him to be an old friend without doubt.

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

IT GOES OUT.

The curtain falls, as ends the play,
And all the audience go away ;
And did the price give satisfaction ?
Methinks they found it of attraction.
A much respected public then
Its poet thankfully commended ;
But now the house is hushed again,
And lights and merriment are ended.

HEINRICH HEINE.—

But hark to that dull heavy clang
Heard by the empty stage's middle !
It was perhaps the bursting twang
Of the worn string of some old fiddle.
With rustling noise across the pit
Some nasty rats like shadows flit,
And rancid oil all places smell of,
And the last lamp, with groans and sighs
Despairing, then goes out and dies.—
My soul was this poor light I tell of.—
Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

AN OLD SONG.

Thou now art dead and thou knowest it not,
The light of thine eyes is quench'd and forgot,
Thy rosy mouth is pallid forever,
And thou art dead, and wilt live again never.

'Twas in a dreary midsummer night,
I bore thee myself to the grave outright ;
The nightingales sang their soft lamentations,
And after us followed the bright constellations.

As through the forest the train moved along,
They made it resound with the litany's song ;
The firs in their mantles of mourning veiled
closely,

The prayers for the dead repeated morosely.

And as o'er the willowy lake we flew
The elfins were dancing full in our view ;
They suddenly stopped in wondering fashion,
And seemed to regard us with looks of com-
passion.

And when we had reached the grave, full soon
From out of the heavens descended the moon,
And preached a sermon, midst tears and con-
doling

While in the distance the bells were tolling.

Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

THE TRUE SPHINX.

The true sphinx's form's the same as
Woman's ; this I see full clearly ;

HEINRICH HEINE.—

And the paws and lion's body
Are the poet's fancy merely.

Dark as death is still the riddle
Of this true sphinx. E'en the clever
Son and husband of Jocasta
Such a hard one found out never.

By good luck, though, woman knows not
Her own riddle's explanation;
If the answer she discovered,
Earth would fall from its foundation.—
Transl. of E. A. BOWRING.

A MEMORY OF THE TYROL.

"It is a good sign when women laugh," says a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion, when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain, at whose base on a low foundation, he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery, and naïve paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft green branches hanging round the bloody body and crucified limbs. On the other side of the cottage was a round dove-cote whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and span—not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner, by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old span kings' daughters in Greece, so at the present day spin the Fates and all Italian women. She span and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed like giants with polished helmets on their heads.

HEINRICH HEINE.—

She span and smiled ; and I believe that she span my heart fast, as the coach went along more slowly, on account of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory—everywhere I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breathlike delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes!—ah, no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again smiling, the dove-fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head mystically flapped its wings ; behind her rose mightier than ever the beloved warriors, before her roared along more stormily the brook, the vine-branches climbed in wilder haste the crucified wooden image, which quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened, and the wounds bled, and—she, however, sat still and span, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.—*Transl. of* CHARLES G. LELAND.

HERMANN LOUIS HELMHOLTZ. -

HELMHOLTZ, HERMANN LOUIS (1821-1894), a German scientific writer, born at Potsdam. After studying medicine in the Military Institute in Berlin, and serving in a public hospital there, he returned to Potsdam as an army surgeon. In 1848 he became Professor of Anatomy in the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin; in 1855, Professor of Physiology at Königsberg; in 1858, at Heidelberg, and afterwards at Berlin. He has written much on the physiological conditions of impressions on the senses. Among his works are: *On the Preservation of Force* (1847), *Manual of Physiological Optics* (1856), *Theory of the Impressions of Sound* (1862), *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, two series (1872 and 1881), *Sensations of Tone as the Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music* (1875.)

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE SCIENCES.

Men of science form, as it were, an organized army, laboring on behalf of the whole nation, and generally under its direction, and at its expense, to augment the stock of such knowledge as may serve to promote industrial enterprise, to increase wealth, to adorn life, to improve political and social relations, and to further the moral development of individual citizens. After the immediate practical results of their work we forbear to inquire; that we leave to the instructed. We are convinced that whatever contributes to the knowledge of the forces of nature or the powers of the human mind is worth cherishing, and may, in its own due time, bear practical fruit, very often where we should least have expected it. Who, when Galvani touched the muscles of a frog with different metals, and noticed their contraction, could have dreamt that eighty years afterwards, in virtue of the self-same process, whose earliest

manifestations attracted his attention in his anatomical researches, all Europe would be traversed with wires, flashing intelligence from Madrid to St. Petersburg with the speed of lightning? In the hands of Galvani, and at first even in Volta's, electrical currents were phenomena capable of exerting only the feeblest forces, and could not be detected except by the most delicate apparatus. Had they been neglected, on the ground that the investigation of them promised no immediate practical result, we should now be ignorant of the most important and most interesting of the links between the various sources of nature. When young Galileo, then a student at Pisa, noticed one day during divine service a chandelier swinging backwards and forwards, and convinced himself, by counting his pulse, that the duration of the oscillations was independent of the arc through which it moved, who could know that this discovery would eventually put it in our power, by means of the pendulum, to attain an accuracy in the measurement of time till then deemed impossible, and would enable the storm-tossed seaman in the most distant oceans to determine in what degree of longitude he was sailing?

Whoever, in the pursuit of science, seeks after immediate practical utility, may generally rest assured that he will seek in vain. All that science can achieve is a perfect knowledge and a perfect understanding of the action of natural and moral forces. Each individual student must be content to find his reward in rejoicing over new discoveries, as over new victories of mind over reluctant matter, or in enjoying the æsthetic beauty of a well-ordered field of knowledge, where the connection and the filiation of every detail is clear to the mind, and where all denotes the presence of a ruling intellect; he must rest satisfied with the consciousness that he too has contributed something to the increasing fund of knowledge on

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which the dominion of man over all the forces hostile to intelligence reposes. . . .

The sciences have in this respect, all one common aim, to establish the supremacy of intelligence over the world: while the moral sciences aim directly at making the resources of intellectual life more abundant and more interesting, and seek to separate the pure gold of Truth from alloy, the physical sciences are striving indirectly towards the same goal, inasmuch as they labor to make mankind more and more independent of the material restraints that fetter their activity. Each student works in his own department, he chooses for himself those tasks for which he is best fitted by his abilities and his training. But each one must be convinced that it is only in connection with others that he can further the great work, and that therefore he is bound, not only to investigate, but to do his utmost to make the results of his investigation completely and easily accessible. If he does this, he will derive assistance from others, and will in his turn be able to render them his aid. The annals of science abound in evidence how such mutual services have been exchanged, even between departments of science apparently most remote. Historical chronology is essentially based on astronomical calculations of eclipses, accounts of which are preserved in ancient histories. Conversely, many of the important data of astronomy—for instance, the invariability of the length of the day, and the periods of several comets, rest upon ancient historical notices. Of late years, physiologists, especially Brücke, have actually undertaken to draw up a complete system of all the vocables that can be produced by the organs of speech, and to base upon it propositions for a universal alphabet, adapted to all human languages. Thus physiology has entered the service of comparative philology, and has already succeeded in accounting for many ap-

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parently anomalous substitutions, on the ground that they are governed, not as hitherto supposed, by the laws of euphony, but by similarity between the movements of the mouth that produce them. Again, comparative philology gives us information about the relationships, the separations, and the migrations of tribes in prehistoric times, and of the degree of civilization which they had reached at the time when they parted. For the names of objects to which they had already learnt to give distinctive appellations reappear as words common to their later languages. So that the study of languages actually gives us historical data for periods respecting which no other historical evidence exists. Yet again I may notice the help which not only the sculptor, but the archæologist, concerned with the investigation of ancient statues, derives from anatomy. And if I may be permitted to refer to my own most recent studies, I would mention that it is possible, by reference to physical acoustics and to the physiological theory of the sensation of hearing, to account for the elementary principles on which our musical system is constructed, a problem essentially within the sphere of æsthetics. In fact, it is a general principle that the physiology of the organs of sense is most intimately connected with psychology, inasmuch as physiology traces in our sensations the results of mental processes which do not fall within the sphere of consciousness, and must therefore have remained inaccessible to us.

I have been able to quote only some of the most striking instances of this interdependence of different sciences, and such as could be explained in a few words. Naturally, too, I have tried to choose them from the most widely separated sciences. But far wider is of course the influence which allied sciences exert upon each other.—*Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. Transl. of E. ATKINSON,*

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.-

HELPS, SIR ARTHUR, an English essayist and historian, born in 1813; died in 1875. He was the son of an English merchant; was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1835 he published *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*. On leaving the University he became private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1840-41 was secretary to Lord Morpeth in Ireland. After this he had no official post until 1860, when he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, an office which he retained during his life. He was the author of *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* (1841), two plays, *Henry the Second*, and *Catherine Douglas* (1843), *The Claims of Labor, an Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed* (1844), *Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon* (1847-51), *Companions of My Solitude* (1851), *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen* (1848-52), *The Spanish Conquest of America* (1855, '57 and '61), *Culita the Serf, a tragedy* (1858), *Friends in Council, Second Series* (1859), *Organization in Daily Life* (1862), *The Life of Las Casas, the Apostle to the Indians* (1868), *Life of Columbus*, *Life of Pizarro*, and *Realmah* (1869), *Casimir Maremma* (1870), *Brevia, short Essays and Aphorisms*, *Conversations on War and General Culture*, and *Life of Hernando Cortes* (1871), *Thoughts on Government*, and *The Life and Labors of Sir Thomas Brassey* (1872), *Talks About Animals and their Masters* (1873), *Ivan de Birón* (1874), and *Social Pressure* (1875).

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PLEASANTNESS.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things. Every one must have noticed to what a large extent real kindness may be deformed and negatived by manner. But this bad manner corresponds with something not right in the character—generally some want of kindly apprehensiveness, which a pleasant person would be sure to have. People often suppose that fineness of manner, skillful hypocrisy, thoughtless good-humor, and, at the highest, a sort of tact which has much worldliness in it, are the foundations for pleasantness in society. I am sure this is all wrong, and that these foundations lie much lower. A false man never is pleasant. You treat him with a falseness, bred from his own, in pretending to be pleased; and he goes away supposing that he has deceived you, and has made himself very agreeable. But men are much less rarely deceived by falseness of character than is supposed, and there is mostly a sense of relief when the false person has taken his departure.

Pleasantness is the chief element of agreeable companionship; and this pleasantness is not merely not a function of the intellect, but may have scarcely anything to do with what is purely intellectual. Now there may be such a thing as good society, where witty and well-mannered people, who do not care much for one another, meet together; but I venture to assert that society does not assume its highest form—is not in fact delightful—unless affection pervades it. When you are with people who, you are conscious, have a regard for you, your powers of pleasing and of being pleased expand almost indefinitely. It is not merely that in such society you feel safe from back-biting, and can leave the room without any apprehension of your character being torn to pieces in your absence. It is not merely that

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what you then say and do is sure to be well received, and the least possible misconstruction be put upon your sayings and doings. But there is something beyond all this—something beyond the domains of logic—which produces a sunny atmosphere of satisfaction that raises your powers to the highest when you are with good and loving people. Now if this is true of society in general, it is probably true of more restricted companionship; and kindness of disposition must be admitted to be one of the principal elements of pleasantness in a companion. Of course sympathy insures a certain good companionship. But we have no right to expect to meet with many sympathetic people in the course of our lives. Pleasantness has a much wider, if a lower sphere. The pleasant man to you is the man you can rely upon; who is tolerant, forbearing, and faithful.

There is a class of unpleasant people often met with in the world, whose unpleasantness it is difficult to assign the cause for. They are not necessarily unkind persons; they are not ungenerous; and they do not appear to act or talk from any malice. But somehow or other they are mostly unfortunate in what they say. They ask the wrong thing, or they omit to ask the right. They bring forward the disagreeable reminiscences, the ludicrous anecdotes about you which you would rather not hear repeated in a large company, the painful circumstance which you wish was well buried and out of sight. If you have any misfortune, they rush to prove to you that your own folly is the cause. If you are betrayed, they knew that it would be so, and remember that they have often told you so. They never seem to know that there may be a time when they should abstain from wisdom, and abound in consolation. They cannot imagine that the poor unfortunate man is not in a state just then to bear all this wisdom. In fact, to use

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a metaphor, it seems as if they had supernaturally large feet, with which they go stamping about and treading upon other people's toes in all directions. You think that they can have no feelings themselves, but you find that they suffer as much as other persons when they have to endure people with natures like their own. They appear, if I may say so, to be persons of thoroughly awkward minds. But this alone will not explain the nature of such a peculiar class of individuals. After much meditation upon them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now, to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or being of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive; but the habit of looking at everything from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments; and so they do and say the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed; and the end is, that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortunes, which enables them to look at another's griefs and errors from his point of view, because it has already become their own.

—*Friends in Council.*

UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

Once this happened to me, that a great fierce obdurate crowd were pushing up in long line towards a door which was to lead them to some good thing; and I, not liking the crowd, stole out of it, having made up my mind to be last, and was leaning indolently against a closed-up side door; when, all of a sudden, this door opened, and I was the first to walk in, and saw arrive long after me, the men who had been thrusting and struggling round me. This does

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not often happen in the world, but I think there was a meaning in it.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

THE PRIVILEGE OF DOING A KINDNESS.

It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanor is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

THE SPANISH ENCOMIENDA SYSTEM.

The history of *encomiendas* is, perhaps, the largest branch of the greatest public cause the world has yet seen. It is a misfortune that, with the exception of one Italian gentleman, Benzoin, we have no instance of an independent traveller going to the New World, and making his remarks upon the state of society in it. But if there had been such travellers, the aspects which the conquered country would have presented to them would have been very various and very difficult to understand. They would have seen some Indians with marks in their faces toiling at the mines, while other Indians, unbranded, and perhaps with their wives, were also engaged in the same unwelcome toil. They would have noticed some Indians at work in domestic offices in and about the Spanish houses; other Indians employed in erecting public buildings and monasteries; others working, in their rude, primitive way, upon their own plantations; others occupied in the new employment, to them, of tending cattle brought from Spain; others engaged in manufactories of silk and cotton; others reckoning with King's officers, and involved in all the intricacies of minute accounts. Everywhere, on all roads, tracks, and by-paths, they would have

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seen Indians carrying burdens; and these travelers must have noticed the extraordinary fact that an activity in commerce, war, and public works, greater perhaps than that of Europe at the same time, was dependent, as regards transport, upon men instead of beasts of burden. Such a state of things the world had never seen before.

Then across the path of these travellers would have moved a small, stern-looking body of Spaniards, fully armed, and followed by more thousands of Indians than the men in armor numbered hundreds—probably five thousand Indians and three hundred Spaniards. These were about to make what they call *entrada* into some unknown or half-known adjacent country. If the travellers, without attracting the notice of the conquerors, could have gained the opportunity of speaking a few words with any of the Indians engaged in these various ways, they would soon have heard narratives varying in a hundred particulars, but uniform in one respect, namely, that the Indians were all unwillingly engaged in working for alien masters.

I cannot better begin this very difficult and complicated subject, which, however, if once understood, will reward all the attention it requires, than by giving a precise definition, according to the best Spanish legists, of what an *encomienda* was. It was “a right conceded by royal bounty to well-deserving persons in the Indies, to receive and enjoy for themselves the tributes of the Indians who should be assigned to them, with a charge of providing for the good of those Indians in spiritual and temporal matters, and of inhabiting and defending the provinces where these *encomiendas* should be granted to them. The first thing that will strike the careful reader is that the foregoing definition of *encomienda* will by no means justify or account for the various kinds of forced service which I picture those travellers to have

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seen who might have visited the Spanish Indies within the first fifty years after its conquest. But this apparent discrepancy may be easily explained. These *encomiendas* were not given, theoretically at least, until after the complete conquest of the province in which they were given. During the time of war those Indians who were made prisoners were considered slaves, and were called *Indios de guerra*, just the same as when the Spaniards made war upon the Moors of Barbary, the slaves, in that case, being called *Berberiscos*.

Then there were the ransomed slaves, *Indios de Rescate*, as they were called, who, being originally slaves in their own tribe, were delivered by the caçique of that tribe or by other Indians, in lieu of tribute. Upon this it must be remarked that the word slave meant a very different thing in Indian language from what it did in Spanish language, and certainly did not exceed in signification the word vassal. A slave in an Indian tribe, as Las Casas remarks, possessed his house, his hearth, his private property, his farm, his wife, his children and his liberty, except when at certain stated times his lord had need of him to build his house, or labor upon a field, or do other similar things which occurred at stated intervals. This statement is borne out by a letter addressed to the Emperor from the auditors of Mexico, in which they say that, "granted that among the Indians there were slaves, the one servitude is very different from the other. The Indians treated their slaves as relations and vassals, the Christians as dogs." The *Audiencia* proceeded to remark that slaves were wont to succeed their masters in their seignories, and they illustrate this by saying that at the time of the Conquest it was a slave who governed that part of the citadel which is called Temixtitlan. Moreover, such confidence was placed in this man, that Cortez himself gave him the same government after the death of King Quauhte-

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mozin. The auditors conclude by saying, "He is dead, and there is here a son of his who went with the marquis to kiss your majesty's hands."

The causes for which these men were made slaves in their own tribes were of the most trivial nature, and such as would go some way to prove that slavery itself was light. In times of scarcity, a parent would sell a son or a daughter for two *fanegas* (three bushels) of maize. The slightest robbery was punished with slavery, and then, if the slave gave any thing to his relatives from the house of his master, they were liable to be made slaves. In cases of non-payment of debt, as in the Roman law, after a certain time the debtor became a slave. If a slave fled, the lord took the nearest kinsman of the fugitive for a slave, by which it seems that relationship in those countries had the inconveniences that it seems to have in China now. But the strangest and most ludicrous way in which a free Indian could become a slave was by losing at a game of ball, in which practiced players inveigled their simple brethren, after the fashion of modern sharpers, showing rich things to be gained, and pretending that they themselves knew nothing of the game.

Referring again to what might have been seen by an observant person in the Indies at any time within fifty years after the Conquest, he would have been sure to notice certain bands of Indians who were more closely connected together than the slaves, either of ransom or of war, whose fate, up to the year 1542, we have just been tracing. After any conquest in the Indies that was not ferociously mismanaged (as was the case in the Terra-firma), the Indians remained in the *pueblos* or villages. There, according to the theory of *encomiendas*, quoted above, they were to live, paying tribute to their *encomenderos*, who theoretically stood in the place of the king, and were to receive this

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tribute from the Indians as from his vassals. But such a state of things would ill have suited with the requirements of the Spaniards. Money is the most convenient thing to receive in a civilized community; but in an infant colony, personal services are most in requisition. Accordingly these are what were at once demanded from the Indians; and in order that this demand might consist with the maintenance of these Indian *pueblos*, it was necessary that a portion of the native community should, for certain periods of the year, quit their homes, and, betaking themselves to the service of the Spaniards, work out the tribute for themselves and for the rest of the Indian village. This was called *repartimiento*. In the words of the greatest jurist who has written on this subject, Antonio de Leon, "Repartimiento, in New Spain, is that which is made every week of the Indians who are given for mines and works by the judge for that purpose (*los Juezes Repartidores*), for which the *pueblos* contribute, throughout twenty weeks of the year, what they call the *dobla* (a Spanish coin), at the rate of ten Indians for every hundred; and the remainder of the year what they call the *sencilla* (another Spanish coin), at the rate of two Indians for every hundred. The above rate was for works and cultivation of land. When it was for mines, to work at which particular *pueblos* were set aside, it was a contribution for the whole year, at the rate of four Indians for every hundred." The *encomienda*, with this form of repartition attached to it, corresponds to nothing in feudality or vassalage, and may be said to have been a peculiar institution, growing out of the novel circumstances in the New World. The history of the *encomienda* constitutes the greatest part of the history of the bulk of the people in the New World for many generations.

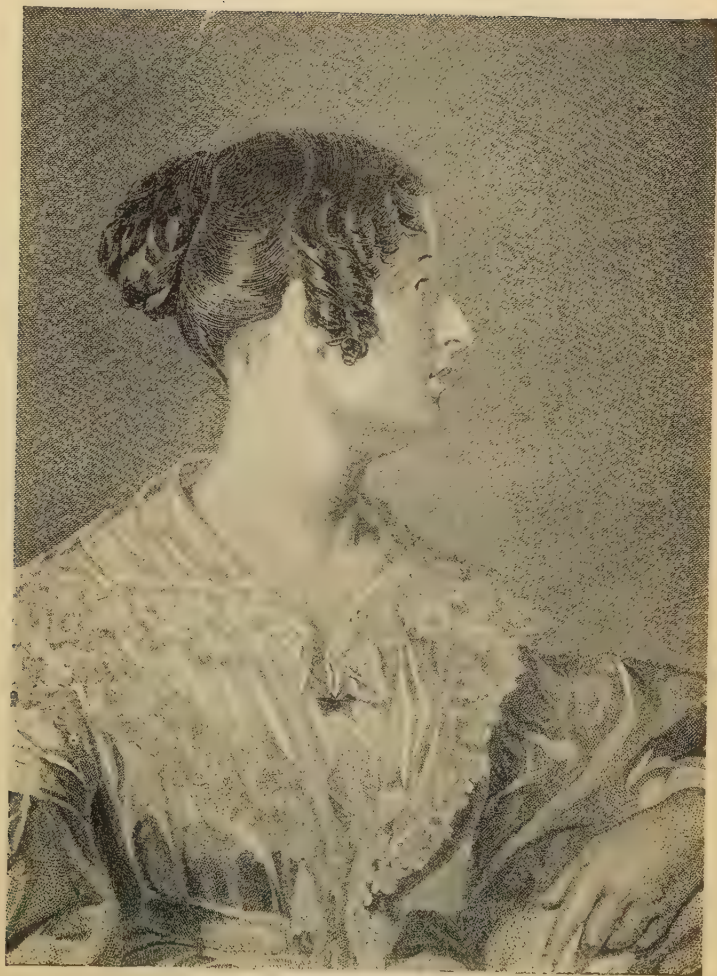
To any one who has much knowledge of civil life or of history, it will be obvious how

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many questions will arise from such a strange and hitherto unheard-of arrangement of labor. What distance will these Indians be carried from their homes? Will there be a sufficient number left to provide for the sustenance of the native community. Will the population of those communities be maintained? How will it be managed that the repartition should be fair? for, if otherwise, the same Indians may be sent over and over again, and, in fact, be different in no respect from slaves. Then, again, these services are to go for tribute. Who is to assign the value of the services or the rate of the tribute? More subtle questions remain to be considered, if not solved. Shall the tax be a capitation tax, so many *pesos* for each Indian, or shall it be a certain sum for each *pueblo*? If the former is adopted, shall the women and children be liable? Shall overwork be allowable, so that the bands of Indians in *repartimiento* may not only work out their own taxes, and the taxes of their little community, but bring back some small *peculium* of their own, which will render them especially welcome when they return to their friends and families? All these problems, and others which I have not indicated, were eventually worked out by a course of laborious and consistent legislation, to which, I believe, the world has never seen any parallel, and which must have a very considerable place in any history, aiming to be complete, that may hereafter be written, of slavery or colonization. At the first, everything was as vague in this matter as oppression could desire; and oppression loves vagueness as its favorite element.—*The Spanish Conquest in America.*

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA (BROWNE), an English poet, born at Liverpool in 1793; died near Dublin, Ireland, in 1835. Her father, a merchant of Liverpool, took up his residence in Wales while his daughter was a child, and the greater part of her life was passed in that country. She was noted for rare personal beauty and for precocity of genius, to which in after years she added an acquaintance with French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish, together with some skill as a musician and artist. At the age of fourteen she put forth a little volume of poems entitled *Early Blossoms*, and four years afterwards another entitled *The Domestic Affections*, which met with a not unfavorable reception. In 1812 she married Captain Hemans, an officer who had served with credit in the Peninsular War. The marriage was not a happy one, and six years afterwards Captain Hemans went to Italy, leaving his wife, with four sons, besides one yet to be born. The husband and wife never met again, though some correspondence was kept up; and after some years the two elder sons were sent to their father at Rome, the younger ones remaining with their mother. The literary labors of Mrs. Hemans fairly commenced soon after the separation from her husband. She wrote several narrative poems of considerable length, of which *The Forest Sanctuary* is the longest and best. She also wrote two tragedies, *The Vespers of Palermo*, and *The Siege of Valencia*, the former of which was produced upon the stage, but with very moderate success. The greater part of the poems of Mrs. Hemans consist of short pieces which may



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

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be styled Lyrics. Four years before her death she took up her residence in Ireland, where her brother was living. Her constitution began to give way, and some time before her death she almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. Her last poem, a sonnet entitled "Sunday in England," was dictated to her brother three weeks before her death.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATERS.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast !
Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
Shut in the grave ; a shadow of the past :

A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement seemed to
brood

Like mist upon the stately solitude ;

A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men ;
And all was hushed as night in some deep Al-
pine glen.

More hushed, far more ! for there the wind
sweeps by,

Or the woods tremble to the stream's loud
play ;

Here a strange echo made my very sigh

Seem for the place too much a sound of day !
Too much my footsteps broke the moonlight,
fading,

Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervad-
ing,

And I stood still. Prayer, chant, had died
away

Yet past me floated a funereal breath
Of incense. I stood still—as before God and
Death.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed !
Dust—imaged forms—with cross and shield
and crest ;

It seemed as if your ashes would have started
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what I bore
Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling in the
breast!

I could have poured out words on that pale
air,
To make your proud tombs ring—no, no, I
could not *there*.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thou-
sand years,

Mutely as clouds, and reverently had swept;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of
tears

And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!
Ye two were mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!

And you, ye dead!—for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain on my
heart,

Which could not *there* be loosed. I turned me
to depart.

I turned: what glimmered faintly on my sight—
Faintly, yet brightening, as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze? The moon, the
night,

Had waned, and dawn poured in—gray,
shadowy, slow,

Yet dayspring still! A solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught

With stoles and draperies of imperial glow;
And soft and sad that colored gleam was thrown
Where pale, a picture from above the altar
shone.

Thy form, thou Son of God!—a wrathful deep,
With foam, and cloud, and tempest round
Thee spread

And such a weight of night!—a night when
sleep

From the fierce rushing of the billows fled.
A bark showed dim beyond Thee, its mast
Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;
But like a spirit in thy gliding tread,

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

Thou, as o'er glass didst walk that stormy sea,
Through rushing winds which left a silent path
for Thee.

So still thy white robes fell!—no breath of air
Within their long and slumberous folds had
sway.

So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From the dear brow flowed droopingly away!
Dark were the heavens above Thee, Saviour!—
dark

The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark.
But Thou!—o'er all thine aspect and array
Was poured one stream of pale, broad, silvery
light:

Thou wert the single star of that all-shadowing
night!

Aid for one sinking! Thy lone brightness
gleamed

On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful, human look, that seemed
To cry, through surge and blast—"I perish!
—save!"

Not to the winds—not vainly! Thou wert
nigh,

Thy hand was stretched to fainting agony,
Even in the portals of the unquiet grave!

O Thou that art the Life! and yet didst bear
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal
prayer!

But was it not a thing to rise on death,
With its remembered light, that face of thine,
Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty
breath,

Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?
Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty:

And the pale glory of the brow!—a shrine
Where power sat veiled, yet shedding softly
round

What told that *Thou* couldst be but for a time
uncrowned!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

And more than all, the heaven of that sad smile
The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
Did not that look, that very look, erewhile
Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the dust?
Wert Thou not such when earth's dark cloud
hung o'er Thee?—
Surely Thou wert! My heart grew hushed be-
fore Thee,
Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
Sank at Thy voice, along the billowy way:
What had I there to do but kneel, and weep,
and pray?

The Forest Sanctuary.

AVE, SANCTISSIMA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

Thy sad sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along:—
Oh! the deep soul it breathed!—the love,
the woe,
The fervor, poured in that full gush of song,
As it went floating through the fiery glow
Of the rich sunset! bringing thoughts of Spain,
With all their vesper voices o'er the main,
Which seemed responsive in its murmuring
flow
Ave, Sanctissima!—how oft that lay
Hath melted from my heart the martyr's
strength away.

Ave, Sanctissima!
'Tis nightfall on the sea;
Ora pro nobis!
Our souls rise to thee.

Watch us, while the shadows lie
O'er the dim waters spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh.
Thine too hath bled!

Thou hast looked on death:
Aid us when death is near!
Whisper of heaven to faith;
Sweet Mother, hear.

Ora pro nobis!
The wave must rock our sleep;

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

Ora, Mater, ora!
Thou star of the deep!
Ora pro nobis, Mater!—What a spell
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dy-
ing
On the flushed waters! Seemed they not to
swell
From the far dust wherein my sires were
lying
With crucifix and sword? Oh! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!
Ora—with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth's visions rising in the strain—
And I had thought it much to bear the rack
and chain!

The Forest Sanctuary.

ELYSIUM.

Fair wert thou in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers
And summer winds and low-toned silvery
streams.

Dim with the shadow of thy laurel bowers,
Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things.

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains! But thy golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers making sweet reply
To Summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light
breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of
death,

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel ?
Called from the dim procession of the dead ;—
Who midst the shadowy amaranth bowers
might dwell,

And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale ?

They of the sword, whose praise
With the bright wine at nations' feasts went
round ;

They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,

And in all regions found
Their echoes midst the mountains, and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home.

They of the daring thought :—
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied,
Whose flight-through stars and seas and depths—
had sought

The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide !

Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious
dreams,

Born midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion
voice

In regal halls. The shades o'erhang their
way ;

The vale, with its deep fountains, is their
choice ;

And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps ; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from Summer's burning
eye.

And these—of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

In some sweet home: thou hadst no wreaths
for these,
Thou sunny land, with all thy deathless trees.

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were
spread,
And songs on every wind.—From thy bright
shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head;
Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round him
fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell.

Calm on its leaf-strewn bier
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile! Elysium, what wert
thou [brow?
To her who wept o'er that young slumberer's

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its
hand, [known
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams un-
Which in its clear eyes shone,
Like Spring's first waking. But that light
was past:—
Where went the dewdrop swept before the
blast?—

Not where thy soft winds played;
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!—
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions,
fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep.
Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle
grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing
love.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee :
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She kept each folded flower in sight :—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one ;
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth :—
Alas for love ! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth !

GERTRUDE VONDER WART.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze blew back her hair ;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed :
All that she loved were there.

FELICIA DÖROTHEA HEMANS.—

The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried;
“My Rudolph, say not so;
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it? Mine is *here*;
I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory’s living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honored love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessèd heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
From woman’s breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part:
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek:—
Love! Love! of mortal agony
Thou, only thou, should speak.

The wind rose high; but with it rose
Her voice that he might hear.
Perchance that dark hour brought relief
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch, upon the lute-chords low
Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o’er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

And on his cheeks such kisses prest
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!—
She had her meed—one smile in death,
And his worn spirit passed;
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot;
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free:
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that Pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;

* FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the sports of war?—

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Yes, call that holy ground,

The soil where first they trod

They have left unstained what there they found,

Freedom to worship God.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Thine is a strain to read among the hills,

The old and full of voices, by the source

Of some free stream, whose gladdening pres-
ence fills

The solitude with sound; for in its course

Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part

Of those high scenes, a fountain from their
heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken

To the bank in sunny garden bowers,

Where vernal winds each tree's low tones
awaken,

And bud and bell with changes mark the
hours.

There let thy thought be with me, while the
day

Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,

When night hath hushed the woods, with all
their birds,

There, from some gentle voice, that lay were
sweet

As antique music, linked with household
words

While in pleased murmurs woman's lip might
move

And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews

Brood silently o'er some lone burial ground,

Thy verse hath power that brightly might dif-
fuse

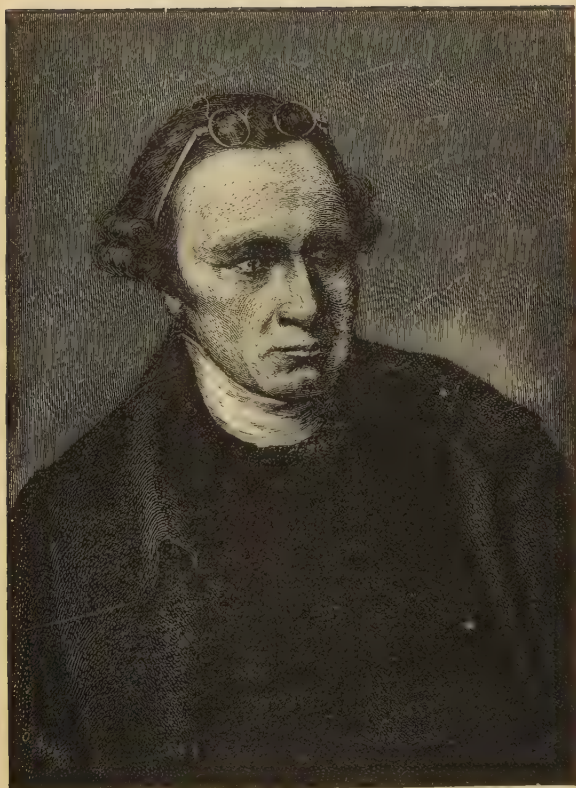
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.—

A breath, a kindling as of Spring around;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy! thou art even as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie.
Unseen a while they sleep; till, touched by
thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad
wanderer free.

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

How many blessed groups this hour are bend-
ing
Through England's primrose meadow-paths
their way
Towards spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms
ascending,
Whence their sweet chimes proclaim the
hallowed day;
The halls from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth, and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft
winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish
bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God, I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath
filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings
stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.



PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY.—

HENRY, PATRICK, an American orator and statesman, born at Studley, Hanover county, Va., May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, Charlotte county, June 6, 1799. His father was a native of Scotland, and a kinsman of Robertson, the historian. He was a man of good education, taught a grammar school in his own house in Virginia, where his son acquired a fair education in English branches, and some knowledge of Latin and mathematics. Patrick was placed at fifteen in a country store; and two years later his father set him up, in company with his brother, as a small trader. The father became pecuniarily embarrassed, and the mercantile enterprise was abandoned. At about eighteen Patrick married the daughter of a respectable farmer, who gave him a small farm. He grew weary of farming, sold his property, and converted the proceeds into merchandise. But he would shut up his little store at any time to go hunting or fishing, gave credit to any one who asked it, and soon became a bankrupt. He had now reached the age of twenty-four, and resolved to become a lawyer. After studying six weeks he applied for admission to the bar; the court granted his request, but advised him to study a little more before commencing practice. He must have made good use of this counsel, for when, three years later, an opportunity presented itself, he was found prepared at the age of twenty-seven to take a foremost place in his profession.

The salary of clergymen of the established church had been fixed at so many pounds of tobacco, then worth twopence a

PATRICK HENRY.--

pound. After some time there was an unusually short crop, and the price was greatly advanced; whereupon the colonial legislature passed an act commuting the salaries into a money payment at the old rate. This act had not received the royal sanction, and so was not strictly a law. One of the parsons brought suit to recover his salary of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. The case was regarded as a test one, and the court room was crowded with clergymen, all anticipating a triumph. For some reason Patrick Henry had been retained as counsel for the defense. When he rose to plead he halted, stammered, and seemed on the point of breaking down; but in a few minutes he broke out into a strain of argument and invective which, to judge by the report of those who heard it, has rarely been equaled. Long before he concluded the clergy had one by one slunk from the court room, without waiting to hear the verdict. One sentence of this speech is worthy of note, as foreshadowing the war of the Revolution which was even then impending. Speaking of the refusal of the king to sanction the act of the colonial legislature, he boldly affirmed that "A king by disallowing acts of a salutary nature, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience."

The cause which Henry then won, in spite of what was undoubtedly the strict letter of the existing law, was emphatically the cause of the people, with whom from that moment he became an idol, and so continued to the end of his life. His legal practice became at once larger than that

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of any other lawyer in Virginia. In the spring of 1765 a vacancy occurred in the House of Burgesses, by the resignation of a member, and Henry was elected to fill his place, taking his seat on May 20. Tidings of the passage of the Stamp-Act by the British Parliament had just reached the colonies, and on the 29th, which happened to be his 29th birthday, Henry introduced a series of resolutions pronouncing the Stamp-Act unconstitutional and subversive of British and American liberty. He supported these resolutions by a speech which Thomas Jefferson—a young man of two-and-twenty—declared to surpass anything which he had ever heard. The resolutions were passed in spite of the opposition of all those who had been regarded as leaders in the House; and from that day Henry became the acknowledged leader in Virginia politics.

In May, 1773, Henry, in conjunction with Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, and Dabney Carr, carried through the Virginia House of Burgesses a resolution establishing Committees of Correspondence between the colonies, which gave unity to the Revolutionary struggle; and a year later he was foremost in the movement for calling a Continental Congress, to which he was a delegate, and opened the proceedings by a speech in which he declared, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." On March 25, 1775, he introduced into the Virginia Convention a resolution for putting the colony at once in a state of defense, supporting the motion by a speech—one of the few of which we have a full report. In 1776 he was elected the first Governor

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of the State of Virginia, and was re-elected in 1777 and 1778. The Constitution of the State provided that no person could hold that office for more than three consecutive annual terms, and that a period of not less than four years must elapse before he could again be eligible. He was re-elected in 1784, again in 1785; but declined election for another term, and resumed the practice of law.

In 1787 he declined to become one of the delegates to the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, which superseded the Articles of Confederation. He was opposed to the Constitution then framed, and was a member of the State Convention of Virginia, by which it was ratified next year in spite of his opposition. One ground of his original mistrust of the Constitution was the power which, as he held, it gave to Congress to abolish slavery in the States. In the course of the debates in the Virginia Convention, he said:—

THE POWER GIVEN TO CONGRESS TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.

Among the ten thousand implied powers which they may assume, they may, if engaged in war, liberate every one of your slaves, if they please. And this must and will be done by men, a majority of whom have not a common interest with you. . . . Another thing will contribute to bring this event about. Slavery is detested. We feel its fatal effects; we deplore it with all the pity of humanity. Let all these considerations at some future period press with full force on the minds of Congress. Let that urbanity, which I trust will distinguish America, and the necessity of national defense—let all these things operate on their minds; they will search that paper,

PATRICK HENRY.—

and see if they have the power of manumission. And have they not it? Have they not power to provide for the general defense and welfare? May they not think that these call for the abolition of slavery? May they not pronounce all slaves free? and will they not be warranted by that power? This is no ambiguous implication or logical deduction. The paper speaks to the point. They have the power, in clear, unequivocal terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it.—*Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788.*

VIRGINIA MUST PREPARE FOR WAR WITH
GREAT BRITAIN.

This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings. It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience.

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I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not. It will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain an enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne,

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and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hand of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts is all that is left to us.

They tell us that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of Hope until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, are invincible by any force which the enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battle for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat

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but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it. Let it come! It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ear the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why are we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!—*Speech in Convention, March 25, 1775.*

AGAINST THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation, and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security which they enjoy, to the present delusive appearance of things. Before the meeting of the late Federal Convention at Philadelphia, a general peace and an universal tranquillity prevailed in this country, and the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose; but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted.

When I wished for an appointment to this Convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I consider the republic to be in extreme danger. If our

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situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system; it arises from a proposal to change our government—a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the States—a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States. It goes to the annihilation of those solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. Those treaties bound us as thirteen States, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements? And for what?

This proposal of altering our Federal government is of a most alarming nature. Make the best of our new government—say it is composed by anything but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of the people, and they should be disappointed, their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise. I repeat it again, and beg gentlemen to consider that a wrong step, made now, will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost.—*Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788.*

But Henry's misgivings as to the working of the Constitution were mitigated by the adoption of the first eleven Amendments, some of which had been suggested by him, and he gave his support to the administration of Washington, although not approving of all its measures. In 1795 Washington offered him the post of Secretary of State, and subsequently that of Chief Justice of the United States; in 1796 he was again elected Governor of Virginia; and in 1797 President Adams

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nominated him as Special Minister to France; but he declined all these positions on account of impaired health and the necessary care of a large family. In 1799 the Virginia Legislature passed resolutions affirming the right of a State to resist the execution of an obnoxious Act of Congress. Washington urged Henry to offer himself for a seat in the Legislature, for the purpose of opposing a doctrine which they both regarded as fraught with the utmost danger to the Union. He did so, and was elected, but died before taking his seat.

In all our history there is no man whose personal and official character is more absolutely irreproachable than was that of Patrick Henry. Of only a few of his speeches have we more than an account of the impression which they made upon those who heard him. So impassioned was his delivery that they seemed to be uttered on the spur of the moment. But the few which have come down to us were evidently as elaborately prepared as were those of Demosthenes. Jefferson indeed declared that he was the greatest of orators, and John Randolph that he was "Shakespeare and Garrick combined."—*The Life of Patrick Henry* has been written by William Wirt (1817), by Alexander H. Everett, in "Sparks's American Biography" (1844), and by Moses Coit Tyler, in the "American Statesmen" series (1887). Another *Life* has been published by his grandson, William Wirt Henry, who prepared the biographical sketch of his grandfather in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" (1887).

ROBERT HENRYSON.—

HENRYSON, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, born about 1425; died about 1507. After studying at the newly-founded University of Glasgow, he became a notary public and schoolmaster at Dumferline. Although chronologically his life was almost exactly a century later than that of Chaucer, there is a marked resemblance both in matter and manner between the two poets. One of Henryson's poems, *The Testament of Cressid*, is a kind of sequel to the *Troilus and Creseïde* of Chaucer, and is inserted in some editions of Chaucer's works. Henryson wrote a metrical version of several of Æsop's *Fables*, to which was prefixed an introductory poem of which Chaucer might have been proud.

A VISION OF ÆSOP.

In mids of June, that jolly sweet seasoun,
When that fair Phœbus with his beamès
 bright
Had dryit up the dew frae dale and down,
And all the land made with his gleamès licht,
In ane morning betwixt mid-day and nicht,
I rase, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
And to a wood I went alone, but guide.

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdès richt delicious;
The boughès bloomèd broad above my head,
The ground growand with gersses gracious:
Of all pleasance that place wers plenteous,
With sweet odors and birdès harmony;
The morning mild, my mirth was mair forthy.

Me to conserve then frae the sunnès heat,
Under the shadow of ane hawthorn green
I leanit down among the flowers sweet;
Syne cled my head and closèd baith mine een.
On sleep I fall amang those boughès been;
And in my dream methocht come through the
 shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw!

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His gown was of ane claith as white as milk,
His chimeris was of chambelote purple-
brown;
His hood of scarlet bordered weel with silk,
Unheckèd-wise, until his girdle down;
His bonnet round and of the auld fassoun;
His beard was white, his een was great and
gray,
With locker hair, whilk over his shoulders lay.
Ane roll of paper in his hand he bare,
Ane swanès pen stickand under his ear,
Ane ink-horn, with ane pretty gilt pennair,
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt did bear;
Thus was he goodly graithet in his gear.
Of stature large, and with a fearfull face,
Even where I lay, he come ane sturdy pace;
And said, "God speed, my son;" and I was
fain
Of that couth word, and of his company.
With reverence I saluted him again,
"Welcome, father;" and he sat down me by.
"Displease you nocht, my good maister,
though I
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,
Why ye come here, or where ye dwell at
hame?"
"My son," said he, "I am of gentle blood,
My native land is Rome withouten nay;
And in that town first to the schools I gaed;
In civil law studied full many a day,
And now my wonning is in heaven for aye.
Æsop I hecht; my writing and my wark
Is couth and kend to mony a cunning clerk."
"O maister Æsop, poet laureate!
God wot ye are full dear welcome to me;
Are ye nocht he that all those Fables wrate
Which, in effect, suppose they feignèd be,
Are full of prudence and morality?"
"Fair son," said he, "I am the samin man,"
Got wot gif my heart was merry than.

GEORGE HUGHES HEPWORTH.—

HEPWORTH, GEORGE HUGHES, an American clergyman and author, born in Boston, in 1833. He studied theology at Harvard, was for two years pastor of the Unitarian church at Nantucket, and in 1858 was called to the Church of the Unity, Boston. During the years 1862-3 he served as chaplain in the army. In 1870 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, but having modified his religious views, resigned that charge in 1872, and organized the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for the following six years. Afterwards he was engaged on the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*. He has been a popular lecturer. He is the author of *Whip, Hoe, and Sword*, a sketch of his experiences as chaplain in the Army of the Southwest (1864), *Little Gentleman in Green, a Fairy Tale* (1865), *Rocks and Shoals*, a collection of short lectures to young men (1870), *Starboard and Port* (1876), *Hiram Goff's Religion; or, The Shoemaker by the Grace of God* (1893), *Herald Sermons* (1894), *They Met in Heaven* (1894), *Brown Studies* (1895).

GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

What is called good fortune is the most dangerous thing that can come to a man. Many a one is born into a new life by being thrown from the pinnacle of wealth to the depths of poverty. God as truly teaches you when he makes you look at life through your fears, as when he fills your hands with plenty, and wreathes your lips with smiles. Many and many a man, after twenty years of toil, stands on his half-million, and looks proudly at the position he has made for himself. He has given his brain, his muscle, his time, and his character to the acquisition of a fortune; at last he has won it. But perchance—how often is this the case!—he has forgotten to lay up treasures in heaven. . . . In one

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fell, dreadful moment—it may be a panic in the market, a fall in stocks, no matter what—the whole is swept away, and he stands impoverished and alone. He is poor again, but not with the world before him as in his youth. The world is all behind him, and he has nothing before him but the certainty of old age and death. To the casual observer a great calamity has befallen him. Fortune has been not only fickle, but even cruel; and at first he is inclined to believe that God has either been very unkind, or else has neglected him altogether. He sits pondering the problem: he sees what his life has been, and what it might have been. He sees how, like a hound on the track of a hare, he has pursued money, and forgotten the better things which money cannot buy: so little by little he creeps up closer and closer and closer to God, until he finds that he has paid just half a million dollars for a strong religious faith, and feels that he has bought it very cheaply indeed.—*Rocks and Shoals.*

JOHN ABRAHAM HERAUD.—

HERAUD, JOHN ABRAHAM, an English author, born at London in 1799. His writings include tragedies, epic and lyric poems, novels, biographical sketches, and magazine articles. His earliest book was *The Legend of St. Loy* (1821); his most noted works are *The Descent into Hell* (1830), and *The Judgment of the Flood* (1834.) Among his later works are: *Shakespeare: his Inner Life* (1865), *In-gathering* (1870), *Uxmal, an Antique Love Story* (1875), and *Macée de Lésdepart: an Historical Romance* (1878.) In his later years he became a Brother of the Charter House.

THE FUTURE HOME.

Prepare thee, soul, to quit this spot,
Where life is sorrow, doubt, and pain:
There is a land where these are not,
A land where peace and plenty reign.

And, after all, is Earth thy home?—
Thy place of exile, rather, where
Thou wert conveyed, ere thought could come
To make thy young remembrance clear.

Oh! there in thee are traces still,
Which of that other country tell—
That Angel-land where came no ill,
Where thou art destined yet to dwell.

Yon azure depth thou yet shall sail,
And, lark-like, sing at Heaven's gate;
The bark that shall through air prevail,
Even now thy pleasure doth await.

The Ship of Souls will thrid the space
'Twixt Earth and Heaven with sudden
flight:

Dread not the darkness to embrace,
That leads thee to the Land of Light.

EDWARD HERBERT.—

HERBERT, EDWARD, BARON, an English soldier, diplomatist, philosopher, and historian, born in 1581; died in 1648. He was the eldest(?) brother of George Herbert, the poet. Up to the age of fifty he was actively engaged in public affairs. In 1631 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Herbert of Cherbury, after which he devoted himself mainly to philosophical and historical pursuits. His most important philosophical work, the *Tractatus de Veritate*, was written as early as 1624; this was reprinted in 1645, with the two additional chapters: *De Causis Errorum* and *De Religione Laici*. He subsequently wrote a book in Latin which was translated into English, and printed under the title of *The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles*. His principal historical work is the *History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII*. He also wrote an *Autobiography*, which was first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764, and has been several times reprinted, last in 1826. In his *Autobiography* he thus refers to his book *De Veritate*:

A DIVINE TOKEN.

Being doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: "O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from

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heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein: since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND THE GREAT SEAL.

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place—which he had held two years and a half—did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet (out of I know not what natural facetiousness) given so much to jesting, that it detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life. Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter—among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted—occasioned this strange counsel; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it but infirmity and want of health.

Our king hereupon taking the seal, and

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giving it, together with the order of knight-hood, to Thomas Audley, Speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting anybody with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's pew, with his hat in his hand—an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen—and says: "Madam, my lord is gone." But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied: "Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry?"—of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord-mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen—who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests—remaining astonished, he says: "We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will take such commons as they have at Oxford; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go abegging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms." But these jests were thought to have in them more levity than

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to be taken everywhere for current ; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly, whatsoever he intended thereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions.—*History of Henry VIII.*

GEORGE HERBERT.—

HERBERT, GEORGE, an English clergyman and poet, born in 1593; died in 1633. He was of a noble family, one of his elder brothers being Baron Herbert of Cherbury, who distinguished himself as a soldier, diplomatist, and philosopher. George Herbert was educated at Westminster and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow in 1615, and Public Orator in 1619, his duties being to prepare the official Latin letters and addresses of the College. He gained the favorable notice of King James I., who presented him with a sinecure office worth £120 a year. He was ordained deacon about 1622, but for some years hesitated about being ordained as priest, looking indeed for civil preferment. Upon his ordination in 1626 he was made Prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia. In 1630 Charles I. presented him with the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, which he held until his death two years afterwards. Izaak Walton, his biographer, tells the quaint story of his marriage. A pious and wealthy gentleman conceived such an affection for Herbert that he was desirous that he should marry one of his nine daughters; he also expressed the same wish to his favorite daughter; but he died before the young people had even seen each other. A meeting was brought about by a mutual friend. They fell in love at first sight, and were married on the third day after their first interview. Herbert was known as "the holy George Herbert." He was an intimate friend of Lord Bacon, of Sir Henry Wotton, and of John Donne. Among Herbert's works (none of which

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were published during his lifetime), are *The Priest to the Temple*, in prose, in which he depicts, for his own guidance, his ideal of what the character of a Country Parson should be; *Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences*, etc., collected and translated from a variety of sources; *The Church Militant*, in verse; and *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. This last, by far the most important of Herbert's works, met with universal favor, not less than 20,000 copies having been sold within a few years of its publication; and it still holds its place in public estimation. Prefixed to *The Temple*, by way of introduction, is a poem of 78 stanzas entitled *The Church Porch*, giving directions, often quaintly couched, for the practical conduct of life.

STANZAS FROM THE "CHURCH PORCH."

1.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to
Thee;
Yet not mine neither; for from thee they
came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive who best shall sing Thy
Name,
Turn their eyes hither who shall make a
gain:
Theirs who shall hurt themselves or me, re-
frain.

2.

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes en-
hance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a
treasure
Harken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleas-
ure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

6.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not
tame

When once it is within thee ; but before
Mayst rule it as thou list, and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I kept the
round.

10.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in
vain :

It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and Wine plead a pleasure ; Avarice,
gain ;

But the cheap Swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for naught, as little fearing :
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

13.

The cheapest sins most deadly punished are,

Because to shun them also is so cheap ;
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.

Oh, crumble not away thy soul's fair heap
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad ;
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

22.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly ;
Think the king sees thee still ; for his King
does.

Simpering is but a lay hypocrisy

Give it a corner, and the clew undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself to task ;
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

26.

By all means use thyself sometimes to be alone.

Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.

Dare look into thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st
there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his
mind.

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31.

By no means run in debt: take thine own
measure.

Who cannot live on twenty pounds a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure—

A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

40.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs
least.

For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung, is colored thereby.

42.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the enginecr:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with lik-
ing;

But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

45.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honor for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth-of-state should be
Not of rich arras but mean tapestry.

50.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty;
Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease;
Courtesy grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card.
That suits him best of whom thy speech is
heard.

55.

Mark what another says; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion

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Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friends, be with them both;
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

60.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king),
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so many a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

64.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

65.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot; both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favor His:
Write, "So much given to God;" thou shalt
be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

68.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray is
heaven.

69.

When once thy foot enters the church be bare.
God is more there than thou; for thou art
there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy
state:
All equal are within the church's gate.

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71.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying
sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

72.

Let vain or busy thought have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy pots, thy pleasures,
thither.
Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy
heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

73.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mistake him, thou conceivest him not,
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:
The worst speak something good: if all want
sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

77.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

78.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ill by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

The Temple consists of about one hundred and sixty poems, most of them short,

GEORGE HERBERT.--

but a few extending to several hundred lines. Some of them are marked by those quaint conceits characteristic of the time in which Herbert lived. Thus the first poem *The Altar* is so arranged that the lines form a kind of altar.

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN ALTAR, LORD, THY SERVANT REARS,
MADE OF A HEART, AND CEMENTED WITH TEARS;
WHOSE PARTS ARE AS THY HAND DID FRAME;
NO WORKMAN'S TOOL HATH TOUCHED THE SAME
A HEART ALONE
IS SUCH A STONE,
AS NOTHING BUT
THY POWER DOTH CUT.
WHEREFORE EACH PART
OF MY HARD HEART
MEETS IN THIS FRAME
TO PRAISE THY NAME:
THAT IF I CHANCE TO HOLD MY PEACE,
THESE STONES TO PRAISE THEE MAY NOT CEASE.
O LET THY BLESSED SACRIFICE BE MINE,
AND SANCTIFY THIS ALTAR TO BE THINE.

PARADISE.

I bless Thee, Lord because I	<i>Grow</i>
Among thy trees, which in a	<i>row</i>
To Thee both fruit and order	<i>ow.</i>
What open force or hidden	<i>Charm</i>
Can blast my fruit, or bring me	<i>harm,</i>
While the enclosure is Thine	<i>arm?</i>
Inclose me still for fear I	<i>Start,</i>
Be to me rather sharp and	<i>tart,</i>
Than let me want thy hand and	<i>art.</i>
When thou dost greater judgments	<i>Spare</i>
And with thy knife but prune and	<i>pare,</i>
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful	<i>are.</i>
Such sharpness shows the sweetest	<i>Friend:</i>
Such cuttings rather heal than	<i>end:</i>
And such beginnings touch their	<i>end.</i>

ON MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation,

GEORGE HERBERT.—

But he that means to dwell therein.

What house more stately, hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

My body is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fount
Rains flow.

Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun with
draws;

Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above our meat;

GEORGE HERBERT.—

Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such
beauty?

Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man

Than he'll take notice of: in every path

He treads down that which doth befriend
him

When sickness makes him pale and wan,
Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, Oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve
Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

A BOSOM SIN.

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us
round!

Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound,
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

THE VIRTUOUS SOUL.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;

GEORGE HERBERT.—

Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!
My music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

O glorious Spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown
Or strict commands;

Where every one is king, and hath his crown
If not upon his head, yet in his hands!

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address

My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy mine whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old.

Thou art the cabinet where the Jewels lay;
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:

And where His pleasure no injunction lays
('Tis your own case), ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:

Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.





